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LETTER OF THANKS FOR BEAUTIFUL ROSES.

AMERICAN STAR SPEAKER

EDUCATOR AND ENTERTAINER

A Standard Work on Composition and Oratory

CONTAINING

RULES FOR EXPRESSING WRITTEN THOUGHT IN A CORRECT AND ELEGANT MANNER; MODEL SELECTIONS FROM THE MOST FAMOUS AUTHORS; SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITIONS AND HOW TO TREAT THEM; USE OF ILLUSTRATIONS; DESCRIPTIVE, PATHETIC AND HUMOROUS WRITINGS, ETC., ETC.

TOGETHER WITH A

PEERLESS COLLECTION OF READINGS AND RECITATIONS, INCLUDING PROGRAMMES FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

FROM AUTHORS OF WORLD-WIDE RENOWN, FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS, ACADEMIES, COLLEGES, LODGES, SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENTS

THE WHOLE FORMING AN

UNRIVALED SELF-EDUCATOR FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

BY HENRY DAVENPORT NORTHROP

Author of "Delsarte Manual of Oratory," "Golden Gleanings of Poetry, Prose and Song," etc., etc.

Embellished with a Galaxy of Charming Engravings

NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO.

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PREFACE.

MILLIONS of young people in America are being educated, and hence there is a very great demand for a Standard Work showing how to express written thought in the most elegant manner and how to read and recite in a way that insures the greatest success. To meet this enormous demand is the aim of this volume.

PART I.—HOW TO WRITE A COMPOSITION.—The treatment of this subject is masterly and thorough, and is so fascinating that the study becomes a delight. Rules and examples are furnished for the right choice of words, for constructing sentences, for punctuation, for acquiring an elegant style of composition, for writing essays and letters, what authors should be read, etc. The directions given are all right to the point and are easily put into practice.

The work contains a complete list of synonyms, or words of similar meaning, and more than 500 choice subjects for compositions, which are admirably suited to persons of all ages. These are followed by a charming collection of Masterpieces of Composition by such world-renowned authors as Emerson, Hawthorne, George Eliot, Lord Macaulay, Washington Irving, C. H. Spurgeon, Sarah J. Lippincott, Mrs. Stowe and many others.

These grand specimens of composition bear the stamp of the most brilliant genius. They are very suggestive and helpful. They inspire the reader to the noblest efforts, and teach the truth of Bulwer Lytton's well-known saying that "The pen is mightier than the sword."

PART II.—READINGS AND RECITATIONS.—The second part of this incomparable work is no less valuable, and a candid perusal will convince you that it contains the largest and best collection of recitations ever brought together in one volume. These are of every variety and description. Be careful to notice that every one of these selections, which are from the writings of the world's best authors, is especially adapted for reading and reciting. This is something which cannot be said of any similar work.

All the Typical Gestures used in Reciting are shown by choice engravings, and the reader has in reality the best kind of teacher right before him. The different attitudes, facial expressions and gestures are both instructive and charming. These are followed by Recitations with Lesson Talks. Full directions are given for reciting the various pieces, and this is done by taking each paragraph or verse of the selection and pointing out the gestures, tone of voice, emphasis, etc., required to render it most effectively. The Lesson Talks render most valuable service to all who are studying the grand art of oratory.

The next section of this masterly volume contains Recitations with Music.

This is a choice collection of readings which are rendered most effective by accompaniments of music, enabling the reader by the use of the voice or some musical instrument to entrance his audience.

These charming selections are followed by a superb collection of Patriotic Recitations which celebrate the grand victories of our army and navy in the Philippines and West Indies. These incomparable pieces are all aglow with patriotic fervor and are eagerly sought by all elocutionists.

There is space here only to mention the different parts of this delightful volume, such as Descriptive and Dramatic Recitations; Orations by Famous Orators; a peerless collection of Humorous and Pathetic Recitations, and Recitations for Children and Sunday Schools.

Parents are charmed with this volume because it furnishes what the little folks want and is a self-educator for the young. It marks a new era in book publishing.

PART III.—PROGRAMMES FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.—These have been prepared with the greatest care in order to meet a very urgent demand. The work contains Programmes for Fourth of July; Christmas Entertainments; Washington's Birthday; Decoration Day; Thanksgiving Day; Arbor Day; Public School and Parlor Entertainments; Harvest Home; Flower Day, etc. Beautiful Selections for Special Occasions are contained in no other work, and these alone insure this very attractive volume an enormous sale.

DIALOGUES, TABLEAUX, ETC.—Added to the Rich Contents already described is a Charming Collection of Dialogues and Tableaux for public and private entertainments. These are humorous, pithy, TEACH IMPORTANT LESSONS and are thoroughly enjoyed by everybody.

In many places the winter lyceum is an institution; we find it not only in academies, and normal schools, but very frequently the people in a district or town organize a debating society and discuss the popular questions of the day. The benefit thus derived cannot be estimated. In the last part of this volume will be found by-laws for those who wish to conduct lyceums, together with a choice selection of subjects for debate.

Thus it is seen that this is a very comprehensive work. Not only is it carefully prepared, not only does it set a very high standard of excellence in composition and elocution, but it is a work peculiarly fitted to the wants of millions of young people throughout our country. The writer of this is free to say that such a work as this would have been of inestimable value to him while obtaining an education. All wise parents who wish to make the best provision for educating their children should understand that they have in this volume such a teacher in composition and oratory as has never before been offered to the public.

CONTENTS.

PART I.—HOW TO WRITE A COMPOSITION.

	PAGE
Treatment of the Subject	18
Right Choice of Words	19
Obscure Sentences	19
Write Exactly what You Mean	20
What You Should Read	21
Our Great Writers	21
Learning to Think	22
How to Acquire a Captivating Style	23
Make Your Composition Attractive	24
The Choice of Language	25
Faults in Writing	26
Putting Words into Sentences	27
Suit the Word to the Thought	28
An Amusing Exercise	29
Errors to be Avoided	30
Exercises in Composition	32
Subject and Predicate	32
Practice in Simple Sentences	34
Sentences Combined	36
Punctuation	39
The Full Stop	39
The Note of Interrogation	40
The Comma	40
The Semicolon	42
Quotation Marks	43
The Note of Exclamation	43
Exercises in Easy Narratives	46
Short Stories to be Written from Memory	47
Outlines to be Turned into Narratives	50
Stories in Verse to be Turned into Prose	51
Three Fishers Went Sailing	51
The Sands of Dee	52
The Way to Win	52
Press On	52
The Dying Warrior	52
The Boy that Laughs	53
The Cat's Bath	53
The Beggar Man	53
The Shower Bath	54
Queen Mary's Return to Scotland	54
The Eagle and Serpent	54
Ask and Have	55
What Was His Creed?	55
The Old Reaper	55
The Gallant Sailboat	55
Wooing	56
Miss Laugh and Miss Fret	56
Monterey	56
A Woman's Watch	57
Love Lightens Labor	57
Abou Ben Adhem	57
Essays to be Written from Outlines	58
Easy Subjects for Compositions	61
Use of Illustrations	62
Examples of Apt Illustrations	63
Examples of Faulty Illustrations	63
How to Compose and Write Letters	64
Examples of Letters	65
Notes of Invitation	65
Letters of Congratulation	66
Love Letters	66
Outlines to be Expanded into Letters	66

SPECIMENS OF ELEGANT COMPOSITION.

Getting the Right Start *J. G. Holland*	67
Dinah, the Methodist *George Eliot*	69
Godfrey and Dunstan *George Eliot*	70
Rip Van Winkle *Washington Irving*	72
Puritans of the Sixteenth Century *Lord Macaulay*	73
On being in Time *C. H. Spurgeon*	75
John Ploughman's Talk on Home *C. H. Spurgeon*	
Pearl and her Mother . . *Nathaniel Hawthorne*	78
Candace's Opinions *Mrs. H. B. Stowe*	80
Midsummer in the Valley of the Rhine *Geo. Meredith*	81
Power of Natural Beauty . . . *R. W. Emerson*	82

SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITIONS.

Historical Subjects	84
Biographical Subjects	85
Subjects for Narration and Description	86
Popular Proverbs	87
Subjects to be Expounded	87
Subjects for Argument	89
Subjects for Comparison	89
Miscellaneous Subjects	90
Synonyms and Antonyms	91
Noms de Plume of Authors	111

PART II.—READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

	PAGE
How to Read and Recite	113
Cultivation of the Voice	113
Distinct Enunciation	113
Emphasis	114
Pauses	114
Gestures	114
The Magnetic Speaker	114
Self-Command	114
Typical Gestures for Reading and Reciting	115
Malediction	115
Designating	115
Silence	115
Repulsion	115
Declaring	116
Announcing	116
Discerning	116
Invocation	117
Presenting or Receiving	117
Horror	117
Exaltation	117
Secrecy	117
Wonderment	118
Indecision	118
Grief	118
Gladness	118
Signalling	119
Tender Rejection	119
Protecting—Soothing	119
Anguish	119
Awe—Appeal	120
Meditation	120
Defiance	120
Denying—Rejecting	120
Dispersion	121
Remorse	121
Accusation	121
Revealing	121
Correct Positions of the Hands	122

RECITATIONS WITH LESSON TALKS.

Song of Our Soldiers at Santiago . . *D. G. Adee.*	123
Lesson Talk	123
The Victor of Marengo	124
Lesson Talk	125
The Wedding Fee	125
Lesson Talk	126
The Statue in Clay	127
Lesson Talk	127
The Puzzled Boy	128
Lesson Talk	128

RECITATIONS WITH MUSIC.

Twickenham Ferry	129
Grandmother's Chair *John Read*	130
Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel . . *H. Clifton*	131
A Brighter Day is Coming . . *Ellen Burnside*	132
Katie's Love Letter *Lady Dufferin*	132
Dost Thou Love Me, Sister Ruth? . *John Parry*	133
Two Little Rogues *Mrs. A. M. Diaz*	134
Arkansaw Pete's Adventure	135

PATRIOTIC RECITATIONS.

The Beat of the Drum at Daybreak *Michael O'Connor*	137
The Cavalry Charge	137
Great Naval Battle at Santiago *Admiral W. S. Schley*	138
Hobson's Daring Deed	139
General Wheeler at Santiago . . . *J. L. Gordon*	140
The Flag Goes By	140
In Manila Bay *Chas. Wadsworth, Jr.*	141
My Soldier Boy	142
The Yankees in Battle . *Captain R. D. Evans*	142
The Banner Betsey Made . . . *T. C. Harbaugh*	143
Our Flag *Chas. F. Alsop*	144
That Starry Flag of Ours	144
The Negro Soldier *B. M. Channing*	145
Deeds of Valor at Santiago . . *Clinton Scollard*	145
A Race for Dear Life	146
Patriotism of American Women *T. Buchanan Read*	147
Our Country's Call *Richard Barry*	147
The Story of Seventy-Six . . . *W. C. Bryant*	148
The Roll Call	148
The Battle-Field *W. C. Bryant*	149
The Sinking of the Merrimac	150
The Stars and Stripes	151
Rodney's Ride	152
A Spool of Thread *Sophia E. Eastman*	153
The Young Patriot, Abraham Lincoln	154
Columbia *Joel Barlow*	155
Captain Molly at Monmouth *William Collins*	156
Douglas to the Populace of Stirling *Sir Walter Scott*	157

	PAGE
Our Country *W. G. Peabodie*	157
McIlrath of Malate *John J. Rooney*	158
After the Battle	159
Great Naval Battle of Manila	160
Sinking of the Ships *W. B. Collison*	161
Perry's Celebrated Victory on Lake Erie . . .	163
Capture of Quebec *James D. McCabe*	164
Little Jean *Lillie E. Barr*	165
Defeat of General Braddock . *James D. McCabe*	166

DESCRIPTIVE AND DRAMATIC RECITATIONS.

Quick! Man the Life Boat	167
Beautiful Hands *J. Whitcomb Riley*	167
The Burning Ship	168
The Unknown Speaker	169
Child Lost	171
The Captain and the Fireman . . *W. B. Collison*	172
The Face on the Floor . . . *H. Antoine D'Arcy*	173
The Engineer's Story *Eugene J. Hall*	174
Jim *James Whitcomb Riley*	175
Queen Vashti's Lament *John Reade*	176
The Skeleton's Story	177
The Lady and the Earl	179
My Vesper Song	180
The Volunteer Organist *S. W. Foss*	180
Comin' thro' the Rye *Robert Burns*	181
Joan of Arc *Clare S. McKinley*	181
The Vulture of the Alps	183
The Old-fashioned Girl *Tom Hall*	184
Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy . . . *I. H. Brown*	184
The Future *Rudyard Kipling*	186
The Power of Habit *John B. Gough*	186
Died on Duty	187
My Friend the Cricket and I . . *Lillie E. Barr*	188
The Snowstorm	188
Parrhasius and the Captive *N. P. Willis*	189
The Ninety-third off Cape Verde	190
A Felon's Cell	191
The Battle of Waterloo *Victor Hugo*	192
A Pin *Ella Wheeler Wilcox*	194
A Relenting Mob *Lucy H. Hooper*	195
The Black Horse and His Rider . *Chas. Sheppard*	196
The Unfinished Letter	198
Legend of the Organ Builder . *Julius C. R. Dorr*	198
Caught in the Quicksand . . . *Victor Hugo*	200
The Little Quaker Sinner . *Lucy L. Montgomery*	201
The Tell-tale Heart *Edgar Allan Poe*	202
The Little Match Girl *Hans Andersen*	203
The Monk's Vision	205
The Boat Race	205
Phillips of Pelhamville . . *Alexander Anderson*	207
Poor Little Jim	208

ORATIONS BY FAMOUS ORATORS.

True Moral Courage *Henry Clay*	209
The Struggle for Liberty *Josiah Quincy*	210
Centennial Oration . . . *Henry Armitt Brown*	211
Speech of Shrewsbury before Queen Elizabeth *F. Von Schiller*	212
Prospects of the Republic . . . *Edward Everett*	212
The People Always Conquer . . *Edward Everett*	213
Survivors of Bunker Hill . . . *Daniel Webster*	214
South Carolina and Massachusetts *Daniel Webster*	215
Eulogium on South Carolina . *Robert T. Hayne*	216
Character of Washington . . . *Wendell Phillips*	217
National Monument to Washington *Robert C. Winthrop*	218
The New Woman *Frances E. Willard*	219
An Appeal for Liberty *Joseph Story*	220
True Source of Freedom . . *Edwin H. Chapin*	220
Appeal to Young Men *Lyman Beecher*	221
The Pilgrims *Chauncey M. Depew*	222
Patriotism a Reality *Thomas Meagher*	223
The Glory of Athens *Lord Macaulay*	224
The Irish Church . . . *William E. Gladstone*	225
Appeal to the Hungarians . . . *Louis Kossuth*	226
The Tyrant Verres Denounced *Cicero*	227

HUMOROUS RECITATIONS.

Bill's in Trouble	229
"Spacially Jim"	229
The Marriage Ceremony	230
Blasted Hopes	230
Tim Murphy Makes a Few Remarks	231
Passing of the Horse	231
A School-Day *W. F. McSparran*	232
The Bicycle and the Pup	233
The Puzzled Census Taker	233
It Made a Difference	233
Bridget O'Flannagan on Christian Science and Cockroaches *M. Bourchier*	234
Conversational	235
Wanted, A Minister's Wife	235
How a Married Man Sews on a Button *J. M. Bailey*	236

	PAGE
The Dutchman's Serenade	236
Biddy's Troubles	237
The Inventor's Wife *Mrs. E. T. Corbett*	238
Miss Edith Helps Things Along . . *Bret Harte*	239
The Man Who Has All Diseases at Once *Dr. Valentine*	240
The School-Ma'am's Courting . . *Florence Pyatt*	240
The Dutchman's Snake	241
No Kiss	243
The Lisping Lover	243
Larry O'Dee *W. W. Fink*	243
How Paderewski Plays the Piano	244
The Freckled-Faced Girl	244
When Girls Wore Calico . . . *Hattie Whitney*	245
A Winning Company	246
The Bravest Sailor . . . *Ella Wheeler Wilcox*	246
How She Was Consoled	247
That Hired Girl	247
What Sambo Says	248
The Irish Sleigh Ride	248
Jane Jones *Ben King*	249
De Ole Plantation Mule	249
Adam Never Was a Boy *T. C. Harbaugh*	250
A Remarkable Case of S'posin	251
My Parrot *Emma H. Webb*	252
Bakin and Greens	252
Hunting a Mouse *Joshua Jenkins*	253
The Village Sewing Society	254
Signs and Omens	255
The Ghost	255
A Big Mistake	256
The Duel *Eugene Field*	258
Playing Jokes on a Guide . . . *Mark Twain*	258
A Parody	260
Man's Devotion *Parmenas Hill*	261
Aunt Polly's "George Washington"	261
Mine Vamily *Yawcob Strauss*	263
At the Garden Gate	264
The Minister's Call	264
Led by a Calf	265
Tom Goldy's Little Joke	266
How Hezekiah Stole the Spoons	266
Two Kinds of Polliwogs . . . *Augusta Moore*	268
The Best Sewing Machine	268
How They Said Good Night	269
Josiar's Courting	270

PATHETIC RECITATIONS.

Play Softly, Boys *Teresa O'Hare*	271
In the Baggage Coach Ahead	272
The Missing One *S. E. Kiser*	272
In Memoriam *Thomas R. Gregory*	273
The Dying Newsboy . . *Mrs. Emily Thornton*	273
Coals of Fire	274
Dirge of the Drums *Ralph Alton*	275
The Old Dog's Death Postponed *Chas. E. Baer*	275
The Fallen Hero *Minna Irving*	276
The Soldier's Wife *Elliott Flower*	276
"Break the News Gently"	277
On the Other Train	277
Some Twenty Years Ago . . . *Stephen Marsell*	279
Only a Soldier . .	280
The Pilgrim Fathers	280
Master Johnny's Next-Door Neighbor *Bret Harte*	281
Stonewall Jackson's Death . . *Paul M. Russell*	282
The Story of Nell *Robert Buchanan*	284
Little Nan	285
One of the Little Ones *G. L. Catlin*	285
The Drunkard's Daughter . . *Eugene J. Hall*	286
The Beautiful	287
Trouble in the Amen Corner . *C. T. Harbaugh*	288
Little Mag's Victory *Geo. L. Catlin*	289
Life's Battle *Wayne Parsons*	290
The Lost Kiss *J. Whitcomb Riley*	290
Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots . *Lamartine*	291
Over the Range *J. Harrison Mills*	292
The Story of Crazy Nell *Joseph Whitten*	292
Little Sallie's Wish	293
Drowned Among the Lilies . . *E. E. Rexford*	294
The Fate of Charlotte Corday . . *C. S. McKinley*	294
The Little Voyager *Mrs. M. L. Bayne*	295
The Dream of Aldarin *George Lippard*	296
In the Mining Town *Rose H. Thorpe*	297
Tommy's Prayer *I. F. Nichols*	298
Robby and Ruth *Louisa S. Upham*	300

RECITATIONS FOR CHILDREN.

Two Little Maidens *Agnes Carr*	301
The Way to Succeed	301
When Pa Begins to Shave . *Harry D. Robins*	301
A Boy's View	302
Mammy's Churning Song . . . *E. A. Oldham*	302
The Twenty Frogs	303
Only a Bird *Mary Morrison*	303
The Way to Do It *Mary Mapes Dodge*	303
We Must All Scratch	304
Kitty at School *Kate Hulmer*	304
A Fellow's Mother . . . *Margaret E. Sangster*	305
The Story Katie Told	305

	PAGE
A Little Rogue	306
Mattie's Wants and Wishes — *Grace Gordon*	306
Won't and Will	307
Willie's Breeches — *Etta G. Saulsbury*	307
Little Dora's Soliloquy	307
The Squirrel's Lesson	308
Little Kitty	308
Labor Song	309
What Baby Said	310
One Little Act	311
The Little Orator — *Thaddeus M. Harris*	311
A Gentleman — *Margaret E. Sangster*	312
Babies and Kittens — *L. M. Hadley*	312
A Dissatisfied Chicken — *A. G. Waters*	312
The Little Torment	313
The Reason Why	313
A Child's Reasoning	314
A Swell Dinner	314
Little Jack — *Eugene J. Hall*	314
A Story of an Apple — *Sydney Dayre*	315
Idle Ben	315
Baby Alice's Rain — *John Hay Furness*	316
Give Us Little Boys a Chance	316
Puss in the Oven	316
What Was It? — *Sydney Dayre*	317
The Cobbler's Secret	317
A Sad Case — *Clara D. Bates*	318
The Heir Apparent	318
An Egg a Chicken	319
One of God's Little Heroes *Margaret J. Preston*	320
What the Cows were Doing	320
Mamma's Help	320
How Two Birdies Kept House	321
Why He Wouldn't Die	321
The Sick Dolly	322
Days of the Week — *Mary Ely Page*	322
Popping Corn	323
How the Farmer Works	323
The Birds' Picnic	324
A Very Smart Dog	324
Opportunity	325
The Little Leaves' Journey	325
The Broom Drill	325

RECITATIONS FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

Little Servants	332
Willie and the Birds	332
A Child's Prayer	332
God Loves Me	332
The Unfinished Prayer	333
Seeds of Kindness	333
A Lot of Don'ts — *E. C. Rook*	333
Little Willie and the Apple	334
The Child's Prayer — *Mary A. P. Humphrey*	334
"Mayn't I Be a Boy?"	335
Give Your Best — *Adelaide A. Proctor*	335
The Birds — *Myra A. Shattuck*	335
"Come Unto Me"	336
There is a Teetotaler	337
An Appeal for Beneficence	337
Address of Welcome to a New Pastor	337
Address of Welcome to a New Superintendent	338
Opening Address for a Sunday-school Exhibition	338
Closing Address for a Sunday-school Exhibition	338
Presentation Address to a Pastor	339
Presentation Address to a Teacher	339
Presentation Address to a Superintendent	339
Address of Welcome After Illness	340
Welcome to a Pastor — *May Hatheway*	340

PART III.—PROGRAMMES FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Programme No. 1 for Fourth of July	341
"America"	341
The Fourth of July — *Chas. Sprague*	341
The Vow of Washington — *J. G. Whittier*	342
The Little Mayflower — *Edward Everett*	343
O Land of a Million Brave Soldiers	343
To the Ladies	344
Programme No. 2 for Fourth of July	344
God Bless our Native Land	344
Our Natal Day — *Will Carleton*	345
The Banner of the Sea — *Homer Green*	346
What America Has Done for the World — *G. C. Verplanck*	346
Stand Up for Liberty — *Robert Treat Paine*	347
Off with Your Hat as the Flag Goes By — *H. C. Bunner*	348
Programme for Christmas Entertainment	349
Ring, O Bells, in Gladness — *Alice J. Cleator*	349
A Letter to Santa Claus	349
Christmas in All the Lands — *G. A. Brown*	349
Santa Claus on the Train — *Henry C. Walsh*	350
The Waifs — *Margaret Deland*	351
Welcome Santa Claus	351
Santa Claus and the Mouse — *Emilie Poulsson*	351
What Ted Found in His Stocking	352
Programme for Decoration Day	353
The Meaning of the Day	353
Exercise for Fifteen Pupils	353

PAGE

Decoration Day *J. Whitcomb Riley* 354
Acrostic 355
Origin of Memorial Day 355
Strew with Flowers the Soldier's Grave
J. W. Dunbar 355
Our Nation's Patriots 356
Programme for Washington's Birthday 357
Washington Enigma 357
Washington's Day 357
A Little Boy's Hatchet Story 357
Maxims of Washington 358
Once More We Celebrate *Alice J. Cleator* 358
The Father of His Country 358
February Twenty-Second *Joy Allison* 359
A True Soldier *Alice J. Cleator* 359
Washington's Life 360
Birthday of Washington . . . *George Howland* 360
Programme for Arbor Day 361
We Have Come with Joyful Greeting 361
Arbor Day 361
Quotations 361
What Do We Plant When We Plant a Tree?
Henry Abbey 362
Wedding of the Palm and Pine 363
Origin of Arbor Day 363
Value of Our Forests 364
Up From the Smiling Earth . . *Edna D. Proctor* 364
The Trees 364
Programme for A Harvest Home 365
Through the Golden Summertime 365
A Sermon in Rhyme 365
Farmer John *J. T. Trowbridge* 366
The Husbandman *John Sterling* 366
The Nobility of Labor *Orville Dewey* 367

PAGE

The Corn Song *J. G. Whittier* 367
Great God! Our Heartfelt Thanks
W. D. Gallagher 367
Programme for Lyceum or Parlor Entertainment 368
Salutatory Address 368
Mrs. Piper *Marian Douglass* 369
Colloquy—True Bravery 370
Reverie in Church *George A. Baker* 371
The Spanish-American War . *President McKinley* 372
A Cook of the Period 372
Song—Bee-Hive Town 373
Programme for Thanksgiving 373
Honor the Mayflower's Band 373
What am I Thankful For? 374
The Pumpkin *J. G. Whittier* 374
What Matters the Cold Wind's Blast? 374
Outside and In 375
The Laboring Classes *Hugh Legare* 375
A Thanksgiving *Lucy Larcom* 376
Song—The Pilgrims 376
Programme for Flower Day 377
Let Us With Nature Sing 377
The Poppy and Mignonette 377
Flower Quotations 377
When Winter O'er the Hills Afar 378
Flowers *Lydia M. Child* 378
The Foolish Harebell . . . *George MacDonald* 378
Questions About Flowers 379
Pansies *Mary A. McClelland* 379
Plant Song *Nellie M. Brown* 380
We Would Hail Thee, Joyous Summer 380
Summer-Time *H. W. Longfellow* 380
The Last Rose of Summer . . . *Thomas Moore* 381

DIALOGUES FOR SCHOOLS AND LYCEUMS.

In Want of a Servant *Clara Augusta* 382
The Unwelcome Guest . . . *H. Elliot McBride* 386
Aunty Puzzled 388
The Poor Little Rich Boy . *Mrs. Adrian Kraal* 390
An Entirely Different Matter 391
The Gossips 392
Farmer Hanks Wants a Divorce 393
Taking the Census 397
Elder Sniffles' Courtship *F. M. Whitcher* 400
The Matrimonial Advertisement 403
Mrs. Malaprop and Captain Absolute
R. B. Sheridan 407
Winning a Widow 410
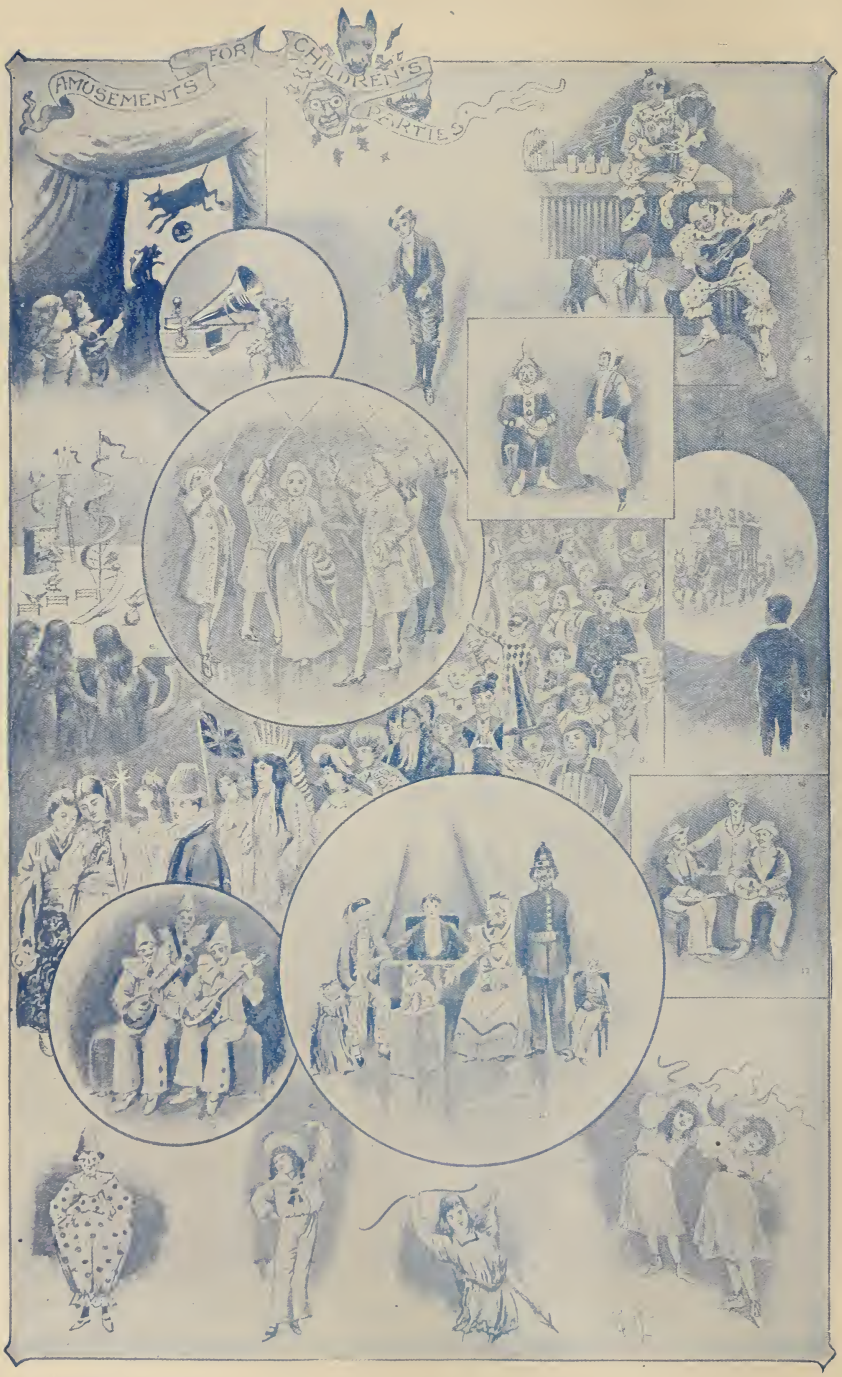
MISCELLANEOUS DIALOGUES AND DRAMAS 411
CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS FOR LYCEUMS 443
SUBJECTS FOR DEBATE BY LYCEUMS 446
TABLEAUX FOR PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS 447



AN AFTERNOON RECEPTION.



THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT—SUGGESTION FOR A TABLEAU



CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES SUGGESTED FOR CHILDREN IN JUVENILE ENTERTAINMENTS



JOSEPH JEFFERSON and BLANCHE BENDER

in "Rip Van Winkle."

(Suggestion for Tableau.)



INDIAN COSTUME—SUGGESTION FOR A TABLEAU



THE SICK CHILD.

(Suggestion For Tableau.)

"Jessie tired, mamma; good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."



AN OLD TIME TEA

(Suggestion for Tableau)



CHERRY RIPE, RIPE, RIPE, I CRY,
FULL AND FAIR ONES—COME AND BUY!



A STUDY IN ATTITUDES



THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY
(Suggestion For Tableau)



RECITATION IN COSTUME

WHOEVER WOULD BRING DOWN HER GAME,
MUST STRING HER BOW AND TAKE SURE AIM.



A LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

(Suggestion For Tableau.)

"Jesus I would be like thee,
Look from heaven and pity me.
Though so full of sin I am,
Make me now thy little lamb."



NOBODY'S CHILD

(Suggestion for Tableau)

"All day I wander to and fro
Hungry and shivering and nowhere to go
Oh! Why does the wind blow upon me so wild?
Is it because I'm nobody's child?"



SHE HAD SO MANY CHILDREN SHE DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT TO DO



THEY TELL ME I MUST DO IT JUST SO,
I WONDER IF THEY THINK THAT I DON'T KNOW.



OUR GREAT GRANDPARENTS WERE ONCE YOUNG, TOO.
AND THIS IS THE WAY THEY USED TO DO.



"I'M NOT QUITE SURE I'LL TAKE YOU FOR MY MAID;"
"WELL NOBODY ASKED YOU TO," SHE SAID.

PART I.

How to Write a Composition

AND

Express Written Thought in a Correct and Elegant Manner.

THE correct and pleasing expression of one's thoughts in writing is an accomplishment of the highest order. To have little or no ability in the art of composition is a great misfortune.

Who is willing to incur the disgrace and mortification of being unable to write a graceful and interesting letter, or an essay worthy to be read by intelligent persons? What an air of importance belongs to the young scholar, or older student, who can pen a production excellent in thought and beautiful in language! Such a gifted individual becomes almost a hero or heroine.

When I was a pupil in one of our public schools the day most dreaded by all of the scholars was "composition day." What to write about, and how to do it, were the most vexatious of all questions. Probably nine-tenths of the pupils would rather have mastered the hardest lessons, or taken a sound whipping, than to attempt to write one paragraph of a composition on any subject.

While some persons have a natural faculty for putting their thoughts into words, a much larger number of others are compelled to confess that it is a difficult undertaking, and they are never able to satisfy themselves with their written productions.

Let it be some encouragement to you to reflect that many who are considered excellent writers labored in the beginning under serious difficulties, yet, being resolved to master them, they finally achieved the most gratifying success. When Napoleon was told it would be impossible for his army to cross the bridge at Lodi, he replied, "There is no such word as impossible," and over the bridge his army went. Resolve that you will succeed, and carry out this good resolution by close application and diligent practice. "Labor conquers all things."

WHAT TO DO, AND HOW TO DO IT.

STUDY carefully the lessons contained in the following pages. They will be of great benefit, as they show you what to do and how to do it.

These lessons are quite simple at first, and are followed by others that are more advanced. All of them have been carefully prepared for the purpose of furnishing just such helps as you need. You can study them by yourself; if you can obtain the assistance of a competent teacher, so much the better. I predict that you will be surprised at the rapid progress you are making. Perhaps you will become fascinated with your study; at least, it is to be hoped you will, and become enthusiastic in your noble work.

Be content to take one step at a time. Do not get the mistaken impression that you

will be able to write a good composition before you have learned how to do it. Many persons are too eager to achieve success immediately, without patient and earnest endeavor to overcome all difficulties.

Choose a subject for your composition that is adapted to your capacity. You cannot write on a subject that you know nothing about. Having selected your theme, think upon it, and, if possible, read what others have written about it, not for the purpose of stealing their thoughts, but to stimulate your own, and store your mind with information. Then you will be able to express in writing what you know.

The Treatment of the Subject.

The principal reason why many persons make such hard work of the art of composition is that they have so few thoughts, and consequently so little to say, upon the subjects they endeavor to treat. The same rule must be followed in writing a composition as in building a house—you must first get your materials.

I said something about stealing the thoughts of others, but must qualify this by saying that while you are learning to write, you are quite at liberty in your practice to make use of the thoughts of others, writing them from memory after you have read a page or a paragraph from some standard author. It is better that you should remember only a part of the language employed by the writer whose thoughts you are reproducing, using as far as possible words of your own, yet in each instance wherein you remember his language you need not hesitate to use it. Such an exercise is a valuable aid to all who wish to perfect themselves in the delightful art of composition.

Take any writer of good English—J. G. Holland, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Irving, Cooper, or the articles in our best magazines —and read half a page twice or thrice; close the book, and write, in your own words, what you have read; borrowing, nevertheless, from the author so much as you can remember. Compare what you have written with the original, sentence by sentence, and word by word, and observe how far you have fallen short of the skilful author.

A Frequent Change of Authors.

You will thus not only find out your own faults, but you will discover where they lie, and how they may be mended. Repeat the lesson with the same passages twice or thrice, if your memory is not filled with the words of the author, and observe, at each trial, the progress you have made, not merely by comparison with the original, but by comparison with the previous exercises.

Do this day after day, changing your author for the purpose of varying the style, and continue to do so long after you have passed on to the second and more advanced stages of your training. Preserve all your exercises, and occasionally compare the latest with the earliest, and so ascertain what progress you have made.

Give especial attention to the *words*, which, to my mind, are of greater importance than the sentences. Take your nouns first, and compare them with the nouns used by your author. You will probably find your words to be very much bigger than his, more sounding, more far-fetched, more classical, or more poetical. All young writers and speakers fancy that they cannot sufficiently revel in fine words. Comparison with the great masters of English will rebuke this pomposity of inexperience, and chasten and improve your style.

You will discover, to your surprise, that our best writers eschew big words and do not aim to dazzle their readers with fine words. Where there is a choice, they pre-

fer the pure, plain, simple English noun—the name by which the thing is known to everybody, and which, therefore, is instantly understood by all readers. These great authors call a spade "a spade;" only small scribblers term it "an implement of husbandry." If there is a choice of names, good writers prefer the one best known, while an inexperienced writer is apt to select the most uncommon.

The example of the masters of the English tongue should teach you that commonness (if I may be allowed to coin a word to express that for which I can find no precise equivalent) and vulgarity are not the same in substance. Vulgarity is shown in assumption and affectation of language quite as much as in dress and manners, and it is never vulgar to be natural. Your object is to be understood. To be successful, you must write and talk in a language that everybody can understand; and such is the natural vigor, picturesqueness and music of our tongue, that you could not possess yourself of a more powerful or effective instrument for expression.

Right Choice of Words.

It is well for you to be assured that while, by this choice of plain English for the embodying of your thoughts, you secure the ears of ordinary people, you will at the same time please the most highly educated and refined. The *words* that have won the applause of a political meeting are equally successful in securing a hearing in Congress, provided that the thoughts expressed and the manner of their expression be adapted to the changed audience.

Then for the *sentences*. Look closely at their construction, comparing it with that of your author; I mean, note how you have put your words together. The placing of words is next in importance to the choice of them. The best writers preserve the natural order of thought. They sedulously shun obscurities and perplexities. They avoid long and involved sentences. Their rule is, that one sentence should express one thought, and they will not venture on the introduction of two or three thoughts, if they can help it.

Obscure Sentences.

Undoubtedly this is extremely difficult—sometimes impossible. If you want to qualify an assertion, you must do so on the instant; but the rule should never be forgotten, that a long and involved sentence is to be avoided, wherever it is practicable to do so.

Another lesson you will doubtless learn from the comparison of your composition with that of your model author. You will see a wonderful number of *adjectives* in your own writing, and very few in his. It is the besetting sin of young writers to indulge in adjectives, and precisely as a man gains experience do his adjectives diminish in number. It seems to be supposed by all unpracticed scribblers that the multiplication of epithets gives force. The nouns are never left to speak for themselves.

It is curious to take up any newspaper and read the paragraphs of news, to open the books of nine-tenths of our authors of the third and downward ranks. You will rarely see a noun standing alone, without one or more adjectives prefixed. Be assured that this is a mistake. An adjective should never be used unless it is essential to correct description. As a general rule adjectives add little strength to the noun they are set to prop, and a multiplication of them is always enfeebling. The vast majority of nouns convey to the mind a much more accurate picture of the thing they signify than you can possibly paint by attaching epithets to them.

Yet do not push to the extreme what has just been said. Adjectives are a very important part of language, and we could not well do without them. You do not need to say a "flowing river;" every river flows, but you might wish to say a "swollen river," and you could not convey the idea you desire to express without using the adjective "swollen." What I wish to caution you against is the needless multiplication of adjectives, which only serve to overload and weaken the expression of your thought.

Express Your Own Ideas.

When you have repeated your lesson many times, and find that you can write with some approach to the purity of your author, you should attempt an original composition. In the beginning it would be prudent, perhaps, to borrow the *ideas*, but to put them into your own language. The difficulty of this consists in the tendency of the mind to mistake memory for invention, and thus, unconsciously to copy the language as well as the thoughts of the author.

The best way to avoid this is to translate poetry into prose; to take, for instance, a page of narrative in verse and relate the same story in plain prose; or to peruse a page of didactic poetry, and set down the argument in a plain, unpoetical fashion. This will make you familiar with the art of composition, only to be acquired by practice; and the advantage, at this early stage of your education in the arts of writing and speaking, of putting into proper language the thoughts of others rather than your own is, that you are better able to discover your faults. Your fatherly love for your own ideas is such that you are really incompetent to form a judgment of their worth, or of the correctness of the language in which they are embodied.

The critics witness this hallucination every day. Books continually come to them, written by men who are *not* mad, who probably are sufficiently sensible in the ordinary business of life, who see clearly enough the faults of other books, who would have laughed aloud over the same pages, if placed in their hands by another writer, but who, nevertheless, are utterly unable to recognize the absurdities of their own handiwork. The reader is surprised that any man of common intelligence could indite such a maze of nonsense, where the right word is never to be found in its right place, and this with such utter unconsciousness of incapacity on the part of the author.

Write Exactly What You Mean.

Still more is he amazed that, even if a sensible man could so write, a sane man could read that composition in print, and not with shame throw it into the fire. But the explanation is, that the writer knew what he *intended* to say; his mind is full of *that*, and he reads from the manuscript or the type, not so much what is there set down, as what was already floating in his own mind. To criticise yourself you must, to some extent, forget yourself. This is impracticable to many persons, and, lest it may be so with you, I advise you to begin by putting the thoughts of others into your own language, before you attempt to give formal expression to your own thoughts.

You must habitually place your thoughts upon paper—first, that you may do so rapidly; and, secondly, that you may do so correctly. When you come to write your reflections, you will be surprised to find how loose and inaccurate the most vivid of them have been, what terrible flaws there are in your best arguments.

You are thus enabled to correct them, and to compare the matured sentence with the rude conception of it. You are thus trained to weigh your words and assure yourself

that they precisely embody the idea you desire to convey. You can trace uncouthness in the sentences, and dislocations of thought, of which you had not been conscious before. It is far better to learn your lesson thus upon paper, which you can throw into the fire unknown to any human being, than to be taught it by readers who are not always very lenient critics and are quick to detect any faults that appear in your production.

READING AND THINKING.

HAVING accustomed yourself to express, in plain words, and in clear, precise and straightforward sentences, the ideas of others, you should proceed to express your own thoughts in the same fashion. You will now see more distinctly the advantage of having first studied composition by the process I have recommended, for you are in a condition to discover the deficiencies in the flow of your own ideas. You will be surprised to find, when you come to put them into words, how many of your thoughts were shapeless, hazy and dreamy, slipping from your grasp when you try to seize them, resolving themselves, like the witches in Macbeth,

> Into the air: and what seemed corporal melted
> As breath into the wind.

What You Should Read.

Thus, after you have learned *how* to write, you will need a good deal of education before you will learn *what* to write. I cannot much assist you in this part of the business. Two words convey the whole lesson—*Read* and *think*. What should you read? Everything. What think about? All subjects that present themselves. The writer and orator must be a man of very varied knowledge. Indeed, for all the purposes of practical life, you cannot know too much. No learning is quite useless. But a speaker, especially if an advocate, cannot anticipate the subjects on which he may be required to talk. Law is the least part of his discourse. For once that he is called upon to argue a point of law, he is compelled to treat matters of fact twenty times.

And the range of topics is very wide; it embraces science and art, history and philosophy; above all, the knowledge of human nature that teaches how the mind he addresses is to be convinced and persuaded, and how a willing ear is to be won to his discourse. No limited range of reading will suffice for so large a requirement. The elements of the sciences must be mastered; the foundations of philosophy must be learned; the principles of art must be acquired; the broad facts of history must be stamped upon the memory; poetry and fiction must not be slighted or neglected.

Our Great Writers.

You must cultivate frequent and intimate intercourse with the genius of all ages and of all countries, not merely as standards by which to measure your own progress, or as fountains from which you may draw unlimited ideas for your own use, but because they are peculiarly *suggestive*. This is the characteristic of genius, that, conveying one thought to the reader's mind, it kindles in him many other thoughts. The value of this to speaker and writer will be obvious to you.

Never, therefore, permit a day to pass without reading more or less—if it be but a single page—from some one of our great writers. Besides the service I have described in the multiplication of your ideas, it will render you the scarcely lesser service of preserving purity of style and language, and pre-

venting you from falling into the conventional affectations and slang of social dialogue.

For the same reason, without reference to any higher motive, but simply to fill your mind with the purest English, read daily some portion of the Bible; for which exercise there is another reason also, that its phraseology is more familiar to all kinds of audiences than any other, is more readily understood, and, therefore, is more sufficient in securing their attention.

Three Kinds of Reading.

Your reading will thus consist of three kinds: reading for *knowledge*, by which I mean the storing of your memory with facts; reading for *thoughts*, by which I mean the ideas and reflections that set your own mind thinking; and reading the *words*, by which I mean the best language in which the best authors have clothed their thoughts. And these three classes of reading should be pursued together daily, more or less as you can, for they are needful each to the others, and neither can be neglected without injury to the rest.

So also you must make it a business to *think*. You will probably say that you are always thinking when you are not *doing* anything, and often when you are busiest. True, the mind is active, but wandering, vaguely from topic to topic. You are not in reality *thinking out* anything; indeed, you cannot be sure that your thoughts have a shape until you try to express them in words. Nevertheless you must think before you can write or speak, and you should cultivate a *habit of thinking* at all appropriate seasons.

But do not misunderstand this suggestion. I do not design advising you to set yourself a-thinking, as you would take up a book to read at the intervals of business, or as a part of a course of self-training; for such attempts would probably begin with wandering fancies and end in a comfortable nap. It is a fact worth noting, that few persons can think continuously while the body is at perfect rest. The time for thinking is when you are kept awake by some slight and almost mechanical muscular exercise, and the mind is not busily attracted by external subjects of attention.

Thus walking, angling, gardening, and other rural pursuits are pre-eminently the seasons for thought, and you should cultivate a habit of thinking during those exercises, so needful for health of body and for fruitfulness of mind. *Then* it is that you should submit whatever subject you desire to treat to careful review, turning it on all sides, and inside out, marshalling the facts connected with it, trying what may be said for or against every view of it, recalling what you may have read about it, and finally thinking what you could say upon it that had not been said before, or how you could put old views of it into new shapes.

Learning to Think.

Perhaps the best way to accomplish this will be to imagine yourself writing upon it, or making a speech upon it, and to think what in such case you would say; I do not mean in what *words* you would express yourself, but what you would discourse about; what ideas you would put forth; to what thoughts you would give utterance.

At the beginning of this exercise you will find your reflections extremely vague and disconnected; you will range from theme to theme, and mere flights of fancy will be substituted for steady, continuous thought. But persevere day by day, and that which was in the beginning an effort will soon grow into a habit, and you will pass few moments of your working life in which, when not occupied from without, your mind will not be *usefully* employed within itself.

Having attained this habit of thinking, let

it be a rule with you, before you write or speak on any subject, to employ your thoughts upon it in the manner I have described. Go a-fishing. Take a walk. Weed your garden. Sweep, dust, do any sewing that needs to be done. While so occupied, *think*. It will be hard if your own intelligence cannot suggest to you how the subject should be treated, in what order of argument, with what illustrations, and with what new aspects of it, the original product of your own genius.

At all events this is certain, that without preliminary reflection you cannot hope to deal with any subject to your own satisfaction, or to the profit or pleasure of others. If you neglect these precautions, you can never be more than a wind-bag, uttering words that, however grandly they may roll, convey no thoughts. There is hope for ignorance; there is none for emptiness.

To sum up these rules and suggestions: To become a writer or an orator, you must fill your mind with knowledge by reading and observation, and educate it to the creation of thoughts by cultivating a habit of reflection. There is no limit to the knowledge that will be desirable and useful; it should include something of natural science much of history, and still more of human nature. The latter must be your study, for it is with this that the writer and speaker has to deal.

Remember, that no amount of antiquarian, or historical, or scientific, or literary lore will make a writer or orator, without intimate acquaintance with the ways of the world about him, with the tastes, sentiments, passions, emotions, and modes of thought of the men and women of the age in which he lives, and whose minds it is his business to instruct and sway.

HOW TO ACQUIRE A CAPTIVATING STYLE.

YOU must think, that you may have thoughts to convey; and read, that you may have words wherewith to express your thoughts correctly and gracefully. But something more than this is required to qualify you to write or speak. You must have a *style*. I will endeavor to explain what I mean by that.

As every man has a manner of his own, differing from the manner of every other man, so has every mind its own fashion of communicating with other minds. This manner of expressing thought is *style*, and therefore may style be described as the features of the mind displayed in its communications with other minds; as manner is the external feature exhibited in personal communication.

But though style is the gift of nature, it is nevertheless to be cultivated; only in a sense different from that commonly understood by the word cultivation.

Many elaborate treatises have been written on style, and the subject usually occupies a prominent place in all books on composition and oratory. It is usual with teachers to urge emphatically the importance of cultivating style, and to prescribe ingenious recipes for its production. All these proceed upon the assumption that style is something artificial, capable of being taught, and which may and should be learned by the student, like spelling or grammar.

But, if the definition of style which I have submitted to you is right, these elaborate trainings are a needless labor; probably a positive mischief. I do not design to say *a* style may not be taught to you; but it will be the style of some other man, and not your own; and, not being your own, it will no

more fit your mind than a second-hand suit of clothes, bought without measurement at a pawn-shop, would fit your body, and your appearance in it would be as ungainly.

But you must not gather from this that you are not to concern yourself about style, that it may be left to take care of itself, and that you will require only to write or speak as untrained nature prompts. I say that you must cultivate style; but I say also that the style to be cultivated must be your own, and not the style of another.

How to Cultivate Style.

The majority of those who have written upon the subject recommend you to study the styles of the great writers of the English language, with a view to acquiring their accomplishment. So I say—study them, by all means; but not for the purpose of imitation, not with a view to acquire *their* manner, but to learn their language, to see how they have embodied their thoughts in words, to discover the manifold graces with which they have invested the expression of their thoughts, so as to surround the act of communicating information, or kindling emotion, with the various attractions and charms of art.

Cultivate style; but instead of laboring to acquire the style of your model, it should be your most constant endeavor to avoid it. The greatest danger to which you are exposed is that of falling into an imitation of the manner of some favorite author, whom you have studied for the sake of learning a style, which, if you did learn it, would be unbecoming to you, because it is not your own. That which in him was *manner* becomes in you *mannerism;* you but dress yourself in his clothes, and imagine that you are like him, while you are no more like than is the valet to his master whose cast-off coat he is wearing.

There are some authors whose manner is so infectious that it is extremely difficult *not* to catch it. Hawthorne is one of these; it requires an effort not to fall into his formula of speech. But your protection against this danger must be an ever-present conviction that your own style will be the best for you, be it ever so bad or good. You must strive to *be* yourself, to think for yourself, to speak in your own manner; then, what you say and your *style* of saying it will be in perfect accord, and the pleasure to those who read or listen will not be disturbed by a sense of impropriety and unfitness.

Nevertheless, I repeat, you should cultivate your own style, not by changing it into some other person's style, but by striving to preserve its individuality, while decorating it with all the graces of art. Nature gives the style, for your style is yourself; but the decorations are slowly and laboriously acquired by diligent study, and, above all, by long and patient practice. There are but two methods of attaining to this accomplishment—contemplation of the best productions of art, and continuous toil in the exercise of it.

Make Your Composition Attractive.

I assume that, by the process I have already described, you have acquired a tolerably quick flow of ideas, a ready command of words, and ability to construct grammatical sentences; all that now remains to you is to learn to use this knowledge that the result may be presented in the most attractive shape to those whom you address. I am unable to give you many practical hints towards this, because it is not a thing to be acquired by formal rules, in a few lessons and by a set course of study; it is the product of very wide and long-continued gleanings from a countless variety of sources; but, above all, it is taught by experience.

If you compare your compositions at intervals of six months, you will see the progress

you have made. You began with a multitude of words, with big nouns and bigger adjectives, a perfect firework of epithets, a tendency to call everything by something else than its proper name, and the more you admired your own ingenuity the more you thought it must be admired by others. If you had a good idea, you were pretty sure to dilute it by expansion, supposing the while that you were improving by amplifying it. You indulged in small flights of poetry (in prose), not always in appropriate places, and you were tolerably sure to go off into rhapsody, and to mistake fine words for eloquence. This is the juvenile style; and is not peculiar to yourself—it is the common fault of *all* young writers.

But the cure for it may be hastened by judicious self-treatment. In addition to the study of good authors, to cultivate your taste, you may mend your style by a process of pruning, after the following fashion. Having finished your composition, or a section of it, lay it aside, and do not look at it again for a week, during which interval other labors will have engaged your thoughts. You will then be in a condition to revise it with an approach to critical impartiality, and so you will begin to learn the wholesome *art of blotting*. Go through it slowly, pen in hand, weighing every word, and asking yourself, "What did I *intend* to say? How can I say it in the briefest and plainest English?"

Compare with the plain answer you return to this question the form in which you had tried to express the same meaning in the writing before you, and at each word further ask yourself, "Does this word precisely convey my thought? Is it the aptest word? Is it a necessary word? Would my meaning be fully expressed without it?" If it is not the best, change it for a better. If it is superfluous, ruthlessly strike it out.

The work will be painful at first—you will sacrifice with a sigh so many flourishes of fancy, so many figures of speech, of whose birth you were proud. Nay, at the beginning, and for a long time afterwards, your courage will fail you, and many a cherished phrase will be spared by your relenting pen. But be persistent, and you will triumph at last. Be not content with one act of erasure. Read the manuscript again, and, seeing how much it is improved, you will be inclined to blot a little more. Lay it aside for a month, and then read again, and blot again as before. Be severe toward yourself.

THE CHOICE OF LANGUAGE.

SIMPLICITY is the crowning achievement of judgment and good taste. It is of very slow growth in the greatest minds; by the multitude it is never acquired. The gradual progress towards it can be curiously traced in the works of the great masters of English composition, wheresoever the injudicious zeal of admirers has given to the world the juvenile writings which their own better taste had suffered to pass into oblivion. Lord Macaulay was an instance of this. Compare his latest with his earliest compositions, as collected in the posthumous volume of his "Remains," and the growth of improvement will be manifest.

Yet, at first thought, nothing appears to be easier to remember, and to act upon, than the rule, "Say what you want to say in the fewest words that will express your meaning clearly; and let those words be the plainest, the most common (not vulgar), and the most intelligible to the greatest number of persons." It is certain that a beginner will adopt

the very reverse of this. He will say what he has to say in the greatest number of words he can devise, and those words will be the most artificial and uncommon his memory can recall. As he advances, he will learn to drop these long phrases and big words; he will gradually contract his language to the limit of his thoughts, and he will discover, after long experience, that he was never so feeble as when he flattered himself that he was most forcible.

Faults in Writing.

I have dwelt upon this subject with repetitions that may be deemed almost wearisome, because affectations and conceits are the besetting sin of modern composition, and the vice is growing and spreading. The literature of our periodicals teems with it; the magazines are infected by it almost as much as the newspapers, which have been always famous for it.

Instead of an endeavor to write plainly, the express purpose of the writers in the periodicals is to write as obscurely as possible; they make it a rule never to call anything by its proper name, never to say anything directly in plain English, never to express their true meaning. They delight to say something quite different in appearance from that which they purpose to say, requiring the reader to translate it, if he can, and, if he cannot, leaving him in a state of bewilderment, or wholly uninformed.

Worse models you could not find than those presented to you by the newspapers and periodicals; yet are you so beset by them that it is extremely difficult not to catch the infection. Reading day by day compositions teeming with bad taste, and especially where the style floods you with its conceits and affectations, you unconsciously fall into the same vile habit, and incessant vigilance is required to restore you to sound, vigorous, manly, and wholesome English. I cannot recommend to you a better plan for counteracting the inevitable mischief than the daily reading of portions of some of our best writers of English, specimens of which you will find near the close of the First Part of this volume. We learn more by example than in any other way, and a careful perusal of these choice specimens of writing from the works of the most celebrated authors will greatly aid you.

You will soon learn to appreciate the power and beauty of those simple sentences compared with the forcible feebleness of some, and the spasmodic efforts and mountebank contortions of others, that meet your eye when you turn over the pages of magazine or newspaper. I do not say that you will at once become reconciled to plain English, after being accustomed to the tinsel and tin trumpets of too many modern writers; but you will gradually come to like it more and more; you will return to it with greater zest year by year; and, having thoroughly learned to love it, you will strive to follow the example of the authors who have written it.

Read Great Authors.

And this practice of daily reading the writings of one of the great masters of the English tongue should never be abandoned. So long as you have occasion to write or speak, let it be held by you almost as a duty. And here I would suggest that you should read them *aloud;* for there is no doubt that the words, entering at once by the eye and the ear, are more sharply impressed upon the mind than when perused silently.

Moreover, when reading aloud you read more slowly; the full meaning of each word must be understood, that you may give the right expression to it, and the ear catches the general structure of the sentences more perfectly. Nor will this occupy much time.

There is no need to devote to it more than a few minutes every day. Two or three pages thus read daily will suffice to preserve the purity of your taste.

Your first care in composition will be, of course, to express yourself grammatically. This is partly habit, partly teaching. If those with whom a child is brought up talk grammatically, he will do likewise, from mere imitation; but he will learn quite as readily anything ungrammatical to which his ears may be accustomed; and, as the most fortunate of us mingle in childhood with servants and other persons not always observant of number, gender, mood, and tense, and as even they who have enjoyed the best education lapse, in familiar talk, into occasional defiance of grammar, which could not be avoided without pedantry, you will find the study of grammar necessary to you under any circumstances. Your ear will teach you a great deal, and you may usually trust to it as a guide; but sometimes occasions arise when you are puzzled to determine which is the correct form of expression, and in such cases there is safety only in reference to the rule.

Fortunately our public schools and academies give much attention to the study o grammar. The very first evidence that a person is well educated is the ability to speak correctly. If you were to say, "I paid big prices for them pictures," or, "Her photographs always flatters her," or, "His fund of jokes and stories make him a pleasant companion," or, "He buys the paper for you and I"—if you were guilty of committing such gross errors against good grammar, or scores of others that might be mentioned, your chances for obtaining a standing in polite society would be very slim. Educated persons would at once rank you as an ignorant boor, and their treatment of you would be suggestive of weather below zero. Do not "murder the King's English."

PUTTING WORDS INTO SENTENCES.

HAVING pointed out the importance of correct grammar and the right choice of language, I wish now to furnish you with some practical suggestions for the construction of sentences. Remember that a good thought often suffers from a weak and faulty expression of it.

Your sentences will certainly shape themselves after the structure of your own mind. If your thoughts are vivid and definite, so will be your language; if dreamy and hazy, so will your composition be obscure. Your speech, whether oral or written, can be but the expression of yourself; and what you are, that speech will be.

Remember, then, that you cannot materially change the substantial character of your writing; but you may much improve the form of it by the observance of two or three general rules.

In the first place, *be sure you have something to say*. This may appear to you a very unnecessary precaution; for who, you will ask, having nothing to say, desires to write or to speak? I do not doubt that you have often felt as if your brain was teeming with thoughts too big for words; but when you came to seize them, for the purpose of putting them into words, you have found them evading your grasp and melting into the air. They were not *thoughts* at all, but *fancies*—shadows which you had mistaken for substances, and whose vagueness you would never have detected, had you not sought to embody them in language. Hence you will need to be assured that you have thoughts to express, before you try to express them.

And how to do this? By asking yourself, when you take up the pen, what it is you intend to say, and answering yourself as you best can, without caring for the form of expression. If it is only a vague and mystical idea, conceived in cloudland, you will try in vain to put it into any form of words, however rude. If, however, it is a definite thought, proceed at once to set it down in words and fix it upon paper.

Vague and Hazy Ideas.

The expression of a precise and definite thought is not difficult. Words will follow the thought; indeed, they usually accompany it, because it is almost impossible to think unless the thought is clothed in words. So closely are ideas and language linked by habit, that very few minds are capable of contemplating them apart, insomuch that it may be safely asserted of all intellects, save the highest, that if they are unable to express their ideas, it is because the ideas are incapable of expression—because they are vague and hazy.

For the present purpose it will suffice that you put upon paper the substance of what you desire to say, in terms as rude as you please, the object being simply to measure your thoughts. If you cannot express them, do not attribute your failure to the weakness of language, but to the dreaminess of your ideas, and therefore banish them without mercy, and direct your mind to some more definite object for its contemplations. If you succeed in putting your ideas into words, be they ever so rude, you will have learned the first, the most difficult, and the most important lesson in the art of writing.

The second is far easier. Having thoughts, and having embodied those thoughts in unpolished phrase, your next task will be to present them in the most attractive form. To secure the attention of those to whom you desire to communicate your thoughts, it is not enough that you utter them in any words that come uppermost; you must express them in the best words, and in the most graceful sentences, so that they may be read with pleasure, or at least without offending the taste.

Your first care in the choice of words will be that they shall express precisely your meaning. Words are used so loosely in society that the same word will often be found to convey half a dozen different ideas to as many auditors. Even where there is not a conflict of meanings in the same word, there is usually a choice of words having meanings sufficiently alike to be used indiscriminately, without subjecting the user to a charge of positive error. But the cultivated taste is shown in the selection of such as express the most delicate shades of difference.

Suit the Word to the Thought.

Therefore, it is not enough to have abundance of words; you must learn the precise meaning of each word, and in what it differs from other words supposed to be synonymous; and then you must select that which most exactly conveys the thought you are seeking to embody. There is but one way to fill your mind with words, and that is, to read the best authors, and to acquire an accurate knowledge of the precise meaning of their words—by *parsing* as you read.

By the practice of *parsing*, I intend very nearly the process so called at schools, only limiting the exercise to the definitions of the principal words. As thus: take, for instance the sentence that immediately precedes this, —ask yourself what is the meaning of "practice," of "parsing," of "process," and such like. Write the answer to each, that you may be assured that your definition is distinct. Compare it with the definitions of the same word in the dictionaries, and observe

the various senses in which it has been used.

You will thus learn also the words that have the same, or nearly the same, meaning —a large vocabulary of which is necessary to composition, for frequent repetition of the same word, especially in the same sentence, is an inelegance, if not a positive error. Compare your definition with that of the authorities, and your use of the word with the uses of it cited in the dictionary, and you will thus measure your own progress in the science of words.

An Amusing Exercise.

This useful exercise may be made extremely amusing as well as instructive, if friends, having a like desire for self-improvement, will join you in the practice of it; and I can assure you that an evening will be thus spent pleasantly as well as profitably. You may make a merry game of it—a game of speculation. Given a word; each one of the company in turn writes his definition of it; Webster's Dictionary, or some other, is then referred to, and that which comes nearest the authentic definition wins the honor or the prize; it may be a sweepstakes carried off by him whose definition hits the mark the most nearly.

But, whether in company or alone, you should not omit the frequent practice of this exercise, for none will impart such a power of accurate expression and supply such an abundance of apt words wherein to embody the delicate hues and various shadings of thought.

So with *sentences*, or the combination of words. Much skill is required for their construction. They must convey your meaning accurately, and as far as possible in the natural order of thought, and yet they must not be complex, involved, verbose, stiff, ungainly, or full of repetitions. They must be brief, but not curt; explicit, but not verbose. Here, again, good taste must be your guide, rather than rules which teachers propound, but which the pupil never follows.

Not only does every style require its own construction of a sentence, but almost every combination of thought will demand a different shape in the sentence by which it is conveyed. A standard sentence, like a standard style, is a pedantic absurdity; and, if you would avoid it, you must *not* try to write by rule, though you may refer to rules in order to find out your faults after you have written.

Lastly, inasmuch as your design is, not only to influence, but to please, it will be necessary for you to cultivate what may be termed the *graces* of composition. It is not enough that you instruct the minds of your readers; you must gratify their taste, and win their attention, giving pleasure in the very process of imparting information. Hence you must make choice of words that convey no coarse meanings, and excite no disagreeable associations. You are not to sacrifice expression to elegance; but so, likewise, you are not to be content with a word or a sentence if it is offensive or unpleasing, merely because it best expresses your meaning.

Graces of Composition.

The precise boundary between refinement and rudeness cannot be defined; your own cultivated taste must tell you the point at which power or explicitness is to be preferred to delicacy. One more caution I would impress upon you, that you pause and give careful consideration to it before you permit a coarse expression, on account of its correctness, to pass your critical review when you revise your manuscript, and again when you read the proof, if ever you rush into print.

And much might be said also about the *music of speech*. Your words and sentences

must be musical. They must not come harshly from the tongue, if uttered, or grate upon the ear, if heard. There is a rhythm in words which should be observed in all composition, written or oral. The perception of it is a natural gift, but it may be much cultivated and improved by reading the works of the great masters of English, especially of the best poets—the most excellent of all in this wonderful melody of words being Longfellow and Tennyson. Perusal of their works will show you what you should strive to attain in this respect, even though it may not enable you fully to accomplish the object of your endeavor. Aim at the sun and you will shoot high.

ERRORS TO BE AVOIDED.

THE faculty for writing varies in various persons. Some write easily, some laboriously; words flow from some pens without effort, others produce them slowly; composition seems to come naturally to a few, and a few never can learn it, toil after it as they may. But whatever the natural power, of this be certain, that *good* writing cannot be accomplished without study and painstaking practice. Facility is far from being a proof of excellence. Many of the finest works in our language were written slowly and painfully; the words changed again and again, and the structure of the sentences carefully cast and recast.

There is a fatal facility that runs "in one weak, washy, everlasting flood," that is more hopeless than any slowness or slovenliness. If you find your pen galloping over the paper, take it as a warning of a fault to be shunned; stay your hand, pause, reflect, read what you have written; see what are the thoughts you have set down, and resolutely try to condense them. There is no more wearisome process than to write the same thing over again; nevertheless it is a most efficient teaching. Your endeavor should be to say the same things, but to say them in a different form; to condense your thoughts, and express them in fewer words.

Compare this second effort with the first, and you will at once measure your improvement. You cannot now do better than repeat this lesson twice; rewrite, still bearing steadily in mind your object, which is, to say what you desire to utter in words the most apt and in the briefest form consistent with intelligibility and grace. Having done this, take your last copy and strike out pitilessly every superfluous word, substitute a vigorous or expressive word for a weak one, sacrifice the adjectives without remorse, and, when this work is done, rewrite the whole, as amended.

And, if you would see what you have gained by this laborious but effective process, compare the completed essay with the first draft of it, and you will recognize the superiority of careful composition over facile scribbling. You will be fortunate if you thus acquire a mastery of condensation, and can succeed in putting the reins upon that fatal facility of words, before it has grown into an unconquerable habit.

Simplicity is the charm of writing, as of speech; therefore, cultivate it with care. It is not the natural manner of expression, or, at least, there grows with great rapidity in all of us a tendency to an ornamental style of talking and writing. As soon as the child emerges from the imperfect phraseology of his first letters to papa, he sets himself earnestly to the task of trying to disguise what he has to say in some other words than such as plainly express his meaning and nothing more. To him it seems an object of ambi-

tion—a feat to be proud of—to go by the most indirect paths, instead of the straight way, and it is a triumph to give the person he addresses the task of interpreting his language, to find the true meaning lying under the apparent meaning.

Come Right to the Point.

Circumlocution is not the invention of refinement and civilization, but the vice of the uncultivated; it prevails the most with the young in years and in minds that never attain maturity. It is a characteristic of the savage. You cannot too much school yourself to avoid this tendency, if it has not already seized you, as is most probable, or to banish it, if infected by it.

If you have any doubt of your condition in this respect, your better course will be to consult some judicious friend, conscious of the evil and competent to criticism. Submit to him some of your compositions, asking him to tell you candidly what are their faults, and especially what are the circumlocutions in them, and how the same thought might have been better, because more simply and plainly, expressed. Having studied his corrections, rewrite the article, striving to avoid those faults.

Submit this again to your friendly censor, and, if many faults are found still to linger, apply yourself to the labor of repetition once more. Repeat this process with new writings, until you produce them in a shape that requires few blottings, and, having thus learned what to shun, you may venture on self-reliance.

But, even when parted from your friendly critic, you should continue to be your own critic, revising every sentence, with resolute purpose to strike out all superfluous words and to substitute an expressive word for every fine word You will hesitate to blot many a pet phrase, of whose invention you felt proud at the moment of its birth; but, if it is circumlocution, pass the pen through it ruthlessly, and by degrees you will train yourself to the crowning victory of art—simplicity.

When you are writing on any subject, address yourself to it directly. Come to the point as speedily as possible, and do not walk round about it, as if you were reluctant to grapple with it. There is so much to be read nowadays that it is the duty of all who write to condense their thoughts and words. This cannot always be done in speaking, where slow minds must follow your faster lips, but it is always practicable in writing, where the reader may move slowly, or repeat what he has not understood on the first passing of the eye over the words.

Arranging Your Words.

In constructing your sentences, marshal your words in the order of thought—that is the natural, and therefore the most intelligible shape for language to assume. In conversation we do this instinctively, but in writing the rule is almost always set at defiance. The man who would tell you a story in a plain, straightforward way would not write it without falling into utter confusion and placing almost every word precisely where it ought not to be. In learning to write, let this be your next care.

Probably it will demand much toil at first in rewriting for the sake of redistributing your words; acquired habit of long standing will unconsciously mould your sentences to the accustomed shape; but persevere and you will certainly succeed at last, and your words will express your thoughts precisely as you think them, and as you desire that they should be impressed upon the minds of those to whom they are addressed.

So with the sentences. Let each be complete in itself, embodying one proposition.

Shun that tangled skein in which some writers involve themselves, to the perplexity of their readers and their own manifest bewilderment. When you find a sentence falling into such a maze, halt and retrace your steps. Cancel what you have done, and reflect what you design to say. Set clearly before your mind the ideas that you had begun to mingle; disentangle them, range them in orderly array, and express them in distinct sentences, where each will stand separate, but in its right relationship to all the rest.

This exercise will improve, not only your skill in the art of writing, but also in the art of thinking, for those involved sentences are almost always the result of confused thoughts; the resolve to write clearly will compel you to think clearly, and you will be surprised to discover how often thoughts, which had appeared to you definite in contemplation, are found, when you come to set them upon paper, to be most incomplete and shadowy. Knowing the fault, you can then put your wits to work and furnish the remedy.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION.

SIMPLE SENTENCES.

SUBJECT AND PREDICATE.

THE sentence 'John writes' consists of two parts:—

(1) The name of the person of whom we are speaking,—*John*

and

(2) What we say about John,—*writes.*

Similarly the sentence 'Fire burns' consists of two parts:—

(1) The name of the thing of which we are speaking,—*fire.*

(2) What we say about fire,—*burns.*

Every sentence has two such parts.

The name of the person or thing spoken about is called the **Subject.**

What is said about the Subject is called the **Predicate.**

Exercise 1.

Point out the Subjects and the Predicates.

William sings. Birds fly. Sheep bleat. Henry is reading. Rain is falling. Rain has fallen. Stars are shining. Stars were shining. Cattle are grazing. Soldiers are watching. Soldiers watched. Soldiers were watched. School is closed. Donkeys bray Donkeys were braying. I am writing. We are reading.

EXAMPLES.—William sings: "William" is the subject; "sings" is the predicate. Henry is reading: "Henry" is the subject; "is reading" is the predicate. In like manner you should go through the list and point out the subjects and verbs.

Exercise 2.

Place Predicates (Verbs) after the following Subjects:—

Baby. Babies. Lightning. Flowers. Soldiers. Lions. Bees. Gas. The sun. The wind. The eagle. Eagles. The ship. Ships. The master. The scholars. The cat. Cats. Bakers. A butcher. The moon. The stars. Carpenters. The carpenter. The mower. Porters. Ploughmen.

EXAMPLES.—"Baby" smiles. "Babies" cry. "Lightning" strikes. Supply verbs for all the subjects.

Exercise 3.

Place Subjects before the following Predicates:—

Mew. Chatter. Grunt. Ran. Hum. Fly. Howl. Is walking. Plays. Played. Fell. Whistled. Shrieked. Sings. Sing. Sang. Sleeps. Slept. Bark. Barks. Cried. Bloom. Laughed. Soar. Swim. Swam. Was swimming. Dawns. Dawned. Gallops. Roar.

EXAMPLES.—Cats "mew." Monkeys "chatter." Pigs "grunt." Go on and write subjects for all the verbs.



DANCING THE MINUET—A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

SUBJECT, PREDICATE, AND OBJECT.

The Predicate always is, or contains, a Verb. In many sentences the Predicate is a Verb alone. When it is a Verb in the Active Voice, it has an **Object,** thus:—

Subject.	*Predicate.*	*Object.*
Parents	love	chil lren.
Children	obey	parents.
Boys	write	essays.
Haste	makes	waste.

Exercise 4.

Pick out the Subjects, Predicates, and Objects.

Soldiers fight battles. Tom missed Fred. Mary is minding baby. Job showed patience. Abraham had faith. Romulus founded Rome. Titus captured Jerusalem. Arthur loves father. Walter threw a stone. Tom broke a window. The servant swept the room. Masons build houses. The girl is milking the cow. The dog bit the beggar. Artists paint pictures. I am expecting a letter. We have won prizes.

EXAMPLES.—The word "soldiers" is the subject; "fight" is the predicate; "battles" is the object. "Tom" is the subject; "missed" is the predicate; "Fred" is the object. You do not need to be confined to the sentences here given; write others of your own, and name the subjects, verbs and objects.

Exercise 5.

You will readily understand what is required to complete the sentences in Exercises 5, 6 and 7. A poet *writes* poems. The smith *strikes* the iron, etc.

Supply Predicates.

A poet . . . poems. The smith . . . the iron. Horses . . . carts. Cows . . . grass. Cats . . . milk. The sexton . . . the bell. The horse . . . the groom Grocers . . . sugar. The hounds . . . the fox. Birds . . . nests. The gardener . . . the flowers. Miss Wilson . . . a ballad. Horses . . . hay. The dog . . . the thief. The banker . . . a purse. Tailors . . . coats. Brewers . . . beer. The girl . . . a rose.

Exercise 6.

Supply Objects.

The servant broke . . . The cook made . . . The hunter killed . . . Farmers till . . . Soldiers fight . . . Tom missed . . . Mary is minding . . . Romulus founded . . . Titus captured . . . Cæsar invaded . . . The gardener sowed . . . Somebody stole . . . Artists paint . . . The sailor lost . . . Children learn . . . Authors write . . . Farmers grow . . . Birds build . . . I admire . . . We like . . . I hurt . . .

Exercise 7.

Supply Subjects.

. . . dusted the room. . . is drawing a load. . . . loves me. . . . met Tom. . . . caught the thief. . grow flowers. . . . bit the beggar. . . . won the prize. . . . has lost the dog. . . . has killed the cat. . . . felled a tree. . . . are singing songs. . . . is making a pudding. . . . is expecting a letter. . . . gives light. . . . makes shoes. . . . sold a book. . . . like him. . . . likes him.

Enlarged Subject.

Subjects may be enlarged by **Adjuncts.** Thus the sentence "Boys work" may, by additions to the subject, become

The boys work.
These boys work.
Good boys work.
My boys work.
The good boys *of the village* work.
The good boys *of the village, wishing to please their master*, work.

Exercise 8.

Point out the Subject and its Adjuncts.

Tom's brother has arrived. The careless boy will be punished. The laws of the land have been broken. The sweet flowers are blooming. The poor slave is crying. The boat, struck by a great wave, sank. The little child, tired of play, is sleeping. A short letter telling the good news has been sent.

Exercise 9.

Add Adjuncts to each Subject.

Birds fly. Sheep bleat. Stars are shining. Cattle are grazing. Soldiers are watching. Donkeys bray. Lightning is flashing. The sun is shining. The scholars are studying. The ploughman is whistling. Monkeys chatter. Pigs grunt. The lark is soaring. Lions roar.

Enlarged Objects.

Objects, like Subjects, may be enlarged by Adjuncts. Thus the sentence "Boys learn

lessons" may, by additions to the Object, become

Boys learn *the* lessons.
Boys learn *their* lessons.
Boys learn *home* lessons.
Boys learn *difficult* lessons.
Boys learn lessons *about Verbs.*
Boys learn *the* lessons *set by Mr. Edwards.*
Boys learn *the difficult home* lessons *about Verbs set by Mr. Edwards.*

Exercise 10.

Point out the Object and its Adjuncts.

The servant dusted every room. Fred loves his sweet little sister. We have rented a house at Barmouth. We saw our neighbor's new Shetland pony. I am reading a book written by my father. The policeman caught the man accused of theft. The gardener is hoeing the potatoes planted by him in the early spring.

Exercise 11.

Add Adjuncts to each Object.

The soldiers fought battles. Mary is minding baby. Walter threw a stone. Tom broke a window. The servant swept the room. The girl is milking the cow. The dog bit the beggar. The artist painted pictures. I am expecting a letter. We have won prizes. The fire destroyed houses. The general gained a victory. The engineer made a railway. The children drowned the kittens. We have bought books. He teaches geography.

Enlarged Predicate.

Predicates, like Subjects and Objects, may be enlarged by Adjuncts. Thus the sentence "Boys work" may, by additions to the Predicate, become

Boys work *diligently.*
Boys work *now.*
Boys work *in school.*
Boys work *to please their teacher.*
Boys work *diligently now in school to please their teacher.*

Exercise 12.

Pick out Predicate and its Adjuncts.

Tom's brother will come to-morrow. The careless girl was looking off her book. The laws of the land were often broken by the rude mountaineers. Pretty flowers grow in my garden all through the spring. The poor slave was crying bitterly over the loss of his child. The corn is waving in the sun. The great bell was tolling slowly for the death of the President. The trees are bowing before the strong wind. I am going to Montreal with my father next week.

Exercise 13.

Add Adjuncts to each Predicate in Exercises 8, 9, 10 *and* 11.

Verbs of Incomplete Predication.

Some Verbs do not convey a complete idea, and therefore cannot be Predicates by themselves. Such Verbs are called **Verbs of Incomplete Predication**, and the words added to complete the Predicate are called the **Complement.**

Examples of Verbs of Incomplete Predication.

The words, "London is," do not contain a complete idea. Add the words, "a great city," and you have a complete sentence. "William was," needs a complement, and you can finish the sentence by writing, "Duke of Normandy."

Exercise 14.

Point out the Verbs of Incomplete Predication and the Complements.

Thou art the man. I am he. It is good. He is here. The house is to be sold. The horse is in the stable. The gun was behind the door. Jackson is a very good gardener. Those buds will be pretty flowers. Old King Cole was a merry old soul. I'm the chief of Ulva's isle. William became King of England. The girl seems to be very happy. The general was made Emperor of Rome.

Supply Complements.

London is . . . Paris is . . . Jerusalem was . . . The boy will be . . . He has become . . . We are . . . I am . . . He was . . . Richard became . . . The prisoners are . . . The man was . . . Those birds are . . . Grass is . . . Homer was . . . The child was . . . The sun is . . . The stars are . . . The sheep were . . . Charleston is . . . Havana was . . .

PRACTICE IN SIMPLE SENTENCES.

A sentence when written should always begin with a capital letter, and nearly always end with a full stop.

A sentence which is a question ends with a note of interrogation (?), and one which is an exclamation ends with a note of admiration or exclamation (!).

Exercise 15.

Make sentences about

Fire. The sun. The moon. The sea. Bread. Butter. Cheese. Wool. Cotton. Linen. Boots. Hats. A coat. The table. The window. The desk. Pens. Ink. Paper. Pencils. Lead. Iron. Tin. Copper. Gold. Silver. A knife. The clock. Books. Coal. The servant. A chair. Breakfast. Dinner. Supper. The apple. The pear. Oranges. Lemons. Water. Milk. Coffee. Tea. Cocoa. Maps. Pictures.

Exercise 16.

Make sentences introducing the following pairs of words:

Fire, grate. Sun, earth. Moon, night. Bread, flour. Pen, steel. Wool, sheep. Cotton, America. Boots, leather. Ink, black. Paper, rags. Walk, fields. Pair, gloves. Learning, to paint. Brother, arm. Wheel, cart. London, Thames. Bristol, Avon. Dublin, Ireland. Paris, France. Columbus, America. Shakespeare, poet. Threw, window. Useful, metal. Carpet, new. Wall, bricklayer. Road, rough. Lock, cupboard. Jug, full. Hawaii, island. Pencils, made. Drew, map.

Exercise 17.

Write complete sentences in answer to the following questions:—

EXAMPLE. *Question.* What is your name?
Answer. My name is John Smith.

If you said simply "John Smith" your answer would not be a complete sentence.

What is your name? When were you born? How old are you? Where do you live? How long have you lived there? What school do you attend? Of what games are you fond? During what part of the year is football played? And lawn-tennis? Are you learning Latin? And French? And German? Can you swim? And row? And ride? And play the piano? Do you like the sea? Have you ever been on the sea? Have you read "Robinson Crusoe?" What is the first meal of the day? And the second? And the third? Where does the sun rise? And set? How many days are there in a week? And in a year? And in leap year? How often does leap year come?

Exercise 18.

Make three sentences about each of the following:—

The place where you live. France. India. Australia. America. A horse. A cow. A dog. A sheep. A lion. A tiger. Spring. Summer. Autumn. Winter. The sun. The moon. Stars. Holidays. Boys' games. Girls' games. A railway. A steam-engine. The sea. A ship. Flowers. Fruits. A garden. Wool. Cotton. Leather. Silk. Water. Milk. Rice. Wheat. Books. Tea. Coffee. Sugar. Cocoa. Paper. Houses. Bricks. Stone. A field. Guns. A watch. A farm. Knives. Bees. Shellfish. Fresh-water fish. Coal. Glass. Gas. The United States. New York. The Mississippi. Canada. Indians. Chicago. St. Louis. Oakland. Philadelphia. Bicycle. Golf.

Exercise 19.

Combine each of the following facts into a sentence and write it out:

EXAMPLE: Take the first name below, thus:—"Joseph Addison, the essayist, was born at Milston in Wiltshire, in the year 1672." Pursue the same plan with all the other sets of facts here furnished.

Name.	*What he was.*	*Where born.*	*When born.*
Joseph Addison	Essayist	Milston, Wiltshire	1672
William Blake	Poet and painter	London	1757
John Bunyan	Author of the "Pilgrim's Progress"	Elstow, Bedfordshire	1628
Lord Byron	Great English poet	London	1788
Geoffrey Chaucer	Great English poet	London (probably)	About 1344
George Washington	First President of the United States	Virginia	1732
Justin S. Morrill	United States Senator	Vermont	1810
William McKinley	President of the United States	Ohio	1844

Name.	*What he was.*	*Where he died.*	*When he died.*
Matthew Arnold	Poet and essayist	Liverpool	1888
Daniel Defoe	Author of "Robinson Crusoe"	London	1731
Henry Fielding	Novelist	Lisbon	1754
Henry Hallam	Historian	Penshurst	1859
William Shakespeare	Greatest English poet	Stratford-on-Avon	1616
William H. Gladstone	Great English statesman	Hawarden	1898
Henry W. Longfellow	American poet	Cambridge	1882
Abraham Lincoln	President of the United States	Washington	1865

Battle.	*Date*	*Between.*	*Victor.*
Senlac, near Hastings	1066	English and Normans	Normans
Bannockburn	1314	English and Scotch	Scotch
Cressy	1346	English and French	English
Waterloo	1815	English and French	English
Marston Moor	1644	Royalists and Parliamentarians	Parliamentarians
Bull Run	1861	Unionists and Confederates	Confederates
Manila	1898	Americans and Spaniards	Americans

These facts should be combined into sentences in various ways, thus:
The Normans defeated the English at Senlac, near Hastings, in the year 1066.
The English were defeated by the Normans at Senlac, near Hastings, in the year 1066.
In the year 1066, at Senlac, near Hastings, the Normans beat the English, etc., etc.

Event.	*Place.*	*Date.*	*Person.*
Printing introduced into England		1476	William Caxton
Discovery of America		1492	Christopher Columbus
Defeat of the Spanish Armada	English Channel	1588	Howard, Drake and others
Gunpowder Plot	Westminster	1605	Guy Fawkes and others
Conquest of England		1066	William, Duke of Normandy
Surrender of British	Yorktown	1781	Lord Cornwallis
Destruction of Spanish fleet	Santiago	1898	Admiral Schley

SENTENCES COMBINED.

A number of simple sentences may sometimes be combined so as to form one.

EXAMPLE:—The girl was little. She lost her doll. The doll was pretty. It was new. She lost it yesterday. She lost it in the afternoon.

These sentences may be combined in one, thus:—The little girl lost her pretty new doll yesterday afternoon.

The combined sentence tells us as much as the separate sentences, and tells it in a shorter, clearer, and more pleasing way.

Exercise 20.

Combine the following sets of sentences:—

1. The man is tall. He struck his head. He was entering a carriage. The carriage was low.

2. Tom had a slate. It was new. He broke it. He broke it this morning.

3. The cow is black. She is grazing in a meadow. The meadow is beside the river.

4. The apples are ripe. They grow in an orchard. The orchard is Mr. Brown's.

5. The corn is green. It is waving. The breeze causes it to wave. The breeze is gentle.

6. The father is kind. He bought some clothes.



NOW BEGINS A MERRY TRILL
LIKE A CRICKET IN A MILL



LIKE THE RUMBLING AND THE GRUMBLING
OF THE THUNDER



GOODNESS GRACIOUS! ITIS WONDROUS



AND CLOSE THE WHOLE PERFORMANCE
WITH A SLAM-BANG-WANG!

HOW PADEREWSKI PLAYS THE PIANO



GENERAL WHEELER AT SANTIAGO

The clothes were new. He bought them for the children. The children were good.

7. The boy was careless. He made blots. The blots were big. They were made on his book. The book was clean.

8. The bucket was old. It was made of oak. It fell. It fell into the well. The well was deep.

9. Polly Flinders was little. She sat. She sat among the cinders. She was warming her toes. Her toes were pretty. They were little.

10. Tom Tucker is little. He is singing. He is singing for his supper.

11. There were three wise men. They lived at Gotham. They went to sea. They went in a bowl. They had a rough trip.

12. The man came. He was the man in the moon. He came down soon. He came too soon.

13. I saw ships. There were three. They came sailing. They sailed by. I saw them on Christmas day. I saw them in the morning.

14. Cole was a king. He was old. He was a merry soul.

15. A great battle began. It was between the English and the Scotch. It began next morning. It began at break of day. It was at Bannockburn.

Sentences are often combined by means of Conjunctions or other connecting words.

Sentences are combined, by means of the Conjunction *and*.

EXAMPLES:—1. The boy is good. The boy is clever.

2. William is going to school. John is going to school.

3. I admire my teacher. I love my teacher.

These may be combined into single sentences, as follows:—

1. The boy is good and clever.
2. William and John are going to school.
3. I admire and love my teacher.

Note the use of the comma when more than two words or sets of words are joined by *and*:—

I met Fred, Will and George.

Faith, Hope and Charity are sometimes called the Christian Graces.

I bought a pound of tea, two pounds of coffee, ten pounds of sugar and a peck of flour.

The comma is used in the same way with *or*.

Exercise 21.

Combine the following set of sentences by means of the Conjunction **and**:—

1. Jack went up the hill. Jill went up the hill.
2. The lion beat the unicorn. The lion drove the unicorn out of town.
3. Edward is honest. Edward is truthful.
4. The child is tired. The child is sleepy.
5. Tom will pay us a visit. Ethel will pay us a visit. Their parents will pay us a visit.
6. The grocer sells tea. He sells coffee. He sells sugar.
7. Maud deserves the prize. She will get it.
8. Coal is a mineral. Iron is a mineral. Copper is a mineral. Lead is a mineral.
9. The boy worked hard. He advanced rapidly.
10. Little drops of water, little grains of sand make the mighty ocean. Little drops of water, little grains of sand make the pleasant land.

Sentences are combined by means of the Conjunction *or*, thus:—

1. The boy is lazy. The boy is stupid.
2. I want a pen. I want a pencil.
3. The horse is lost. The horse is stolen.

These sentences may be combined as follows:—

1. The boy is lazy or stupid.
2. I want a pen or a pencil.
3. The horse is lost or stolen.

Remember to put in the commas when more than two words or sets of words are joined by *or*, thus:—

We could have tea, coffee or cocoa.

The beggar asked for a piece of bread, a glass of milk or a few pennies.

Exercise 22.

Combine the following sets of sentences by means of the Conjunction **or**:—

1. The child was tired. The child was sleepy.
2. My father will meet me at the station. My mother will meet me at the station.
3. Will you have tea? Will you have coffee?
4. The colonel must be present. One of the other officers must be present.
5. The cup was broken by the servant. The cup was broken by the dog. The cup was broken by the cat.

6. I must find the book. I must buy another.

7. The horse is in the stable. The horse is in the barnyard. The horse is in the meadow.

8. The prize will be gained by Brown. The prize will be gained by Smith. The prize will be gained by Jones.

Sentences may be combined by *either . . . or*, and *neither . . . nor*, thus:—

James was at school this morning. His sister was at school this morning.

These sentences may be combined thus:—

Either James or his sister was at school this morning.

Neither James nor his sister was at school this morning.

Exercise 23.

Combine the following sets of sentences:—

(a) *By* **either . . . or.** (b) *By* **neither . . . nor.**

1. The man can read. The man can write.
2. He is deaf. He is stupid.
3. That shot will strike the horse. That shot will strike the rider.
4. The king was weak in mind. The king was weak in body.
5. The king was loved. The queen was loved.
6. The cow is for sale. The calf is for sale.

Sentences may be combined by *both . . . and*, thus:—

The man is tired. The horse is tired.

These sentences may be combined in the following:—

Both the man and the horse are tired.

Exercise 24.

Combine, by means of **both . . . and,** *the sets of sentences given in Exercise* 23.

Sentences may be combined by means of Conjunctions of Cause, Consequence or Condition, such as *if, though, although, because*, thus:—

1. You are tired. You may rest.
2. The boy was not bright. He was good.
3. He is liked. He is good tempered.

Combine these sentences as follows:—

1. If you are tired you may rest.
2. Though the boy was not bright he was good.
3. He is liked because he is good tempered.

Exercise 25.

Combine the following sets of sentences:—

(a) *By means of* **if.**

1. You will get the prize. You deserve it.
2. He might have succeeded. He had tried.
3. You are truthful. You will be believed.
4. Send for me. You want me.
5. You do not sow. You cannot expect to reap.
6. You are waking. Call me early.
7. I will come with you. You wish it.
8. We had known you were in town. We should have called on you.

(b) *By means of* **though** *or* **although.**

9. The man was contented. He was poor.
10. The little girl has travelled much. She is young.
11. The story is true. You do not believe it.
12. He spoke the truth. He was not believed.
13. It was rather cold. The day was pleasant.
14. He is often told of his faults. He does not mend them.

(c) *By means of* **because;** *also by means of* **as** *and* **since.**

16. I came. You called me.
17. I will stay. You wish it.
18. The dog could not enter. The hole was too small.
19. You are tired. You may rest.
20. Freely we serve. We freely love.
21. The hireling fleeth. He is a hireling.
22. We love him. He first loved us.

Sentences may be combined by means of Conjunctive Adverbs (such as *where* with its compounds, also *when, whence, why*), and of Conjunctions of Time (such as *after, before while, ere, till, until, since*).

Exercise 26.

Combine, by means of one of the words given in the last paragraph, the following sets of sentences:

1. This is the place. My brother works.
2. Mary went. The lamb was sure to go.
3. The boy was reading. His master came up.
4. The moon rose. The sun had set.
5. It is now three months. We heard from our cousin.
6. Do not go out. The storm has abated.

7. The man arrived. We were speaking to him.
8. I remember the house. I was born.
9. I know a bank. The wild thyme blows.
10. There is the field. The money was found.
11. The workman did not hear. He was called.
12. He goes out riding. He can find time.

Supply the omitted clauses:

The tree is still lying where . . . Wherever . . . was my poor dog Tray. William came after . . . My brother cannot stay till . . . The merchant has been here since . . . Go where . . . Smooth runs the water where . . . She stayed till . . . The boy has worked hard since . . . We shall be pleased to see you whenever . . . The train had gone before . . . The little girl was tired after . . . Make hay while . . .

Sentences may be combined by means of Relative Pronouns, thus:

1. That is the boy. The boy broke the window.
2. That is the man. The man's window was broken.
3. Mary is the girl. You want Mary.
4. This is the house. Jack built the house.
5. The knife was lost. The knife cost fifty cents.

Combine as follows:

1. That is the boy who broke the window.
2. That is the man whose window was broken.
3. Mary is the girl whom you want.
4. This is the house that Jack built.
5. The knife which was lost cost fifty cents.

Exercise 27.

Combine, as in the examples just given, the following pairs of sentences:

1. The boy is crying. The boy is called Tom.
2. The man was hurt. The man is better now.
3. The grocer has sent for the police. The grocer's goods were stolen.
4. The child is very naughty. The father punished the child.
5. My uncle gave me the book. The book is on the table.
6. The horse goes well. I bought the horse.
7. The lady sings beautifully. You see the lady.
8. They did not hear the preacher. They went to hear the preacher.
9. The gentleman is very kind to the poor. You see the gentleman's house.
10. I have just bought an overcoat. The overcoat is waterproof.
11. The tree was a chestnut. The wind blew the tree down.
12. Tom had just been given the dollar. He lost it.
13. The boy drove away the birds. The birds were eating the corn.
14. The girl is very clever. You met her brother.
15. The dog fetched the birds. Its master had shot them.
16. Where is the book? You borrowed it.
17. The cow has been found. It was lost.

PUNCTUATION.

If the proper stops are left out, the meaning of a sentence may be doubtful. Take, for example, the toast at a public dinner:

Woman without her man is a brute.

This might mean that woman without man is a brute. Punctuate the sentence correctly by the right use of the comma, and you will see that the meaning is quite different. Thus: Woman, without her, man is a brute.

The misplacing of the stops may make nonsense of a sentence. Take the sentence:

Cæsar entered, on his head his helmet, on his feet sandals, in his hand his trusty sword, in his eye an angry glare.

This may become: Cæsar entered on his head, his helmet on his feet, sandals in his hand, his trusty sword in his eye, an angry glare.

The barber's sign also had two meanings according to its punctuation:

1. What do you think?
 I shave you for nothing and give you a drink.
2. What! Do you think
 I shave you for nothing and give you a drink?

The Full Stop.

A **Full Stop** is placed at the end of every sentence.

Exercise 28.

Insert full stops where wanted. Place a capital letter after each.

The old man was sitting under a tree the house was burned the roses were scattered by the wind the carpet was beaten this morning the mower was bitten by a snake that book is liked England was conquered by William the corn was ground by the miller the father was called by a little girl the cheeses were eaten by mice that fish is caught with a hook the

flowers were gathered by Ellen that carving is much admired the lady was nearly stunned snow had newly fallen the sun had just risen the moon was almost setting Amelia is always reading Nelly had often driven the horse the week has quickly gone the bells were merrily ringing.

EXAMPLES:—The old man was sitting under a tree. The house was burned. The roses were scattered by the wind, etc.

Write the following, insert stops where wanted, and make good sense of it.

The celebrated Rabelais was once staying at a remote country inn he wished to go to Paris but had no money to pay his traveling expenses he therefore hit upon a plan of traveling at the expense of the government out of brickdust he made up three little parcels on the first he wrote "For the king" on the second "For the king's son" on the third "For the king's brother" the landlord seeing these on the table where they had been purposely left sent word to the king's ministers they ordered a messenger to fetch the traitor when he reached Paris he was recognized he proved that he was no traitor and his trick was discovered.

EXAMPLE:—The celebrated Rabelais was once staying at a remote country inn. He wished to go to Paris, but had no money to pay his traveling expenses. He, therefore, hit upon a plan of traveling, etc.

Exercise 29.

Correct the punctuation.

A farmer had several sons. Who used to quarrel with one another. He tried to cure them of this bad habit. By pointing out how foolish and wicked it was. But he found. That he did no good. By talking to them. So one day he laid a bundle of sticks before them. And he bade them break it. The eldest put out all his strength. But in vain. The other sons tried in vain. But they all failed. Then the father. Untying the bundle. Gave his sons the separate sticks to break. And they broke them easily. "Remember," he said, "the lesson. Which this bundle teaches. While you help each other. None can harm you. When you quarrel. You are easily hurt."

THE NOTE OF INTERROGATION.

Every direct question is followed by a **Note of Interrogation**; as, "How do you do?" "When did you see your father?" "I suppose, sir, you are a doctor?"

Sometimes a question forms part of a larger sentence, as,

They put this question to the committee, "Will you grant us a hearing?" in a manner that proved their earnestness.

Except in such cases, a note of interrogation is always followed by a capital letter.

Carefully observe the full stops and notes of interrogation in the following:

A Paris fortune-teller was arrested and brought before a magistrate. He said to her, "You know how to read the future?" "I do, sir." "Then you know what sentence I mean to pass on you?" "Certainly." "Well, what will happen to you?" "Nothing." "You are sure of it?" "Yes." "Why?" "Because if you had meant to punish me you would not be cruel enough to mock me."

Exercise 30.

Insert full stops and notes of interrogation.

Is the gardener pruning the trees has the baker been here is the teacher liked were those roses cut to-day had the gentleman lost his hat was the thief caught is the water boiling have the girls learned their poetry has the window been broken was the ship wrecked has the crew been saved was Susan knitting will Mr. Robinson sing has Frank started

A boy was going away without his mother's leave she called after him "Where are you going, sir" "To the village" "What for" "To buy ten cents worth of nails" "And what do you want ten cents worth of nails for" "For a nickel"

THE COMMA.

The **Comma** is the most frequently used of all stops.

As a general rule, it may be stated that when, in reading, a slight pause is made, a comma should be inserted in writing; thus:—

The Spaniards were no match for the Roosevelt fighters, however, and, as had been the case at La Quasina, the Western cowboys and Eastern "dandies" hammered the enemy from their path. Straight ahead they advanced, until by noon they were well along toward San Juan, the capture of which was their immediate object. Fighting like demons, they held their ground tenaciously, now pressing for-

ward a few feet, then falling back, under the enemy's fire, to the position they held a few moments before.

Without books God is silent, justice dormant, natural science at a stand, philosophy lame, letters dumb and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness.

When a Noun or Pronoun in Apposition is very closely connected with the preceding word, no comma is needed, as,

William the Conqueror.
My cousin Fred.
Cromwell the Protector.

When the connection is not so close, or when the words in apposition are qualified, the phrase should have commas before and after, as,

William, the Norman conqueror of England, lived a stormy life.

My cousin, the bold and gallant Fred, fell in battle.

Cromwell, the great Protector, died in 1658.

Exercise 31.

Insert the necessary commas.

Napoleon the fallen emperor was sent to St. Helena. I live in Washington the capital of the United States. The children love their uncle Mr. Holmes. That coat was made by Brown the village tailor. It was the lark the herald of the morn. Tom the piper's son stole a pig. Frank the jockey's leg is broken. Rome the city of the emperors became the city of the popes. He still feels ambition the last infirmity of noble minds. Julius Cæsar a great Roman general invaded Britain.

EXAMPLES:—Napoleon, the fallen emperor, was sent to St. Helena. I live in Washington, the capital, etc. The children love their uncle, Mr. Holmes, etc.

A Nominative of Address is marked off by commas, as,

Are you, sir, waiting for anyone?

Should the Nominative of Address have any qualifying words joined to it, the whole phrase is marked off by commas, as,

How now, my man of mettle, what is it you want?

Exercise 32.

Insert the necessary commas.

O Romeo wherefore art thou Romeo? In truth fair Montague I am too fond. O grave where is thy victory? I pray you sire to let me have the honor. Exult ye proud patricians. Put on thy strength O Zion. My name dear saint is hateful to myself. I am sorry friend that my vessel is already chosen. O night and darkness ye are wondrous strong. Good morrow sweet Hal. Now my good sweet honey lord ride with us to-morrow. Come my masters let us share. For mine own part my lord I could be well content to be there.

EXAMPLES:—O Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo? In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond. I pray you, sire, to let me have the honor, etc.

An Adverbial phrase or clause let into a sentence should be marked off by commas, as,

His story was, in several ways, improbable.

The letter was written, strange to say, on club paper.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man.

They sat, as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west.

Exercise 33.

Supply commas where necessary.

You will hear in the course of the meeting a full account of the business. The story is however true. The wounded man is according to the latest news doing well. He arrived in spite of difficulties at his journey's end. He explains with perfect simplicity vast designs affecting all the governments of Europe. In France indeed such things are done. I will when I see you tell you a secret. I had till you told me heard nothing of the matter. There where a few torn shrubs the place disclose the village preacher's modest mansion rose. You may if you call again see him. You cannot unless you try harder hope to succeed.

EXAMPLES:—You will hear, in the course of the meeting, a full account, etc. The story is, however, true. You cannot, unless you try harder, hope to succeed, etc.

Words, phrases, or clauses of the same kind, coming after one another, must be separated by commas, except when joined by Conjunctions, as,

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand still or walk . . .
Let him eat, drink, ask questions or dispute.

Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patched
With diff'rent colored rags, black, red, white, yellow,

On I walked, my face flushed, my feet sore, my clothes dusty and my stomach as empty as my purse.

Exercise 34.

Supply commas where necessary.

I met Fred Will and George. Faith hope and charity are the Christian graces. The grocer sold four pounds of cheese two pounds of bacon and seven pounds of sugar. Little drops of water little grains of sand make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land. We could have tea coffee cocoa lemonade or ginger beer. The beggar asked for a piece of bread a glass of milk or a few pence. The prize will be won by Smith Brown or Jones. The first second third and fourth boys in the class will be promoted.

EXAMPLES:—I met Fred, Will and George. Faith, hope and charity are, etc. The first, second, third and fourth boys, etc.

A participial phrase is generally marked off by commas; as,

The general, seeing his soldiers turn, galloped up to them.
The baby lying asleep, the children were very quiet.

Exercise 35.

Insert commas where necessary.

James leaving the country William was made king. The storm having abated the ships ventured to sail. Henry returning victorious the people went forth to meet him. My friend Sir Roger being a good churchman has beautified the inside of his church. The woman being in great trouble was weeping. Fearing the storm we returned.

EXAMPLES:—James leaving the country, William was made king. Fearing the storm, we returned, etc.

Exercise 36.

Insert commas where necessary in the following sentences:—

On their bridal trip they took a palace car went down the Cumberland Valley stopped awhile at a watering place and wondered at the divorce cases recorded in the newspapers.

In those distant days as in all other times and places where the mental atmosphere is changing and men are inhaling the stimulus of new ideas folly often mistook itself for wisdom ignorance gave itself airs of knowledge and selfishness turning its eyes upward called itself religion.—*George Eliot.*

When I was running about this town a very poor fellow I was a great arguer for the advantages of poverty but I was at the same time very sorry to be poor.—*Johnson.*

Sail on Three Bells forever
In grateful memory sail!
Ring on Three Bells of rescue
Above the wave and gale!

As thine in night and tempest
I hear the Master's cry
And tossing through the darkness
The lights of God draw nigh.

Whittier.

The Semi-colon.

It may be generally stated that a **Semi-colon** is used in a complex sentence when a comma would not be a sufficient division.

Co-ordinate clauses or sentences, especially if not joined by Conjunctions, are generally separated by semi-colons.

Examples of the use of semi-colons.

The first in loftiness of mind surpassed;
The next in majesty; in both the last.—*Dryden.*

Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.—*Milton.*

All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony, not understood;
All partial evil universal good.—*Pope.*

Exercise 37.

Supply semi-colons where necessary.

Of the great men by whom Milton had been distinguished at his entrance into life some had been taken away from the evil to come some had carried into foreign climates their unconquerable hatred of oppression some were pining in dungeons and some had poured forth their blood on scaffolds.

Then palaces shall rise the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field.

—*Pope.*

EXAMPLES:—Of the great men by whom Milton had been distinguished at his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come; some had carried into foreign climates their unconquerable

natred of oppression ; some were pining in dungeons, and some had poured forth their blood on scaffolds.

Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield ;
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field.
—*Pope.*

The Note of Admiration or Exclamation.

The **Note of Admiration** or **Exclamation** is used

1. After Interjections ; as,
 Alas ! he is already dead.
2. After a phrase in the nature of an address or exclamation ; as,

 Vital spark of heavenly flame !
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame ;
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !—*Pope.*

3. As a mark of surprise ; as,

 Two and two are five !

 Prepare the way, a god, a god appears !
 "A god ! a god !" the vocal hills reply.

Exercise 38.

Insert notes of exclamation where necessary.

Alas he is already dead. Alas poor Yorick. Tush never tell me that. Well-a-day it is but too true. Tut, tut that is all nonsense. Hey come here. O for a falconer's voice. Hurrah our side has won. Bravo that was well done. Hush the baby is asleep. Ah the cowards. Oh what beautiful flowers. Heigh-ho I am tired of waiting.

Hush hush mee-ow mee-ow
We smell a rat close by.

Hurrah, hurrah a single field hath turned the chance of war
Hurrah, hurrah for Ivry and Henry of Navarre

Ho maidens of Vienna ho matrons of Lucerne,
Weep, weep for those who never will return.

Examples:—Alas ! poor Yorick. Tut, tut ! that is all nonsense. Bravo ! that was well done, etc.

Ho ! maidens of Vienna, ho ! matrons of Lucerne,
Weep, weep ! for those who never will return.

Quotation Marks.

A **Quotation** is said to be **direct** when the exact words are given ; it is said to be **indirect** when the substance is given, but not the exact words ; thus :—

Direct quotations.

1. Mr. Brown said, "I am going for a walk."
2. Mrs. Evans writes, "I hope to see you soon."
3. He asked me, "What is your name ?"

Indirect quotations.

1. Mr. Brown said he was going for a walk.
2. Mrs. Evans writes that she hopes to see us soon
3. He asked me what my name was.

Exercise 39.

Turn the direct quotations into indirect.

Johnson said, "I am a very fair judge." "I doubt the story," observed Mrs. Beckett. "That was not quite what I had in my mind," answered the widow. "I am very tired," added Mr. Brown. "That is false," we all shouted. "You must be a born fool," shouted the old man to me. "Our host is an inferior person," he remarked. "Are you better ?" inquired she. Some one asked, "Do you mean to stay till to-morrow ?" "Little kitten," I say, "just an hour you may stay." "I'll have that mouse," said the bigger cat. Bun replied, "You are doubtless very big."

Examples :—Johnson said he was a very fair judge Mrs. Beckett observed that she doubted the story. Some one asked if you mean to stay, etc. Bun replied that he was doubtless very big, etc.

A direct quotation always begins with a capital letter, and is placed within inverted commas, thus :—

But his little daughter whispered,
As she shook his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land ?"

The man said, "Where are you going ?"

The titles of books are generally placed within inverted commas, thus :—

Defoe wrote "Robinson Crusoe."

Thackeray is the author of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Esmond," "The Newcomes," and other novels.

Exercise 40.

Place all direct quotations within inverted commas.

Oh Charley, this is too absurd ejaculated Mrs. Beckett. Why, Mr. Paton must be going mad exclaimed Mrs. Beckett. Oh dear ! dear ! I can indeed gasped the widow. The butler announced Major and Mrs. Wellington de Boots. You will give my

love to your mother when you write said Mary warmly. He smiled as though he were thinking I have it not to give. The elder replied I was, as usual, unfortunate. How naughty he is said his mother. Do you understand the language of flowers? inquired Uncle Ralph. Why, that is lightning exclaimed the knight. Juan replied Not while this arm is free. He thought The boy will be here soon. Tom broke in with You do not know whom I mean. He will soon be back continued Mr. Brooke. Remember the proverb Small strokes fell great oaks. Provoking scoundrel muttered the antiquary. Out with those boats and let us haste away cried one. Hearts of oak! our captains cried.

Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag she said.

Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog. March on he said.

He woke to hear his sentries shriek
To arms! They come! The Greek! The Greek!

Out spake the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave,
Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save.

EXAMPLES:—"Oh! Charley, this is too absurd," ejaculated Mrs. Beckett. "Why, Mr. Paton must be going mad," exclaimed Mrs. Beckett. "Hearts of oak!" our captains cried.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! They come! The Greek! The Greek!"

The student should write out all of the above sentences and place the quotation marks where they belong. You have enough examples to guide you.

Sometimes, in the course of a quotation, words are inserted which form no part of the quotation; thus,

"Out with those boats and let us haste away,"
Cried one, "ere yet yon sea the bark devours."

In such cases every separate part of the quotation is marked off by inverted commas. A capital letter is placed only at the beginning of the quotation, or after a full stop.

Exercise 41.

Place all direct quotations within inverted commas.

I cannot tell you that replied the young man; it would not be fair to others. It was not answered the other; your house has always seemed like home. But, surely, argued the widow it must be a comfort to feel that. In the meantime said Edgar I will write to you. A common rose, said Uncle Ralph, like common sense and common honesty, is not so very common. Poor faithful old doggie! murmured Mrs. Currie, he thought Tacks was a burglar. Capital house dog! murmured the colonel; I shall never forget how he made poor Heavisides run. Cloudy, sir, said the colonel, cloudy; rain before morning, I think. I don't see the dog I began; I suppose you found him all right, the other evening. Oh, uncle, pleaded Lilian; don't talk like that.

Little kitten, I say,
Just an hour you may stay.

Agreed, said Ching, but let us try it soon:
Suppose we say to-morrow afternoon.
They're there, said Chang, if I see anything
As clear as day-light.

May Heaven look down, the old man cries
Upon my son and on his ship.

Nay, Solomon replied,
The wise and strong should seek
The welfare of the weak.

Oh king! she said; henceforth
The secret of thy worth
And wisdom well I know.

EXAMPLES:—"I cannot tell you that," replied the young man; "it would not be fair to others." "It was not," answered the other; "your house has always seemed like home."

"Little kitten," I say,
"Just an hour you may stay."

"May Heaven look down," the old man cries,
"Upon my son and on his ship."

When double inverted commas are used for an ordinary quotation, a quotation within a quotation is marked by single inverted commas; thus,

Miriam sang, "The enemy said, 'I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil.'"

Exercise 42.

Place all direct quotations within inverted commas.



ALAS, HOW LIGHT A CAUSE MAY MOVE
DISSENSION BETWEEN HEARTS THAT LOVE



"Out swept the squadrons, fated three hundred
Into the battle-line steady and full;"

Mr. Brocklehurst said When I asked him which he would rather have, a gingerbread nut to eat or a verse of a Psalm to learn he says Oh the verse of a Psalm: angels sing Psalms. He continued, On her return she exclaimed Oh, dear Papa, how quiet and plain all the girls at Lowood look. I shall remember I said how you thrust me back though I cried out Have mercy! Have mercy, Aunt Reed. The father said Remember the proverb Keep not evil men company lest you increase the number. But said the lecturer you must note the words of Shakespeare

Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues.

The teacher asked in what play do the words All the world's a stage occur? My sister writes in her last letter Will you please get me a copy of the song Tell me, my heart. In a poem on Dr. South preaching before Charles II. we read

The doctor stopped, began to call,
Pray wake the Earl of Lauderdale.

EXAMPLES:—He continued, "On her return she exclaimed, 'Oh! dear Papa, how quiet and plain all girls at Lowood look.'" "But," said the lecturer, "you must note the words of Shakespeare,

'Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues.'"

A **colon** (:) is used to separate parts of a sentence that are complete in themselves and nearly independent, often taking the place of a conjunction, thus:—

Labor is the first great law: labor is good for man.

A **period** (.) brings the sentence to a full stop, thus:—

He rode down the valley, over the hill, and finally coming to a farmhouse, there he stopped.

Exercise 43.

You now come to a very important part of these exercises. You are to turn to practical account what you have learned concerning Punctuation. Write the lines that follow, and make good sense by dividing them into sentences and placing the punctuation marks where they belong. Take time for this and do it thoroughly.

The following Example will aid you in carrying out your instructions. The sentences are first printed without punctuation. I then construct the sentences and give them punctuation marks:

The smoke from the Spanish fleet rose above the headlands of Santiago Harbor are they coming out I shouted to Fowler aye sir there they come he cried instantly we took in the situation and being ready for battle stood to our guns did you ask if it was a hot chase well our captains gunners and marines can answer that what thunder of guns our victory was complete the President cabled congratulations.

Divided into sentences and punctuated, you have the following: The smoke from the Spanish fleet rose above the headlands of Santiago Harbor. "Are they coming out?" I shouted to Fowler. "Aye, sir, there they come," he cried. Instantly we took in the situation, and, being ready for battle, stood to our guns. Did you ask if it was a hot chase? Well, our captains, gunners and marines can answer that. What thunder of guns! Our victory was complete; the President cabled congratulations.

Insert the necessary stops and capital letters.

Mr. Rich had much money and little politeness he thought it beneath him to be civil to ordinary people one wet day he was driving in his carriage along a turnpike road when he came to the toll gate he called out what's to pay five cents if you please sir said the keeper Mr. Rich instead of handing the money rudely flung a quarter on the muddy ground and cried there take your change out of that the keeper stooped for the quarter and picked it up then placing twenty cents exactly on the same spot he coolly walked back into his cottage.

The statement is beyond doubt true. They set out and in a few hours arrived at their father's. We live in an old beautiful and interesting town. Sir I believe you. He is guilty of the vice of cowards falsehood. The horse tired with the long gallop could go no further. Yes I am coming. Nay you are wrong. Philosophers assert that nature is unlimited in her operations that she has inexhaustible treasures in reserve that knowledge will always be progressive and that all future generations will continue to make discoveries of which we have not the least idea. Is this the gray-haired wanderer mildly said the voice which we so lately overheard Hark 'tis the twanging horn. O what a fall was there my countrymen Oh why has worth so short a date Such inquiry according to him was out of their province. The conflict was terrible it was the combat of despair against grief and rage.

Exercises in Easy Narratives.

In the preceding pages you have been advised to practice the writing of compositions by reading the productions of authors, and then writing from memory what you have read. This may not be easy at first. You will, however, find it less difficult as you proceed. You could not become an expert typewriter or pianist without faithful practice, yet we have expert typewriters and pianists.

It is so with learning to express your thoughts in writing. What is hard at first becomes "second nature" afterward. I have prepared some helpful rules and examples to aid you.

When writing a Story which you have read or heard, observe the following directions:—

1. Before beginning to write, think over the whole story, to make sure that you remember all the points, and the order in which they come.

Neglect of this direction may cause you to omit something or to put something in the wrong place.

2. Before beginning to write each sentence, arrange the whole of it in your mind.

If you neglect this direction you may find that the second part of a sentence goes badly with the first, or that you cannot finish at all a sentence such as you have begun. Here is an example:—

I am desired to inform the Board of Aldermen that Mr. Alderman Gill died last night *by order of Mrs. Gill.*

The words printed in italics could not have been in the mind of the writer when he began, or he would have placed them after *desired*, or (better still) he would have said, "I am desired by Mrs. Gill, etc."

3. Make short sentences.

Beware of using *and* and *so* too much. Avoid such a sentence as the following:

Once upon a time there was a fox and he went into a vineyard and there he saw many bunches of beautiful ripe grapes hanging on high and he tried to reach them and he could not jump high enough and so he turned to go and said "It does not matter; the grapes are sour."

Such a sentence ought to be divided into several; thus:—

A fox once went into a vineyard. There he saw many bunches of beautiful ripe grapes hanging on high. He tried to reach them, but found that he could not jump high enough. As he turned to go he said, "It does not matter; the grapes are sour."

The following sentence has several faults besides its length:—

He [Swinton] did with a sort of eloquence that moved the whole House lay out all his own errors and the ill spirit he was in when he committed the things that were charged on him with so tender a sense that he seemed as one indifferent what they should do with him, and without so much as moving for mercy or even for a delay he did so effectually prevail on them that they recommended him to the king as a fit object of his mercy.—Burnet: *History of his Own Time.*

It is amended somewhat by division into shorter sentences, thus:—

With a sort of eloquence that moved the whole House, he did lay out all his own errors and the ill spirit that he was in when he committed the things that were charged on him. He spoke with so tender a sense that he seemed as one indifferent what they should do with him. Without so much as moving for mercy or even for a delay, he did so effectually prevail on them that they recommended him to the king as a fit object for mercy.

4. Use no word of which you do not know the exact meaning.

Neglect of this rule led some one to write:

At the dedication of the Gettysburg Monument, President Lincoln gave the *ovation.*

5. Do not use long words if you can find short ones.

The barber who advertised himself as "a first-class tonsorial artist and facial operator," meant only that he could cut hair and shave well.

6. Arrange the different parts of each sentence so that they convey the meaning which you intend.

The following sentence is badly arranged:—

He tells stories which Mountain would be shocked to hear after dinner.—THACKERAY: *The Virginians.*

Mountain would be shocked to hear them at any time. To convey the author's meaning the sentence should be:—

After dinner he tells stories which Mountain would be shocked to hear.

7. When you have written your story, always read it over, and correct all the mistakes which you can find.

SHORT STORIES TO BE READ CAREFULLY, AND THEN WRITTEN FROM MEMORY.

The Fox and the Goat.

A fox that had fallen into a well tried in vain to get out again. By-and-by a goat came to the place to quench her thirst. Seeing the fox below she asked if the water was good. "Yes," answered the cunning creature, "it is so good that I cannot leave off drinking." Thereupon the goat, without a moment's thought, jumped in. The fox at once scrambled on her back and got out. Then, looking down at the poor fool, he said coolly, "If you had half as much brains as beard, you would look before you leap."

The Vain Jackdaw.

A vain jackdaw found some peacocks' feathers and stuck them amongst his own. Then he left his old companions and boldly went amongst the peacocks. They knew him at once, in spite of his disguise; so they stripped off his borrowed plumes, pecked him well, and sent him about his business. He went back to the daws as if nothing had happened, but they would not allow him to mix with them. If he was too good for them before, they were too good for him now. Thus the silly bird, by trying to appear better than he was, lost his old friends without making any new ones.

The Ant and the Grasshopper.

One frosty day a grasshopper, half dead with cold and hunger, knocked at the door of an ant, and begged for something to eat. "What were you doing in the summer?" asked the ant. "Oh, I was singing all the time." "Then," said the ant, "if you could sing all the summer you may dance all the winter."

The Wolf and the Lamb.

A wolf, coming to a brook to drink, saw a lamb standing in the stream, some distance down. He made up his mind to kill her, and at once set about finding an excuse. "Villain," he said, "how dare you dirty the water which I am drinking?" The lamb answered meekly, "Sir, it is impossible for me to dirty the water which you are drinking, because the stream runs from you to me, not from me to you." "Be that as it may," replied the wolf, "you called me bad names a year ago." "Sir," pleaded the lamb, "you are mistaken; a year ago I was not born." "Then," said the hungry beast, "if it was not you it was your father, and that is as bad. It is of no use trying to argue me out of my supper." Thereupon he fell upon the poor creature and ate her up.

What the Bear Said.

As two friends were traveling through a wood, a bear rushed out upon them. One of the men without a thought to his companion, climbed up into a tree, and hid among the branches. The other, knowing that alone he had no chance, threw himself on the ground, and pretended to be dead; for he had heard that bears will not touch a dead body. The creature came and sniffed him from head to foot, but, thinking him to be lifeless, went away without harming him. Then the man in the tree got down, and, hoping to pass his cowardice off with a joke, he said, "I noticed that the bear had his mouth very close to your ear; what did he whisper to you?" "Oh," answered the other, "he only told me never to keep company with those who in time of danger leave their friends in the lurch."

Bad Company.

A farmer who had just sown his fields placed a net to catch the cranes that came to steal his corn. After some time he went to look at the net, and in it he found several cranes and one stork. "Oh, sir, please spare me," said the stork; "I am not a crane, I am an innocent stork, kind to my parents, and ——" The farmer would hear no more. "All that may be very true," he said, "but it is no business of mine. I found you amongst thieves, and you must suffer with them."

Mercury and the Woodmen.

A woodman was working beside a deep river when his axe slipped, and fell into the water. As the axe was his living, he was very sorry to lose it, and sat on the bank to weep. Mercury, hearing his cries, appeared to him, and, finding what was the matter, dived, and brought up a golden axe. "Is this the one which you lost?" asked the god. "No," said the woodman. Then the god dived a second time, and brought up a silver axe, and asked if that was the one. The woodman again answered "No." So Mercury dived a third time, and then he brought up the axe which had been lost. "That is mine," cried the woodman joyfully. The god gave it to him, and presented him with the other two as a reward for his truth and honesty.

One of the woodman's neighbors, hearing what had happened, determined to see if he could not have the same good luck. He went to the bank of the river, began to fell a tree, purposely let his axe slip into the water, and then pretended to cry. Mercury appeared as before, dived, and brought up a golden axe. The man, in his eagerness to grasp the prize, forgot to act as his neighbor had done; so when the god asked, "Is that yours?" he answered "Yes." To punish him for his lying and dishonesty, the god would neither give him the golden axe nor find his own.

Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Siddons.

Dr. Johnson always spoke scornfully of actors and actresses, but he treated the famous actress, Mrs. Siddons, with great politeness. She called on him, and his servant could not readily find a chair for her. "You see, madam," said the doctor, "wherever you go no seats can be got."

Clever Children.

An ignorant Englishman once visited Paris. After his return he was talking to some of his friends about the wonders he had seen. "I was most surprised," he said, "with the cleverness of the children. Boys and girls of seven or eight spoke French quite as easily as the children in this country speak English."

One Good Turn Deserves Another.

A Cambridge student sent to another student to borrow a book. "I never lend my books out," was the answer, "but if the gentleman chooses to come to my rooms he may use them there." A few days after the book owner sent to the other student to borrow a carpet sweeper. "I never lend my carpet sweeper," replied he, "but if the gentleman chooses to come to my rooms he may use it there."

Learning Rewarded.

A rich farmer sent his son to a famous university. The young man was rather foolish, and brought home more folly than learning. One night, when there were two fowls for supper, he said, "I can prove these two fowls to be three." "Let us hear," answered the old man. "This," said the scholar, pointing to the first, "is one; this," pointing to the second, "is two; and two and one make three." "Since you have made it out so well," replied the father, "your mother shall have the first fowl, I will have the second, and you may keep the third for your great learning."

Daring a Dutchman.

A Dutch vessel and an English vessel were lying near each other. One of the Dutch sailors wished to show his activity, so he ran up the mast, and stood upon his head on the top of it. One of the English sailors (who did not like to be beaten by a Dutchman) also tried to stand upon his head on the top of the mast. He, however, fell. The rigging broke his fall and he alighted on the deck unhurt. "There, you lubber," he cried, "do that if you dare."

The Miserly Planter.

A very miserly planter formerly lived in the island of Jamaica. He often gave his poor slaves too little food. They complained, and he answered that he could not help himself, because the provision ships had been taken by pirates. This lying excuse satisfied them once, twice, thrice, and again, but in the end long fasting made them impatient. Then they went to their master and said to him, "Is it not strange that the pirates have so often taken the ships bringing food, but have never taken the ships bringing pickaxes and hoes?"

A Precious Turnip.

Before Louis the Eleventh became king he used to visit a peasant whose garden produced excellent fruit. Aftes his accession, the peasant brought him as a present a very large turnip which had grown in his garden. The king, remembering the pleasant hours that he had spent under the old man's roof, gave him a thousand crowns. The lord of the village, hearing of this, thought that if one who gave a paltry turnip received so large a reward, one who gave a really valuable present would receive a still larger reward. He, therefore, offered a splendid horse. The king accepted it and, calling for the big turnip, said, "This cost me a thousand crowns; I give it to you in return for your horse."

The Dangers of a Bed.

A carpenter asked a sailor, "Where did your father die?" The sailor answered, "My father, my grandfather, and my great-grandfather were all drowned at sea." "Then," said the carpenter, "are you not afraid of going to sea, lest you should be drowned too?" Instead of replying, the sailor asked, "Where did your father die?" "In his bed." "And your grandfather?" "In his bed." "And your great-grandfather?" "In his bed also." "Then," said the sailor, "why should I be more afraid of going to sea than you are of going to bed?"

How to treat Enemies.

A Scotch minister had in his parish a man who sometimes used to get drunk. One day the minister, reproving him for his bad habit, said, "You love whisky too much, Donald; you know very well that it is your worst enemy." "But," answered the man slily, "have you not often told us that we ought to love our enemies?" "True, Donald, but I never told you that you ought to swallow them."

The Secret of Success.

During the long struggle between England and France, two ignorant old ladies were discussing the war as they went to church. One said, "Is it not wonderful that the English always beat the French?" "Not at all," answered the other; "don't you know that the English always say their prayers before going into battle?" "But," replied the first, "can't the French say their prayers as well?" "Tut, tut," said the second; "poor jabbering bodies, who can understand them?"

The Preacher for Prisoners.

When David Dewar was a member of the Prison Board the question of appointing a chaplain for the jail came up. The favorite candidate of the other members of the Board was an unsuccessful clergyman. David, when asked to vote for him, said, "I have no objection; I hear that he has already preached a church empty, and if he will only preach the jail empty too, he is just the man for our money."

The Squire and his Servant.

A Scotch squire was one day riding out with his man. Opposite a hole in a steep bank the master stopped and said, "John, I saw a badger go in there?" "Did you?" said John; "will you hold my horse, sir?" "Certainly," answered the squire, and away rushed John for a spade. He got one and dug furiously for half an hour, the squire looking on with an amused look. At last John exclaimed, "I can't find him, sir." "I should be surprised if you could," said the squire, "for it is ten years since I saw him go in."

Proper Payment.

A boy went into a baker's shop and bought a five-cent loaf. It seemed to him rather small, so he said that he did not believe it to be of full weight. "Never mind," answered the baker, "you will have the less to carry." "True," replied the lad, and throwing four cents on the counter he left the shop. The baker called after him, "Hi! this is not enough money." "Never mind," said the boy, "you will have the less to count."

The Corporal's Watch.

A corporal in the life-guards of Frederick the Great was a brave but rather vain fellow. He could not afford a watch, but managed to buy a chain, and this he wore with a bullet at the end. The king, hearing of this, thought he would have a little fun at the soldier's expense, so he said to him, "It is six o'clock by my watch; what time is it by yours?" The man drew the bullet from his pocket and answered, "My watch does not mark the hour, but it tells me every moment that it is my duty to face death for your Majesty." "Here, my friend," said Frederick, offering him his own costly watch, "take this, that you may be able to tell the hour also."

Three Toasts.

When the Earl of Stair was ambassador in Holland he was once at a banquet with the French and Austrian ambassadors. The Frenchman proposed the health of his master, calling him, "The Sun." The Austrian then proposed the health of his mistress, calling her "The Moon." The Earl of Stair was equal to the occasion, for when his turn came he proposed the health of his sovereign as "Joshua, who made the sun and moon to stand still."

Going to Sleep in Church.

A Scotch clergyman had a youth in his congregation who was underwitted, and was commonly spoken of as being half daft. One Sunday the clergyman observed that all his hearers were asleep except this youth. After the service the minister congratulated him upon being awake, when he naively replied, "Maybe if I hadn't been half daft I would have been asleep too."

Striking Back.

A little girl complained to her brother that a boy had struck her. "Why did you not strike back?" he asked. "O," said the innocent creature, "I did that before he hit me."

Outlines to be Turned into Narratives.

THE following is an outline of one of Æsop's fables:—

1. Donkey carrying salt—passing through stream—falls—loses load.
2. Next day loaded with salt—lies down in stream.
3. Master resolves to teach lesson—third journey load of sponge.
4. Donkey lies down—load heavier.

This outline may be filled in thus:—

A donkey laden with salt happened to fall while passing through a stream. *The water melted the salt*, and the donkey *on getting up was delighted* to find himself with nothing to carry. Next day he had to pass again, laden with salt, through the same stream. *Remembering how the water had yesterday rid him of his burden*, he lay down purposely, and was again rid of it. *But clever as he was his master was cleverer*, and resolved to teach him a lesson. On the third journey he therefore placed on the creature's back several bags filled with sponges. The donkey lay down as before, but on getting up he found that his load, instead of being much lighter, was much heavier.

In the fable, as thus told, there are several points (printed in italics) which are not in the outline. Such little details help to make the story more real.

The Snake's Ingratitude.

1. Cold winter's day—snake half dead.
2. Peasant pities it—places in bosom—takes home—lays before fire.
3. Snake revives—attacks children—peasant kills it.

This outline may be filled in as follows:—

On a cold winter's day a peasant discovered a snake that was half dead. He pitied the half-frozen creature, placed it in his bosom, and upon taking it home, laid it before the fire. The snake soon revived, and, true to its nature, attacked the children of the household, when it was promptly killed by the peasant.

The Lion and the Mouse.

1. Lion sleeping—mouse happens to wake him.
2. Lion going to kill mouse—mouse begs for mercy—mercy granted.
3. Lion caught in a net—roars—mouse hears him—nibbles net.

The Frog and the Ox.

1. Ox feeding in marshy meadow—treads among young frogs—kills many.
2. One that escapes tells mother—"Such a big beast!"
3. Vain mother asks, "So big?"—"Much bigger."
4. Mother puffs out—"So big?"—"Much bigger."
5. This several times—at last mother bursts.

The Hare and the Tortoise.

1. Hare jeers at tortoise for slowness.
2. Tortoise proposes race—hare accepts.
3. Tortoise starts—hare says, "Will take a nap first."
4. When hare wakes tortoise has passed post.
5. "Slow and steady wins the race."

Dividing the Spoils.

1. Lion, donkey and fox hunting—much spoil.
2. Lion asks donkey to divide—divides into three equal parts.
3. Lion angry—kills donkey—asks fox to divide.
4. Fox makes very great heap for lion and very little one for himself.
5. "Who taught you to divide so well?"—"The dead donkey."

The Wind and the Sun.

1. Wind and sun dispute which is stronger.
2. Agree to try on passing traveler—which can soonest make him take off cloak.
3. Wind begins—blows furiously—traveler holds cloak the tighter.
4. Sun shines—traveler too warm—throws off cloak.
5. Kindness better than force.

The Bundle of Sticks.

1. Quarrelsome brothers—father speaks in vain.
2. Asks sons to break bundle of sticks—each tries and fails.
3. Asks them to undo bundle and break separate sticks—easy.
4. Brothers united, like bundle—quarrelsome, like separate sticks.
5. "Union is strength."

The Goose with the Golden Eggs.

1. Man has goose—lays golden egg daily.
2. Man greedy—thinks inside must be full of gold—kills goose—finds her like all other geese.

The Frogs asking for a King.

1. Frogs ask Jupiter for a king—he laughs at their folly—throws them a log.
2. The splash frightens them—finding log still they venture to look at it—at last jump on it and despise it.
3. Ask for another king—Jupiter annoyed—sends them a stork.
4. Stork eats many—the rest ask Jupiter to take stork away—he says "No." "Let well alone."

The Battle of the Birds and Beasts.

1. Bat is a beast, but flies like a bird.
2. Battle between birds and beasts—bat keeps aloof.
3. Beasts appear to be winning—bat joins them.
4. Birds rally and win—bat found among victors.
5. Peace made—birds and beasts condemn bat—bat never since dared show face in daylight.

The Hart and the Vine.

1. Hart fleeing from hunters—hides among leaves of vine—hunters pass without seeing him.
2. He begins to eat leaves—a hunter hears noise—shoots hart.
3. Hart lies wounded—reproaches itself for committing so great a folly.
4. "Vine protected me; I injured it; deserved my fate."

The Lion and the Bulls.

1. Three bulls feeding together in a meadow.
2. Lion wished to eat them—afraid of the three.
3. Lion tells each that the others have been slandering.
4. Bulls quarrel—lion kills each separately.

Saved by the Life-boat.

1. Vessel goes to sea—overtaken by storm.
2. Storm increases—ship driven on the rocks.
3. Officers and crew in distress—clinging to the rigging—making signals.
4. Seen by the Life Guard on shore.
5. Boat hurries to the rescue—heroic seamen.
6. Men on board brought ashore—benumbed—famishing.
7. Revived—grateful to rescuers.

Story of a Tramp.

1. Early home—restless youth—runs away.
2. Goes to seek his fortune—falls in with vicious companions.
3. Roams from place to place—becomes an idle beggar.
4. Young man in a police court charged with burglarly—sentenced to state prison.
5. First mistake was leaving home—next, companionship—then, theft.
6. Value of home attachments—industry—honesty
7. Beware of the first wrong step—not easy to remedy our mistakes.

Stories in Verse to be Turned into Prose.

The following poem, by Charles Kingsley, tells a touching little story:—

THREE fishers went sailing away to the west,
Away to the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and brown!
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam, as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

Here is the same story, told in prose:—

One afternoon in a western port, three fishermen might be seen walking slowly down towards the beach. Heavy masses of clouds were moving rapidly overhead; the setting sun had tinged the sky an angry crimson, and the waves broke with a moaning noise over the bar at the mouth of the harbor. The fishermen knew that a storm was threatening, but still they were going to sea, for their families were large and their earnings had of late been small. Yet they were sad at heart, and as they sailed away they thought of the dear wives left behind, and of the dear children watching them out of the town.

The women were so anxious that they could not rest at home, so they went up to the lighthouse to trim the lamps and peer out into the darkness. The storm came on even sooner than was expected. A huge billow caught the fishermen's boat and sank it, and the tide carried their dead bodies to the shore.

By morning the storm had passed, and the rising sun shone on the wet sand and on three poor women wringing their hands over the corpses of their husbands.

Note that in this prose rendering there is no attempt to preserve the poetry. Attention has been paid to the story only, and that has been told in the simplest manner. I here append a cluster of poems to be turned into prose.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

"O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dark with foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came up and hid the land,
And never home came she.

Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,—
A tress of golden hair,
Of drownèd maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes of Dee!

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

THE WAY TO WIN.

THERE'S always a river to cross,
Always an effort to make,
If there's anything good to win,
Any rich prize to take.
Yonder's the fruit we crave,
Yonder the charming scene;
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between.

PRESS ON.

PRESS on! there's no such word as fail;
Press nobly on! the goal is near;
Ascend the mountain! breast the gale!
Look upward, onward—never fear!

Press on! if once, and twice thy feet
Slip back and stumble, harder try;
From him who never dreads to meet
Danger and death, they're sure to fly.

To coward ranks the bullet speeds;
While on *their* breasts who never quail,
Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,
Bright courage, like a coat of mail.

Press on! if fortune play thee false
To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;
Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,
Taking old gifts and granting new.

The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies past and gone;
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs:—*Press on!* PRESS ON!

—*Park Benjamin.*

THE DYING WARRIOR.

A WOUNDED chieftain, lying
By the Danube's leafy side,
Thus faintly said, in dying,
"Oh! bear, thou foaming tide,
This gift to my lady bride."

'Twas then, in life's last quiver,
He flung the scarf he wore



MUSIC PERSONIFIED



A CORDIAL GREETING—GREAT APPLAUSE

Into the foaming river,
Which, ah, too quickly, bore
That pledge of one no more!

With fond impatience burning,
The chieftain's lady stood,
To watch her love returning
In triumph down the flood,
From that day's field of blood.

But, field, alas! ill-fated,
The lady saw, instead
Of the bark whose speed she waited,
Her hero's scarf, all red
With the drops his heart had shed.

One shriek—and all was over—
Her life-pulse ceased to beat;
The gloomy waves now cover
That bridal flower so sweet,
And the scarf is her winding-sheet.

—*Thomas Moore.*

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I KNOW a funny little boy,
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan;
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks;
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done,
The school-room for a joke he takes,
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry.
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout and mope and sigh.

THE CAT'S BATH.

AS pussy sat washing her face by the gate,
A nice little dog came to have a good chat;
And after some talk about matters of state,
Said, with a low bow, "My dear Mrs. Cat,
I really do hope you'll not think I am rude;
I am curious, I know, and that you may say—
Perhaps you'll be angry; but no, you're too good—
Pray why do you wash in that very odd way?

"Now I every day rush away to the lake,
And in the clear water I dive and I swim;
I dry my wet fur with a run and a shake,
And am fresh as a rose and neat as a pin.
But you any day in the sun may be seen,
Just rubbing yourself with your red little tongue;
I admire the grace with which it is done—
But really, now, are you sure you get yourself clean?"

The cat, who sat swelling with rage and surprise
At this, could no longer her fury contain,
For she had always supposed herself rather precise,
And of her sleek neatness had been somewhat vain;
So she flew at poor doggy and boxed both his ears
Scratched his nose and his eyes, and spit in his face,
And sent him off yelping; from which it appears
Those who ask prying questions may meet with disgrace.

THE BEGGAR MAN.

AROUND the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer's rosy children sat;
The fagot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went round, and careless chat;

When, hark! a gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the bolted door;
And thus, to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard implore:—

"Cold blows the blast across the moor,
The sleet drives hissing in the wind;
Yon toilsome mountain lies before,
A dreary, treeless waste behind.

"My eyes are weak and dim with age,
No road, no path can I descry;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen, inclement sky.

"So faint I am, these tottering feet
No more my palsied frame can bear;
My freezing heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

"Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast:

Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have passed!"

With hasty steps the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor half-frozen beggar man,
With shaking limbs and pale-blue face.

The little children flocking came,
And chafed his frozen hands in theirs;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul;
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tear was seen to roll,
Which told the thanks he could not speak.

The children then began to sigh,
And all their merry chat was o'er;
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had done before.—*Aiken.*

THE SHOWER-BATH.

QUOTH Dermot (a lodger at Mrs. O'Flynn's),
"How queerly my shower-bath feels!
It shocks like a posse of needles and pins,
Or a shoal of electrical eels."

Quoth Murphy, "Then mend it, and I'll tell you how:
It's all your own fault, my good fellow:
I used to be bothered as you are, but now
I'm wiser—I take my umbrella."—*James Smith.*

QUEEN MARY'S RETURN TO SCOTLAND.

AFTER a youth by woes o'ercast,
After a thousand sorrows past,
The lovely Mary once again
Set foot upon her native plain;
Knelt on the pier with modest grace,
And turned to heaven her beauteous face.
'Twas then the caps in air were blended,
A thousand thousand shouts ascended,
Shivered the breeze around the throng,
Gray barrier cliffs the peals prolong;
And every tongue gave thanks to heaven,
That Mary to their hopes was given.

Her comely form and graceful mien
Bespoke the lady and the queen;
The woes of one so fair and young
Moved every heart and every tongue.
Driven from her home, a helpless child,
To brave the winds and billows wild;
An exile bred in realms afar,
Amid commotions, broils, and war.

In one short year, her hopes all crossed
A parent, husband, kingdom, lost!
And all ere eighteen years had shed
Their honors o'er her royal head.
For such a queen, the Stuart's heir,—
A queen so courteous, young, and fair,—
Who would not every foe defy?
Who would not stand—who would not die?

Light on her airy steed she sprung,
Around with golden tassels hung;
No chieftain there rode half so free,
Or half so light and gracefully.
How sweet to see her ringlets pale
Wide waving in the southland gale,
Which through the broomwood blossoms flew,
To fan her cheeks of rosy hue!
Whene'er it heaved her bosom's screen,
What beauties in her form were seen!
And when her courser's mane it swung,
A thousand silver bells were rung.
A sight so fair, on Scottish plain,
A Scot shall never see again!—*Hogg.*

THE EAGLE AND SERPENT.

IN the air do I behold indeed
An eagle and a serpent wreathed in fight,
And now, relaxing its impetuous flight,
Before th' aerial rock on which I stood,
The eagle hovering wheeled to left and right,
And hung with lingering wings over the flood,
And startled with its yells the wide air's solitude.

A shaft of light upon its wings descended,
And every golden feather gleamed therein,
Feather and scale inextricably blended:
The serpent's mailed and many-colored skin
Shone through the plumes, its coils were twined within,
With many a swoln and knotted fold; and high
And far the neck receding lithe and thin,
Sustained a crested head, which warily
Shifted, and glanced before the eagle's steadfast eye.

Around, around, in ceaseless circles wheeling,
With clang of wings and scream the eagle sailed
Incessantly; sometimes on high concealing
Its lessening orbs, sometimes as if it failed,
Drooped through the air, and still it shrieked and wailed,
And, casting back its eager head, with beak
And talon unremittingly assailed
The wreathèd serpent, who did ever seek
Upon his enemy's heart a mortal wound to wreak.
—*Shelley.*

ASK AND HAVE.

"OH, 'tis time I should talk to your mother,
Sweet Mary," says I;
"Oh, don't talk to my mother," says Mary,
Beginning to cry:
"For my mother says men are deceivers,
And never, I know, will consent;
She says girls in a hurry who marry,
At leisure repent."

"Then, suppose I would talk to your father,
Sweet Mary," says I;
"Oh, don't talk to my father," says Mary,
Beginning to cry:
"For my father, he loves me so dearly,
He'll never consent I should go—
If you talk to my father," says Mary,
"He'll surely say 'No.'"

"Then how shall I get you, my jewel?
Sweet Mary," says I;
"If your father and mother's so cruel,
Most surely I'll die!"
"Oh, never say die, dear," says Mary;
"A way now to save you I see;
Since my parents are both so contrary—
You'd better ask *me*."—*Lover*.

WHAT WAS HIS CREED?

HE left a load of anthracite
In front of a poor widow's door
When the deep snow, frozen and white,
Wrapped street and square, mountain and moor—
That was his deed:
He did it well;
"What was his creed?"
I cannot tell.

Blessed "in his basket and his store,"
In sitting down and rising up;
When more he got he gave the more,
Withholding not the crust and cup;
He took the lead
In each good task;
"What was his creed?"
I did not ask.

His charity was like the snow,
Soft, white, and silken in its fall;
Not like the noisy winds that blow
From shivering trees the leaves; a pall
For flower and weed,
Dropping below;
"What was his creed?"
The poor may know.

He had great faith in loaves of bread
For hungry people, young and old;
And hope inspired, kind words he said,
To those he sheltered from the cold,
For he must feed
As well as pray;
"What was his creed?"
I cannot say.

THE OLD REAPER.

AMID the brown-haired and the black-haired men,
With ruddy faces aglow,
The old man stood in the harvest field,
With a head as white as snow.
"Let me cut a sheaf, my boys," he said,
"Before it is time to go."

They put the sickle within his hand:
He bowed to the windy wheat;
Pleasantly fell the golden ears,
With the corn flowers at his feet.
He lifted a handful, thoughtfully;
It was ripe and full and sweet.

"Many and many a sheaf," he said,
"I have cut in the years gone past;
And many and many a sheaf these arms
On the harvest wains have cast.
But, children dear, I am weary now,
And I think this is—the last.

"Let me rest awhile beneath the tree;
For I like to watch you go,
With sickles bright, through the ripe, full wheat,
And to feel the fresh wind blow."
And they spread their working coats for him
'Mong the grasses sweet and low.

When the sun grew high they came again,
For a drink and their bread and meat;
And in the shadow he sleeping lay,
With sunshine on his feet.
Like a child at night, outspent with play,
He lay in slumber sweet.

THE GALLANT SAIL-BOAT.

THE boat, impatient of delay,
With spreading, white wings flew away,
Pushed its bold venture more and more,
Left far behind the fading shore,
And glided on, swan-like and free,
A thing of life, sylph of the sea.
The speed grew swift, each eager sail
Swelled as it caught the gentle gale,

And so, with canvas all unfurled,
Around the prow the waters curled,
And wreaths of spray, formed one by one,
Made rainbows in the shining sun.

The lively breeze then stiffer grew,
The sail-boat leaped and darted through
Each billow as it struck her breast,
Or, mounting upward, skimmed the crest,
Plunged down into the hollow graves,
Made by the fast advancing waves,
Then rose again with graceful bound,
Wet with the white-caps splashing round,
And in her frolicsome advance,
Moved like a maiden in the dance.
Careening low upon her side,
No bird that cuts the air could glide
More deftly than she gaily flew,
Light-hearted, o'er the waters blue.

And just as gay were those on board,
Their youthful spirits in accord.
As well-tuned strings wake with a thrill,
Touched by the harpist's facile skill,
So these young hearts were in attune,
And carolled like the birds of June.
The pleasure-seekers, side by side,
Rode with the wind, rode with the tide,
While sparkling jest and blithesome song,
And bursts of laughter loud and long,
Spontaneous mirth and shouts of glee,
Went floating o'er the ruffled sea.

—*Davenport.*

WOOING.

A LITTLE bird once met another bird,
And whistled to her, "Will you be my mate?"
With fluttering wings she twittered,
"How absurd!
Oh, what a silly pate!"

And off into a distant tree she flew,
To find concealment in the shady cover;
And passed the hours in slily peeping through
At her rejected lover.

The jilted bird, with drooping heart and wing,
Poured forth his grief all day in plaintiff songs;
Telling in sadness to the ear of spring
The story of his wrongs.

But little thought he, while each nook and dell
With the wild music of his plaint was thrilling,
That scornful breast with sighs began to swell—
Half pitying and half-willing.

Next month I walked the same sequestered way,
When close together on a twig I spied them;
And in a nest half-hid with leaves there lay
Four little birds beside them.

Coy maid, this moral in your ear I drop:
When lover's hopes within their hearts you prison,
Fly out of sight and hearing; do not stop
To look behind and listen. —*Soule.*

MISS LAUGH AND MISS FRET.

CRIES little Miss Fret,
In a very great pet:
"I hate this warm weather; it's horrid to tan,
It scorches my nose,
And blisters my toes,
And wherever I go, I must carry a fan."

Chirps little Miss Laugh:
"Why, I couldn't tell half
The fun I am having this bright summer day.
I sing through the hours,
I cull pretty flowers,
And ride like a queen on the sweet smelling hay."

MONTEREY.

WE were not many, we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have with us been at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round him wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on, still on, our column kept
Through walls of flame its wavering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stepped,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play,
Where orange-boughs above their grave,
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many, we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?

—*Hoffman.*

A WOMAN'S WATCH.

OH, I am a woman's watch, am I,
But I would that I were not;
For if you knew, you would not deny
That mine is a sorry lot.
She will let me rest for a great long while,
Then all of a sudden seek
To twist me up so tight that I'll
Keep going for a week.

She leaves me open when she will,
Till I'm sick of dirt and things;
Of pins and hair I have got my fill,
And of buttons, hooks and strings.
There's a four-leaf clover in me, too,
And a piece of a photograph;
I'm stuffed completely through and through
With toothpicks, cloves and chaff.

My hands are twisted to and fro,
I'm thumped and jarred, alack!
And then, if I fail to straightway go,
I'm pounded front and back.
With her hat-pin all my wheels she'll pry
Till she breaks them every one,
And then she'll say: "I don't see why
This mean old thing won't run!"

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

A GOOD wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought, with a nervous dread,
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed,
"There's the meals to be got for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned;
And all to be done this day."

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as it could be;
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides
A loaf of cake for tea.
And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she said,

"If maidens but knew what good wives know,
They would not be in haste to wed!"

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eyes half-blushingly fell:
"It was this," he said, and coming near
He smiled, and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek—"'twas this, that you were the best
And the dearest wife in town!"

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife,
In a smiling, absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day.
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea;
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet,
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, I know, if he'd only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down, and the good wife smiled
To herself, as she softly said:
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love—
It's not strange that maids will wed!"

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM—may his tribe increase!
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,

An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed;
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

—*Leigh Hunt.*

ESSAYS TO BE WRITTEN FROM OUTLINES.

IT is considered best by most experienced writers to prepare a plan of the composition, of whatever character it may be. In this way you are able to properly arrange your thoughts, and are less likely to omit something which ought to be treated.

There are authors who map out in their minds a general plan without committing it formally to paper. The disadvantage of this method is that something is liable to be forgotten, or inserted in the wrong place. Many authors compose a whole book with nothing more in mind than the general outline: others draw out what lawyers would call a "brief," from which they build up their production step by step.

To aid you in learning how to write compositions, I have inserted here the outlines of essays from which the complete productions are to be written. Many of these subjects will compel you to consult books in order that you may obtain the information you require, yet this will only be a benefit to you, and will amply repay all the time and labor you expend.

You do not need to confine yourself to the thoughts suggested in these outlines. Think for yourself; do not always go on crutches. Introduce new matter and express whatever is snggested to your mind, that will make your production complete and interesting.

The following is an outline of a brief and simple essay on "The Cat."

1. Where found.
2. Why kept.
3. Fitted to be a beast of prey:—(*a*) Teeth; (*b*) Claws; (*c*) Pads.
4. Fitted for night prowling:—(*a*)Fur: (*b*) Eyes.
5. Fitted to be a pet.
6. Habits.

The outline may be filled in thus:—

A cat is found in nearly every house. Sometimes it is kept as a pet only, and sometimes it is kept only to catch mice, but most people keep one for both purposes. The cat is fitted by nature to be a beast of prey; hence its claws and teeth are sharp and long, and under its feet are pads, which enable it to walk without making a noise. The cat is also fitted for prowling at night. Its thick fur keeps it from feeling cold, and its wonderful eyes enable it to see almost in the dark. Cats make good pets because they are pretty, clean and gentle. They like to lie on something soft and warm. When stroked they purr. Kittens are very playful.

Dog.

1. Found nearly all over world; friend to man.
2. Uses:—Hunting, guarding, minding sheep, etc.
3. Description: Teeth for tearing, legs for running, coat for warmth; differences between cat and dog.
4. Habits.

Kinds of Dogs.

1. Name various kinds.
2. Showing how structure of each kind fits it for its work; as

(*a*) Greyhound—shape, legs, chest for swiftness.

(*b*) Bloodhound—broad head, large nose for smell.

(*c*) Bulldog—size of head, strength of jaw and of body.

(*d*) Newfoundland—thick, oily coat, webbed feet. etc., etc.

Hay.

1. Grass allowed to grow from early spring.
2. Ripe in June or July.
3. Cut with a scythe or machine.
4. Spread out to dry in sun—turned over—raked into "cocks"—carted.

Grain.

1. Different kinds:—wheat, barley, oats.
2. Sown in spring (wheat sometimes late in autumn).
3. Ground prepared by ploughing, harrowing.
4. Sowing (describe).
5. Weeding.
6. Harvesting:—cut with sickle, scythe or machine—bound—carted.

Flour.

1. Wheat threshed to get grain and chaff from ear.
2. Winnowed to separate chaff from grain.
3. Ground in mill (wind, steam).
4. Skin (bran) separated from flour.

Bread.

1. Generally made from flour.
2. Flour mixed with water, a little salt and yeast, into sponge—yeast to make it "rise."
3. Made into loaves.
4. Baked in oven.

Butter.

1. Made from cream.
2. Milk placed in shallow pans—cream rises—skimmed.
3. Cream begins to turn sour—churned.
4. Describe churn.
5. Churning divides cream into butter and buttermilk.
6. Butter run off—butter washed.
7. Beaten, often salted, moulded.

Lion.

1. Cat kind—teeth, claws, sheath pad.
2. About four feet high, tawny yellow, tufted tail, mane of male.
3. Lion like cat steals up to prey.
4. Brave.
5. Cubs playful.

Tiger.

1. Compare tiger and lion:—
 (*a*) Lion in Africa and Asia, tiger in Asia.
 (*b*) Tiger as strong, more fierce and cunning.
 (*c*) Tiger golden fur with black stripes, no mane, tail not tufted.
 (*d*) Tiger, like lion, lies in wait.
2. Man-eating tigers.
3. Hunted, often on elephants.

Elephant.

1. Largest land animal, eight to ten feet high.
2. Very heavy body, thick skin, little hair, legs thick.
3. Head large, tusks sixty to seventy pounds each.
4. Short neck; why?
5. Trunk; why needed?—describe.
6. Clever, obedient, faithful.

Stories of Elephants.

Tell a story showing cleverness of elephant.

Owl.

1. Night bird; therefore eyes large, hearing sharp, feathers thick.
2. Downy feathers make flight silent.
3. Beak and claws.
4. Food.
5. Haunts.

Swallow.

1. Made for speed; feathers firm and close, wings large, tail long and pointed, legs short.
2. Lives on insects; large, wide mouth.
3. Bird of passage; comes in spring, leaves in autumn.
4. Kind:—
 (*a*) Chimney martin or swallow—builds often under eaves.
 (*b*) Sand martin: smallest, builds in sandy banks or clifts.

Cuckoo.

1. Named from cry.
2. Bird of passage—

 In April
 Come he will;
 In July
 He prepares to fly;
 In August
 Go he must.

3. Description:—size of magpie or small pigeon; color:—blue gray above; white, with slaty bars below; wings black, with white at tips.
4. Lays eggs in nest of other birds—often a hedge-sparrow.

Tea.

1. From China, Assam, Ceylon.
2. Evergreen shrub, glossy leaves, white flower.
3. Three crops a year, first and best in spring.
4. Leaves gathered, placed in shallow baskets, dried first in sun, then over charcoal; rolled between hands.
5. Two kinds, green and black.

Coffee.

1. Arabia, Brazil, East and West Indies, Ceylon.
2. Evergreen tree, eight to twelve feet high.
3. Tree bears a dark red berry, size of cherry, and containing two hard seeds (the coffee "bean") each in a skin.
4. Berries gathered, dried, passed under rollers to remove skin.
5. Roasted in a closed iron vessel over slow fire.
6. Ground.

Coal.

1. How formed:—Places where forests, woods, etc., growing, sank—covered with water bringing soil—rose again—vegetable remains hardened into coal.
2. Hence found in layers.
3. Mining:—shaft, galleries.
4. Dangers:—fall of roof; flooding; explosions of "fire-damp;" afterwards "choke-damp."
5. Safety lamp.

Iron.

1. Iron ore found in many places, worked on coal fields; why?
2. To drive away sulphur roasted in kiln, or with layers of coal on ground.
3. Mixed with coal and lime and placed in blast furnace.
4. Earthy matters unite with lime to form "slag."
5. Melted iron falls to bottom—run off "cast iron."
6. Carbon added to iron to make steel.

Spring.

1. What months?
2. Welcome season after short, cold days of winter.
3. Trees and flowers—blossom.
4. Sowing.
5. Pleasant walks in the country.

Christmas.

1. When?
2. Most general holiday.
3. Why kept—"peace and goodwill."
4. How kept:—business stopped; cards; presents; meetings of friends; Christmas fare; trees.

Your School.

1. Name.
2. Situation.
3. History.
4. Subjects taught.
5. Games.
6. How you may do credit to it.

Any Town.

1. Name.
2. Situation.
3. Population.
4. Chief industry.
5. Chief buildings.
6. History.

Linen.

1. Made from flax-plant about four feet high, blue flower.
2. Ripe flax pulled up, dried.
3. Seed (linseed) removed by pulling stalks through a kind of comb.
4. Stalks consist of two parts, woody and fibrous.
5. Steeped in water to make separation of two easier.
6. Beaten to break woody part.
7. Combed to remove it.
8. Spun, bleached, woven.
9. Uses.

Blind Man's Buff.

1. One of the players has handkerchief tied over eyes.
2. Tries to catch any of the others.
3. If he catches any one he must say who it is.
4. If he succeeds, player caught takes his place.
5. The fun of the game.

Base Ball.

1. Describe bases (number, positions, etc.).
2. Describe bat and ball.
3. How many players?
4. Pitcher, catcher, basemen, fielders.
5. How "runs" are made.
6. How a player is "out."
7. How one side is out.
8. Which "team" wins?

The Blacksmith's Shop.

1. Describe the blacksmith.
2. His work.
3. Fire, bellows.
4. Anvil, hammers, tongs, water-trough.
5. "The children coming home from school"

The Carpenter's Shop.

1. Work.
2. Bench, planes, chisels, hammers, mallets, axe, adze, gimlets, saws, rule.
3. Compare blacksmith and carpenter.

Soldier.

1. Appearance.
2. Work.
3. Where he lives in peace and in war.
4. Recruits, drill, reviews, band.
5. Battle.
6. Qualities of a soldier.

A Farm Laborer.

1. Work varies with season.
2. In spring work connected with sowing.
3. Summer—weeding, haymaking.
4. Autumn—harvesting; sometimes ploughing.
5. Winter—looking after stock.

A Visit to Washington.

1. On what river situated?
2. Founded when? When captured by the British?
3. Streets and avenues.
4. Capitol building, dome, Senate chamber, Chamber of the House of Representatives.
5. White House.
6. Buildings of Government Departments.



H. T. TUCKERMAN
O. W. HOLMES
W. G. SIMMS
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
FITZ GREENE HALLECK
H. W. LONGFELLOW
N. P. WILLIS
W. H. PRESCOTT
JAMES K. PAULDING
WASHINGTON IRVING
R. W. EMERSON
W. C. BRYANT
J. P. KENNEDY
J. FENNIMORE COOPER
GEORGE BANCROFT

WASHINGTON IRVING AND HIS LITERARY FRIENDS AT SUNNYSIDE



CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES SUGGESTED FOR CHILDREN IN JUVENILE ENTERTAINMENTS

1. LADY OF THE MANOR 2. THE MERRY CHINESE 3. THE WORK BASKET 4. QUEEN OF GOLDEN HAIR 5. MARCHIONESS DRESS (LOUIS IX) 6. IRISH BOY 7. FOLLY 8. SIR WALTER RALEIGH 9. SPANISH BULL-FIGHTER 10. LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD



"COME, COME AND LOOK—O, BUY, I PRAY
THESE CHARMING FLOWERS PLUCKED TO-DAY



"BREAKING HEARTS WITHOUT REGRET,
A WINSOME, SPARKLING, GAY COQUETTE."

7. Smithsonian Institute.
8. Washington's monument.

Cleanliness.

1. Of person.
 (*a*) Describe pores. Waste of body passes through them like smoke up a chimney; therefore must be kept open.
 (*b*) Diseases arise if waste cannot pass off.
 (*c*) Dirty person disagreeable.
2. Of clothes.
 Clean person impossible in dirty clothes.
3. Of houses.
 (*a*) Dust passes into lungs.
 (*b*) Dirty houses—bad smells.
 (*c*) Plague (formerly common) due to dirt.

Lying.

1. What it is—willful attempt to deceive.
2. Words may be true and yet a lie because meant to deceive.
3. There may be lies without words.
4. Why wrong.
5. Consequence to liar—not believed even when speaking truth.
6. Fable of boy that cried "Wolf."

Cruelty to Animals.

1. Animals can feel.
2. How would you like cruel treatment?
3. "Do unto others"
4. Animals grateful for kindness.
5. Any story to show this.

Thrift.

1. "Penny saved, penny earned."
2. Name some things on which children spend money needlessly.
3. Advantages of saving:—"Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves;" savings can be turned to account; provision for a "rainy day."
4. Aids to thrift:—Savings banks, building societies, etc.

Make Hay while the Sun Shines.

1. Meaning of proverb. Hay is grass dried in the sun; if not "made" on first opportunity, it may be spoiled by rain.
2. Proverb teaches us to miss no opportunity.
3. Reasons:—Do not know what may happen by to-morrow; chance perhaps lost forever; "The mill cannot grind with the water that is past."
4. Story to show danger of putting off.

A Rolling Stone Gathers no Moss.

1. Meaning of the proverb—persevere.
2. Illustrations:—
 (*a*) If you do not finish a study begun, *all* the time spent on it is wasted.
 (*b*) Three removes are as bad as a fire.
 (*c*) By staying in the same place you make friends and a position.

"Virtue is its Own Reward."

1. Virtue often gains for a man honor, wealth, friends.
2. But though it brought no such rewards it should be sought.
3. For the approval of one's own conscience is more important than the approval of any one else.

Easy Subjects for Compositions.

Rabbit. Fox. Pig. Mouse. Bear. Camel. Monkey. Sheep. Goat. Cow. Hen. Duck. Robin. Lark. Canary. Ostrich. Eagle. Pigeon. Gull. Sparrow. Whale. Seal. Bee. Spider. Fly. Butterfly. Shark. Herring. Mackerel. Crab. Cod. Frog. Crocodile. Turtle. Adder. Cocoa. Sugar. Sago. Cork. India rubber. Potato. Turnip. Salt. Lead. Tin. Copper. Gold. Knife. Glass. Paper. Soap. Pins. Needles. Candles. Cotton. Silk. Woollen cloth. Autumn. Winter. Any game with marbles. Making and flying kites. Boating. Swimming. Fishing. Football. Skating. Lawn tennis. Punctuality. Industry. Perseverance. Obedience. Bad language. Good manners. Good habits. Temperance. Honesty. The "Golden Rule." How to make yourself useful at home.

Describe:—(*a*) A house. (*b*) A street. (*c*) A church. (*d*) Any village (*e*) Any town. (*f*) A farm. (*g*) A mill. (*h*) The sea-side. (*i*) Common spring flowers. (*j*) The most beautiful place you have seen. (*k*) A snow-storm. (*l*) A thunder-storm.

Describe the life and work of:—(*a*) A mason. (*b*) A gardener. (*c*) A teacher. (*d*) A doctor. (*e*) A sailor. (*f*) A policeman. (*g*) A postman. (*h*) A tailor. (*i*) A baker. (*j*) A shepherd. (*k*) A fisherman. (*l*) An errand-boy. (*m*) A painter.

Describe a visit to:—(*a*) The seaside. (*b*) Chicago or some other large town. (*c*) The Zoological Gardens or a menagerie. (*d*) A circus. (*e*) A school exhibition. (*f*) A department store. (*g*) A country dairy. (*h*) A picture gallery.

Tell a story about:—(*a*) A dog. (*b*) A cat. (*c*) A horse. (*d*) A monkey. (*e*) A parrot. (*f*) An elephant. (*g*) A hen.

Tell any stories you know illustrating the following sayings :—

(*a*) "Look before you leap."
(*b*) "Liars are not believed even when they speak the truth."
(*c*) "People are judged by the company they keep."
(*d*) "Penny wise and pound foolish."
(*e*) "Count not your chickens before they are hatched."
(*f*) "A friend in need is a friend indeed."
(*g*) "Union is strength."

Explain and illustrate the following proverbs :—

(*a*) "A stitch in time saves nine."
(*b*) "A prudent man foreseeth the evil; fools pass on and are punished"
(*c*) "The more haste the less speed."
(*d*) "Strike the iron while it is hot."
(*e*) "Touch pitch and be defiled."
(*f*) "Rome was not built in a day."
(*g*) "No gains without pains."
(*h*) "Nothing venture nothing win."

USE OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

AN apt illustration is always a help to a writer or speaker. The mind of the reader or hearer is interested in tracing the comparison, and receives a stronger impression than it does when the thought is stated simply by itself.

Many of the most famous orators have been very gifted in employing similes to express their meaning. You should cultivate the habit of using illustrations. Although there is sometimes danger in employing them, yet where carefully and rightly used they not only ornament the composition, but render its thoughts and ideas more striking, more impressive and more easily remembered.

A Simile is a comparison explicitly stated; as,

Now does he feel his title
Hang loose upon him like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a goodly apple rotten at the heart.

The course of a great statesman resembles that of navigable rivers, avoiding immovable obstacles with noble bends of concession, seeking the broad levels of opinion on which men soonest settle and longest dwell, following and marking the most imperceptible slopes of national tendency, yet always aiming at direct advances, always recruited from sources nearer heaven, and sometimes bursting open paths of progress and fruitful human commerce through what seem the eternal barriers of both.

A Metaphor is a condensed Simile. The comparison is implied, but not expressed at length; thus :—

But look, the morn in russet mantle clad
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

The simile implied here is, "The morning like to a person clad in russet mantle walks," etc.

Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness . . . above all taking the shield of faith wherewith ye may be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

Similes and Metaphors are employed

1. To aid the understanding.

We comprehend the unknown best by comparison with the known.

2. To intensify the feelings; as

Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice.

What a piece of work is man; how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!

3. To give point and force to what we wish to express.

Our conduct towards the Indians has been that of a man who subscribes to hospitals, weeps at charity sermons, carries out broth and blankets to beggars, and then comes home and beats his wife and children.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
—*Tennyson.*

Every one must admit the beauty and force of the great poet's comparison of kind hearts to coronets, and simple faith to Norman blood, implying that each object mentioned surpasses the one with which it is compared.

The following rules should be observed in the conduct of Metaphors:—

1. Do not use metaphors, except when needed to make a sentence clearer or stronger. Needless metaphors are a blemish instead of an ornament.

2. Do not pursue a simile or metaphor too far. The further it is pursued the less likely is the comparison to hold.

3. Metaphors should avoid mean or disagreeable details.

4. Metaphors should not be forced. Some metaphors are so far-fetched that (as Mr. Lowell says) one could wish their authors no worse fate than to be obliged to carry them back whence they came.

5. Do not mix literal and metaphorical language. In the sentence

I was walking on the barren hills of sin and sorrow near Welshpool,

"the barren hills of sin and sorrow" is metaphorical, and "near Welshpool" is literal.

Examples of Apt Illustrations.

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.—*Shakespeare.*

I had rather be a dog and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.—*Shakespeare.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.—*Shakespeare.*

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve.—*Milton.*

Now morn, her rosy steps in eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl.
—*Milton.*

So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap.—*Milton.*

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks.—*Milton.*

There is a reaper whose name is death,
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.
—*Longfellow.*

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.—*Longfellow.*

But what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.—*Tennyson.*

But Memory blushes at the sneer,
And Honor turns with frown defiant,
And Freedom, leaning on her spear,
Laughs louder than the laughing giant.—*Holmes.*

There comes Emerson first, whose rich words, every one,
Are like gold nails in temples to hang trophies on.
—*Lowell.*

In winter, when the dismal rain
Came down in slanting lines,
And wind, that grand old harper, smote
His thunder-harp of pines.—*Mulock.*

Men not only want a competency, but they want a ten-story competency; then they want religion as a lightning rod to ward off the bolts of divine judgment.—*Beecher.*

As the river is swollen by the melting snows of spring and runs with greater force and volume, so, when he is aroused, his thoughts and words pour forth impetuously, and he exhibits the strength and majesty of the most commanding eloquence.

Examples of Faulty Illustrations.

Peace has poured oil on the troubled waters, and they blossom like the rose.

She has come down among us in her floating robes, bearing the olive-branch in her beak.

The American eagle broods over his nest in the rocky fastnesses, and his young shall lie down with the lamb.

We have gone through the floods, and have turned their hot ploughshares into pruning-hooks.

May we be as lucky in the future, preserving forever our Goddess of Liberty one and inseparable.

CORRECTIONS.—Peace may pour oil on troubled waters, but waters never blossom.

Anything that wears floating robes is not furnished with a beak.

The young of eagles are not in the habit of lying down with lambs.

Floods do not have hot ploughshares.

Why should anyone wish to preserve the Goddess of Liberty inseparable, as it would be an unheard-of experience for a Goddess to be divided?

How to Compose and Write Letters.

To be a good letter writer is an accomplishment as desirable as it is rare. Few persons possess the faculty of writing an interesting letter, politely and gracefully expressed. Unless you are an exception to the general rule you become stiff and formal when you attempt to express your thoughts to a friend, or make known your wants to a man of business. The epistle is labored, unnatural and lacking in that ease which is the charm of conversation.

"I now take my pen in hand," etc. Do get rid of all old, set forms of expression. Imagine the person to whom you are writing as placed right before you, and talk to him with your pen as you would with your tongue.

There can be but one opinion concerning the general value of correspondence. How often people complain that they do not get letters from their friends. Neglect can be shown in no way more effectively than by failing to answer a letter when it ought to be written.

In writing a letter, care should be taken that the different parts are properly arranged.

First comes the **Address of the Writer.**

This is written at the top of the paper, towards the right side. If the address consists of several parts, each part is given a separate line; thus—

Livonia,
Livingston Co.,
New York.

After the address comes the **Date of Writing.**

Next comes the **Form of Address.**

This is always placed towards the left of the page, and varies according to the relations between the sender and the receiver of the letter. Writing to an intimate friend, one may say, "My dear Tom," or (a little less familiarly) "My dear Brown." Writing to a friend who is also a superior in age or position, one would say, "My dear Mr. Brown." "Dear Sir" is formal, but claims some small degree of acquaintance or regard. "Sir" is purely formal. Similarly we may have, "My dear Annie," "My dear Mrs. Brown," "Dear Madam," and "Madam." In writing to Miss Jones, a stranger, you may not wish to say, "Dear Miss." It would be better in this instance to address her as "Miss Jones."

After the form of address comes the **Letter.**

A friendly letter should be easy and pleasant in style—it should be, in fact, a talk on paper. In a business letter, on the other hand, the style is brief and concise. The first aim of the writer is to make himself understood, the next to be brief.

After the letter comes the **Subscription,** as,

Sincerely yours,
Alexander Argyle.

Or,

Respectfully yours,
New England Coal Co.

Or in more formal style,

I am, dear sir,
Your obedient servant,
Thomas Lancaster

The subscription is arranged like the address, but begins further to the left. The form of subscription varies with the form of address.

A business letter ends with the **Address of the Person to whom it is Sent.**

This is written in the left corner. A friendly letter generally ends with the subscription.

Examples of Letters.

Application for a Situation.

345 Lancaster Street,
15th February, 189–.

Sir:

Seeing by your advertisement in this morning's "Standard" that you are in need of an office boy, I beg leave to apply for the position. I have been for six years a pupil in the Commercial School, Old Bridge Street. My teacher permits me to refer you to him for an account of my conduct and abilities. I have therefore only to add that if I am fortunate enough to enter your employ, it shall be my aim to serve you diligently and faithfully.

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
Thomas Watson.

J. W. Chambers, Esq.,
97 Dearborn Street.

Letters of Invitation.

Newark, September 11.

My Dear Joe:

Myself, and a half dozen other good fellows, are going to devote a few hours on Tuesday evening to the enjoyment of refreshments, chit-chat, and so on. I hope you will make one, as we have not enjoyed the "feast of reason and flow of soul" in each other's company for some time past.

Believe me, dear Joe,
Yours ever,
Harry.

Madison Square, November 12.

Dear Mr. Robinson:

My old friend Richard Roy is coming to take a chop with me on Saturday, the 15th, and I hope you will come and join us at six o'clock. I know you are not partial to large parties, so trust you will think us two sufficient company.

Yours ever truly,

Washington, July 3.

Hon. J. B. Granger,

My Dear Sir:

We are endeavoring to get up a small excursion to visit Mount Vernon on the 10th of this month. Will you do us the favor of making one of our number? Mrs. ——— and my family desire their compliments, and request me to mention that they have taken upon themselves the task of providing the "creature comforts" for that occasion, and trust that their exertions will meet with unanimous approval. Should you have no previous engagement for that day, and feel disposed to join our party, a carriage will be at your door by 10 o'clock on Thursday morning; and believe me to be,

My dear sir, yours most sincerely,

Hon. J. B. Granger.

P. S.—The favor of an early answer will oblige.

Washington, July 3.

Mr. E. B. Allen,

My Dear Sir:

Replying to your kind invitation of this morning, I beg leave to say it would afford me great pleasure to join your excursion to Mount Vernon on the 10th inst. I will await your carriage at 10 o'clock on Thursday morning. Thanking you for your welcome invitation,

I am, my dear sir, very truly yours,
J. B. Granger.

Mr. E. B. Allen.

Notes of Invitation.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. James's company, on Wednesday evening next, at eight o'clock, to join a social party. An immediate answer will much oblige.

Fifth Avenue, January 9th.

Mr. and Mrs. James will be most happy to avail themselves of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson's kind invitation to join their social party as requested.

West Street, January 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. James greatly regret their inability to accept Mr. and Mrs. Thompson's kind invitation to join their social party. Nothing would have afforded them more pleasure than to be present, but family affliction prevents them.

West Street, January 10th.

My Dear Bertha,—A few friends will be here on Wednesday evening next, to take a social cup of tea, and chat about mankind in particular. Give us the pleasure of your company.

S. Buckman.

Prince Street, Saturday morning.

My Dear Sophie,—It affords me great pleasure to inform you that I shall join your party on Wednesday evening next. Bertha Merwin.

Spring Street, Saturday afternoon.

Letters of Congratulation.

LOUISVILLE, KY., February 10.

MY DEAR HOWARD:

The news of your good fortune gives me great satisfaction. No one can possess true friendship without rejoicing in the prosperity of a friend. To one who has always been manly, true and noble, and who has labored persistently toward a particular end, success must be extremely gratifying.

It will ever be my delight to hear that you are prospering in your undertakings, and if in any way I can serve you, you can rely upon my best endeavors. With every good wish for yourself and Mrs. Kerr, Ever faithfully yours,

ST. LOUIS, MO., June 15, 189–.

DEAR OLD FRIEND:

The happy announcement that a son and heir has been born to you, gives me extreme satisfaction. I always thought you would distinguish yourself in some way, and would do something whereby your name might descend to posterity. And now, my worthy chum, it seems you have done it. Blessings on you! Very sincerely yours,

Love Letters.

MY DEAREST HARRIET:

I cannot express the happiness I feel in finding that my letter to your respected parents has been crowned with success, and I flatter myself, notwithstanding your temporizing with my feelings, in thus reserving your avowal of a reciprocal attachment, that you, my dear girl, will not be unsusceptible to its value, but condescend to acknowledge an equal happiness with myself at its contents. In token of the confidence with which your dear letter has inspired me, I beg leave to present you with a trifle, the acceptance of which will be highly flattering to him whose image it portrays; and permit me the fond pleasure of indulging a belief that you will esteem the trifle, in affectionate remembrance of the original.

In obedience to your father's command, I shall wait upon him at the appointed time; till then, my beloved Harriet, adieu.

Ever your devoted admirer,

DEAR SIR:

I make no doubt of the truth of your assertions, relative to yourself, character, and connections; but as I think I am too young to enter into such a serious engagement, I request I may hear no more of your passion for the present; in every other respect,

I am, Sir, Yours very sincerely,

OUTLINES TO BE EXPANDED INTO LETTERS.

Inviting a Friend to Tea.

1. Can you come to tea—day—hour.
2. My birthday—several friends coming.
3. Tea in orchard—then cricket in field.
4. Hope mother will let you come—be home by nine.

Accepting Invitation.

1. Thanks for invitation—happy to accept.
2. Glad to meet ———.
3. Look forward to pleasant evening.

Declining Invitation.

1. Thanks for invitation—should have been glad to come.
2. Sorry to lose chance of meeting ———.
3. Father some time ago arranged to take me and my brother to ———.
4. Hope you will have pleasant evening and many happy returns.

From a Town Child to a Country Child.

1. Town crowded—noisy—dirty—glad to get into country.
2. Shall never forget visit to the country last summer.
3. No streets—few houses—beautiful views—quiet—sweet air.
4. Fine weather—many enjoyable walks.
5. Returned to town almost envying a country life.

Answer from Country Child to Town Child.

1. You almost envying country life—I almost envying town life.
2. Country has the advantages you describe, but you saw it in summer.
3. Difficult to get about in bad weather—especially in winter when much bad weather.
4. Dull—no libraries, exhibitions, meetings, concerts, etc.
5. Town may have all the disadvantages named, but always plenty to see, opportunities for study, friendly intercourse, entertainments.
6. Traveling easy.

SPECIMENS OF ELEGANT COMPOSITION

FROM

WORLD-RENOWNED AUTHORS.

DO not consider yourself too ambitious when you make an earnest effort to express your thoughts so well that your productions will compare favorably with those of the best writers. You should have specimens of the best composition before you. The following pages contain such, and you will readily see how the most famous authors construct their sentences, what apt words they choose, and how easily, yet forcibly, they express their ideas.

Do not be disheartened if you fail to come up to the standard here placed before you. It is related of the great painter, Correggio, that he was once almost ready to fling away his brush, exclaiming, "I can never paint like Raphael." But he persevered, and at length the great painter whom he admired so much said, "If I were not Raphael, I would wish to be Correggio." You should take the best writers for your models and set your standard high. Be a severe critic of yourself, and do your very best.

GETTING THE RIGHT START.

By J. G. Holland.

In clear expression of thought and use of plain, forcible English, the works of Doctor Holland are superior to those of most authors. He does not employ large, overgrown words, but such as are easily understood. This is one secret of the popularity of his writings. Dr. Holland was born at Belchertown, Mass., in 1819, and died October 12, 1881. He was associate editor of the "Springfield Republican," and in 1870 became editor of "Scribner's Magazine." Both as a writer of prose and poetry he is held in high esteem by all lovers of elevated thought and pure diction.

SOCIETY demands that a young man shall be somebody, not only, but that he shall prove his right to the title; and it has a right to demand this. Society will not take this matter upon trust —at least, not for a long time, for it has been cheated too frequently. Society is not very particular what a man does, so that it proves him to be a man: then it will bow to him, and make room for him.

I know a young man who made a place for himself by writing an article for the North American Review: nobody read the article, so far as I know, but the fact that he wrote such an article, that it was very long, and that it was published, did the business for him. Everybody, however, cannot write articles for the North American Review—at least I hope everybody will not, for it is a publication which makes me a quarterly visit; but everybody, who is somebody, can do something. There is a wide range of effort between holding a skein of silk for a lady and saving her from drowning—between collecting voters on election day and teaching a Sunday-school class.

A man must enter society of his own free will, as an active element or a valuable component, before he can receive the recognition that every true man longs for. I take it that this is right. A man who is willing to enter society as a beneficiary is mean, and does not deserve recognition.

There is no surer sign of an unmanly and

cowardly spirit than a vague desire for help, a wish to depend, to lean upon somebody, and enjoy the fruits of the industry of others. There are multitudes of young men, I suppose, who indulge in dreams of help from some quarter, coming in at a convenient moment, to enable them to secure the success in life which they covet.

The vision haunts them of some benevolent old gentleman with a pocket full of money, a trunk full of mortgages and stocks, and a mind remarkably appreciative of merit and genius, who will, perhaps, give or lend them anywhere from ten to twenty thousand dollars, with which they will commence and go on swimmingly. Perhaps he will take a different turn, and educate them. Or, perhaps, with an eye to the sacred profession, they desire to become the beneficiaries of some benevolent society, or some gentle circle of female devotees.

To me, one of the most disgusting sights in the world is that of a young man with healthy blood, broad shoulders, presentable calves, and a hundred and fifty pounds, more or less, of good bone and muscle, standing with his hands in his pockets, longing for help. I admit that there are positions in which the most independent spirit may accept of assistance—may, in fact, as a choice of evils, desire it; but for a man who is able to help himself, to desire the help of others in the accomplishment of his plans of life, is positive proof that he has received a most unfortunate training, or that there is a leaven of meanness in his composition that should make him shudder.

Do not misunderstand me: I would not inculcate that pride of personal independence which repels in its sensitiveness the well-meant good offices and benefactions of friends, or that resorts to desperate shifts rather than incur an obligation. What I condemn in a young man is the love of dependence; the willingness to be under obligation for that which his own efforts may win.

Let this be understood, then, at starting; that the patient conquest of difficulties which rise in the regular and legitimate channels of business and enterprise, is not only essential in securing the success which you seek, but it is essential to that preparation of your mind which is requisite for the enjoyment of your successes, and for retaining them when gained. It is the general rule of Providence, the world over, and in all time, that unearned success is a curse. It is the rule of Providence, that the process of earning success shall be the preparation for its conservation and enjoyment.

So, day by day, and week by week; so, month after month, and year after year, work on, and in that process gain strength and symmetry, and nerve and knowledge, that when success, patiently and bravely worked for, shall come, it may find you prepared to receive it and keep it.

The development which you will get in this brave and patient labor, will prove itself, in the end, the most valuable of your successes. It will help to make a man of you. It will give you power and self-reliance. It will give you not only self-respect, but the respect of your fellows and the public.

Never allow yourself to be seduced from this course. You will hear of young men who have made fortunes in some wild speculations. Pity them; for they will almost certainly lose their easily won success. Do not be in a hurry for anything. Are you in love with some dear girl, whom you would make your wife? Give Angelina Matilda to understand that she must wait; and if Angelina Matilda is really the good girl you take her to be, she will be sensible enough to tell you to choose your time.

You cannot build well without first laying a good foundation; and for you to enter

upon a business which you have not patiently and thoroughly learned, and to marry before you have won a character, or even the reasonable prospect of a competence, is ultimately to bring your house down about the ears of Angelina Matilda, and such pretty children as she may give you. If, at the age of thirty years, you find yourself established in a business which pays you with certainty a living income, you are to remember that God has blessed you beyond the majority of men.

DINAH THE METHODIST.

By George Eliot.

The works of Marian Evans Cross created unusual interest when first published in England. Her "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss" and "Silas Marner," immediately placed her in the highest rank of the writers of fiction. For some time her identity was concealed, yet there were critics who suspected that "George Eliot" was the assumed name of a female author. Her writings are characterized by a keen insight into character, intellectual vigor and sympathy with the advanced thought of the day. She was born in 1819, and died in 1880. The selection from "Adam Bede," here given, is an excellent specimen from one of her well-known works.

SEVERAL of the men followed Ben's lead, and the traveler pushed his horse on to the Green, as Dinah walked rather quickly, and in advance of her companions, toward the cart under the maple tree. While she was near Seth's tall figure she looked short, but when she had mounted the cart, and was away from all comparison, she seemed above the middle height of woman, though in reality she did not exceed it—an effect which was due to the slimness of her figure, and the simple line of her black stuff dress.

The stranger was struck with surprise as he saw her approach and mount the cart—surprise, not so much for the feminine delicacy of her appearance, as at the total absence of self-consciousness in her demeanor. He had made up his mind to see her advance with a measured step, and a demure solemnity of countenance; he had felt sure that her face would be mantled with a smile of conscious saintship, or else charged with denunciatory bitterness. He knew but two types of Methodist—the ecstatic and the bilious.

But Dinah walked as simply as if she were going to market, and seemed as unconscious of her outward appearance as a little boy: there was no blush, no tremulousness, which said, "I know you think me a pretty woman, too young to preach;" no casting up or down of the eyelids, no compression of the lips, no attitude of the arms, that said, "But you must think of me as a saint."

She held no book in her ungloved hands, but let them hang down lightly crossed before her, as she stood and turned her grey eyes on the people. There was no keenness in her eyes; they seemed rather to be shedding love than making observations; they had the liquid look which tells that the mind is full of what it has to give out, rather than impressed by external objects.

The eyebrows, of the same color as the hair, were perfectly horizontal and firmly pencilled; the eyelashes, though no darker, were long and abundant; nothing was left blurred or unfinished.

It was one of those faces that make one think of white flowers with light touches of color on their pure petals. The eyes had no peculiar beauty, beyond that of expression; they looked so simple, so candid, so gravely loving, that no accusing scowl, no light sneer, could help melting away before their glance.

Joshua Rann gave a long cough, as if he were clearing his throat in order to come to a new understanding with himself; Chad Cranage lifted up his leather skull-cap and scratched his head; and Wiry Ben wondered how Seth had the pluck to think of courting her.

"A sweet woman," the stranger said to himself, "but surely Nature never meant her for a preacher."

GODFREY AND DUNSTAN.

By George Eliot.

An excellent example of dialogue in fiction.

SOME one opened the door at the other end of the room, and Nancy felt that it was her husband. She turned from the window with gladness in her eyes, for the wife's chief dread was stilled.

"Dear, I'm so thankful you're come," she said, going towards him. "I began to get"—

She paused abruptly, for Godfrey was laying down his hat with trembling hands, and turned towards her with a pale face and a strange, unanswering glance, as if he saw her indeed, but saw her as part of a scene invisible to herself. She laid her hand on his arm, not daring to speak again; but he left the touch unnoticed, and threw himself into his chair.

Jane was already at the door with the hissing urn. "Tell her to keep away, will you?" said Godfrey; and when the door was closed again he exerted himself to speak more distinctly.

"Sit down, Nancy—there," he said, pointing to a chair opposite him. "I came back as soon as I could to hinder anybody's telling you but me. I've had a great shock—but I care most about the shock it'll be to you."

"It isn't father and Priscilla?" said Nancy, with quivering lips, clasping her hands together tightly on her lap.

"No, it's nobody living," said Godfrey, unequal to the considerate skill with which he would have wished to make his revelation. "It's Dunstan—my brother Dunstan, that we lost sight of sixteen years ago. We've found him,—found his body—his skeleton."

The deep dread Godfrey's look had created in Nancy made her feel these words a relief. She sat in comparative calmness to hear what else he had to tell. He went on:

"The stone pit has gone dry suddenly,—from the draining, I suppose; and there he lies—has lain for sixteen years, wedged between two great stones. There's his watch and seals, and there's my gold-handled hunting whip, with my name on. He took it away, without my knowing, the day he went hunting on Wildfire, the last time he was seen."

Godfrey paused! it was not so easy to say what came next. "Do you think he drowned himself?" said Nancy, almost wondering that her husband should be so deeply shaken by what had happened all those years ago to an unloved brother, of whom worse things had been augured.

"No, he fell in," said Godfrey, in a low but distinct voice, as if he felt some deep meaning in the fact. Presently he added: "Dunstan was the man that robbed Silas Marner."

The blood rushed to Nancy's face and neck at this surprise and shame, for she had been bred up to regard even a distant kinship with crime as a dishonor.

"O Godfrey!" she said, with compassion

in her tone, for she had immediately reflected that the dishonor must be felt more keenly by her husband.

"There was money in the pit," he continued, "all the weaver's money. Everything's been gathered up, and they have taken the skeleton to the Rainbow. But I came back to tell you. There was no hindering it; you must know."

He was silent, looking on the ground for two long minutes. Nancy would have said some words of comfort under this disgrace, but she refrained, from an instinctive sense that there was something behind,—that Godfrey had something else to tell her. Presently he lifted his eyes to her face, and kept them fixed on her, as he said:

"Everything comes to light, Nancy, sooner or later. When God Almighty wills it, our secrets are found out. I've lived with a secret on my mind, but I'll keep it from you no longer. I wouldn't have you know it by somebody else, and not by me—I wouldn't have you find it out after I'm dead. I'll tell you now. It's been 'I will' and 'I won't' with me all my life; I'll make sure of myself now."

Nancy's utmost dread had returned. The eyes of the husband and wife met with an awe in them, as at a crisis which suspended affection.

"Nancy," said Godfrey slowly, "when I married you, I hid something from you,—something I ought to have told you. That woman Marner found dead in the snow—Eppie's mother—that wretched woman—was my wife; Eppie is my child."

He paused, dreading the effects of his confession. But Nancy sat quite still, only that her eyes dropped and ceased to meet his. She was pale and quiet as a meditative statue, clasping her hands on her lap.

"You'll never think the same of me again," said Godfrey after a little while, with some tremor in his voice. She was silent.

"I oughtn't to have left the child unowned; I oughtn't to have kept it from you. But I couldn't bear to give you up, Nancy. I was led away into marrying her; I suffered for it."

Still Nancy was silent, looking down; and he almost expected that she would presently get up and say she would go to her father's. How could she have any mercy for faults that seemed so black to her, with her simple, severe notions?

But at last she lifted up her eyes to his again and spoke. There was no indignation in her voice; only deep regret.

"Godfrey, if you had told me this six years ago, we could have done some of our duty by the child. Do you think I'd have refused to take her in, if I'd known she was yours?"

At that moment Godfrey felt all the bitterness of an error that was not simply futile, but had defeated its own end. He had not measured this wife with whom he had lived so long. But she spoke again, with more agitation.

"And—oh, Godfrey—if we'd had her from the first, if you'd taken to her as you ought, she'd have loved me for her mother—and you'd been happier with me; I could better have bore my little baby dying, and our life might have been more like what we used to think it 'ud be."

The tears fell, and Nancy ceased to speak.

"But you wouldn't have married me then, Nancy, if I'd told you," said Godfrey, urged, in the bitterness of his self-reproach, to prove to himself that his conduct had not been utter folly. "You may think you would now, but you wouldn't then. With your pride and your father's, you'd have hated having anything to do with me after the talk there'd been."

"I can't say what I should have done about that, Godfrey. I should never have

married anybody else. But I wasn't worth doing wrong for; nothing is in this world. Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand; not even our marrying wasn't, you see." There was a faint, sad smile on Nancy's face as she said the last words.

"I'm a worse man than you thought I was, Nancy," said Godfrey rather tremulously. "Can you forgive me ever?"

"The wrong to me is but little, Godfrey. You've made it up to me; you've been good to me for fifteen years. It's another you did the wrong to; and I doubt it can never be all made up for."

"But we can take Eppie now," said Godfrey. "I won't mind the world knowing at last. I'll be plain and open for the rest o' my life."

"It'll be different coming to us, now she's grown up," said Nancy, shaking her head sadly. "But it's your duty to acknowledge her and provide for her; and I'll do my part by her, and pray to God Almighty to make her love me."

"Then we'll go together to Silas Marner's this very night, as soon as everything's quiet at the Stone Pits."

RIP VAN WINKLE.

By Washington Irving.

This charming author, who is a master of pure style, beautiful sentiment and pleasing humor, has been called the father of American literature. If this be not strictly true, it is a matter of record that no American authors before his time achieved any remarkable success. Mr. Irving was born in 1783, and died in 1859. He was particularly happy in portraying the quaint character and customs of the old Dutch settlers in our country. He published a number of volumes, including "The Sketch Book," "Tales of a Traveler," "Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus," etc. One of Irving's best known and most delightful short productions is "Rip Van Winkle," from which the following extract is taken. The easy-going, inoffensive character of Rip is delightfully pictured.

THE great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble.

He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences.

The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them;—in a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that, though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was

little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn, and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off trousers, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Morning, noon and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that by frequent use had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm, and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with his dog Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution.

"Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee." Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

THE PURITANS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

By Lord Macaulay.

Distinguished as a descriptive poet by his fine "Lays of Ancient Rome," and yet more distinguished as a master of English prose by his "Essays" and his noble "History of England," Thomas Babington Macaulay stands prominent as the most learned and eloquent of the essayists and critics of the nineteenth century. He was the son of Zachary Macaulay, known as the warm friend and co-laborer of Wilberforce and Clarkson, and was born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, October 25, 1800, and died in 1859. In 1818 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1822. Here he gave proof of his great intellectual powers, obtaining a scholarship, and twice gaining the Chancellor's medal for a poem called "Pompeii." To crown his triumphs, he secured a "Craven Scholarship,"—the highest distinction in classics which the university confers.

Lord Macaulay's glowing description of the Puritans has been pronounced the finest writing of its kind to be found in our language. It is the product of pre-eminent literary ability, and the highest genius.

WE would first speak of the Puritans of the sixteenth century, the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced.

Those who roused the people to resistance—who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years—who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the

finest army that Europe had ever seen—who trampled down king, church, and aristocracy—who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth—were no vulgar fanatics.

Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive; we regret that a body, to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations, had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles I., or the easy good breeding for which the court of Charles II. was celebrated. But, if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the specious caskets which contain only the Death's head and the Fool's head, and fix our choice on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence.

They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring vail, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions.

The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed.

They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God; if their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life; if their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns of glory which should never fade away.

On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language—nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged—on whose slightest actions the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest—who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away.

Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen and flourished and decayed; for his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe; he had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun

had been darkened, that the rocks had beenh ad shuddered at the sufferings of her expirrent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature ing God!

ON BEING IN TIME.

By C. H. Spurgeon.

When we examine Mr. Spurgeon's writings we are able to discover one great secret of his power. As no preacher of modern times was more successful, in like manner no other had such a vigorous command of plain English in the pulpit. The great majority of his words are short and simple, reminding one of the terse writings of the old Puritan authors. Mr. Spurgeon was born in 1834 and died in 1893. No other writer has published so many sermons and volumes of miscellaneous writings, and no other author of similar works has been so widely read. He was the marvel of his generation.

HE who begins a little late in the morning will have to drive fast, will be constantly in a fever, and will scarcely overtake his business at night; whereas he who rises in proper time can enjoy the luxury of pursuing his calling with regularity, ending his work in fit season, and gaining a little portion of leisure.

Late in the morning may mean puffing and blowing all the day long, whereas an early hour will make the pace an easy one. This is worth a man's considering. Much evil comes of hurry, and hurry is the child of unpunctuality.

We once knew a brother whom we named "the late Mr. S———," because he never came in time. A certain tart gentleman, who had been irritated by this brother's unpunctuality, said that the sooner that name was literally true the better for the temper of those who had to wait for him. Many a man would much rather be fined than be kept waiting. If a man *must* injure me, let him rather plunder me of my cash than of my time.

To keep a busy man waiting is an act of impudent robbery, and is also a constructive insult. It may not be so intended, but certainly if a man has proper respect for his friend, he will know the value of his time, and will not cause him to waste it. There is a cool contempt in unpunctuality, for it as good as says: "Let the fellow wait; who is he that I should keep my appointment with him?"

In this world, matters are so linked together that you cannot disarrange one without throwing others out of gear; if one business is put out of time, another is delayed by the same means. The other day we were traveling to the Riviera, and the train after leaving Paris was detained for an hour and a half. This was bad enough, but the result was worse, for when we reached Marseilles the connecting train had gone, and we were not only detained for a considerable time, but were forced to proceed by a slow train, and so reached our destination six hours later than we ought to have done. All the subsequent delay was caused through the first stoppage.

A merchant once said to us: "A. B. is a good fellow in many respects, but he is so frightfully slow that we cannot retain him in our office, because, as all the clerks work into each other's hands, his delays are multiplied enormously, and cause intolerable inconvenience. He is a hindrance to the whole system, and he had better go where he can work alone."

The worst of it is that we cannot send unpunctual people where they can work alone. To whom or whither should they go? We cannot rig out a hermitage for each one, or

that would be a great deliverance. If they prepared their own dinners, it would not matter that they dropped in after every dish had become cold. If they preached sermons to themselves, and had no other audience, it would not signify that they began consistently seven minutes behind the published hour. If they were their own scholars, and taught themselves, it would be of no consequence if the pupil sat waiting for his teacher for twenty minutes.

As it is, we in this world cannot get away from the unpunctual, nor get them away from us, and therefore we are obliged to put up with them; but we should like them to know that they are a gross nuisance, and a frequent cause of sin, through irritating the tempers of those who cannot afford to squander time as they do.

If this should meet the eye of any gentleman who has almost forgotten the meaning of the word "punctuality," we earnestly advise him to try and be henceforth five minutes *too soon* for every appointment, and then perhaps he will gradually subside into the little great virtue which we here recommend.

Could not some good genius get up a Punctuality Association, every member to wear a chronometer set to correct time, and to keep appointments by the minute-hand? Pledges should be issued, to be signed by all sluggish persons who can summon up sufficient resolution totally to abstain from being behind time in church or chapel, or on committee, or at dinner, or in coming home from the office in the evening. Ladies eligible as members upon signing a special pledge to keep nobody waiting while they run upstairs to pop on their bonnets. How much of sinful temper would be spared, and how much of time saved, we cannot venture to guess. Try it.

JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S TALK ON HOME.

By C. H. Spurgeon.

The famous London minister wrote a book entitled, "John Ploughman's Talk." His object was to express plain and homely truths in a quaint, humorous way, and thus gain the attention of common people whose reading is confined mostly to murder and divorce cases in newspapers. The enjoyment of the public in reading Mr. Spurgeon's pithy sayings was evinced by the enormous sale of the book. The extract here given is a fair specimen of its unique style.

THAT word *home* always sounds like poetry to me. It rings like a peal of bells at a wedding, only more soft and sweet, and it chimes deeper into the ears of my heart. It does not matter whether it means thatched cottage or manor-house, home is home, be it ever so homely, and there's no place on earth like it. Green grow the houseleek on the roof forever, and let the moss flourish on the thatch.

Sweetly the sparrows chirrup and the swallows twitter around the chosen spot which is my joy and my rest. Every bird loves its own nest; the owl thinks the old ruins the fairest spot under the moon, and the fox is of opinion that his hole in the hill is remarkably cozy. When my master's nag knows that his head is towards home he wants no whip, but thinks it best to put on all steam; and I am always of the same mind, for the way home, to me, is the best bit of road in the country. I like to see the smoke out of my own chimney better than the fire on another man's hearth; there's something so beautiful in the way in which it curls up among the trees.

Cold potatoes on my own table taste better than roast meat at my neighbor's, and the

honeysuckle at my own door is the sweetest I ever smell. When you are out, friends do their best, but still it is not home. "Make yourself at home," they say, because everybody knows that to feel at home is to feel at ease.

"East and west,
Home is best."

Why, at home you are at home, and what more do you want? Nobody grudges you, whatever your appetite may be; and you don't get put into a damp bed. Safe in his own castle, like a king in his palace, a man feels himself somebody, and is not afraid of being thought proud for thinking so. Every cock may crow on his own dunghill; and a dog is a lion when he is at home. No need to guard every word because some enemy is on the watch, no keeping the heart under lock and key; but as soon as the door is shut it is liberty hall, and none to peep and pry.

It is a singular fact, and perhaps some of you will doubt it—but that is your unbelieving nature—our little ones are real beauties, always a pound or two plumper than others of their age; and yet it don't tire you half so much to nurse them as it does other people's babies. Why, bless you, my wife would be tired out in half the time, if her neighbor had asked her to see to a strange youngster, but her own children don't seem to tire her at all. Now my belief is that it all comes of their having been born at home.

Just so it is with everything else: our lane is the most beautiful for twenty miles round, because our home is in it; and my garden is a perfect paradise, for no other particular reason than this very good one, that it belongs to the old house at home.

Husbands should try to make home happy and holy. It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest, a bad man who makes his home wretched. Our house ought to be a little church, with holiness to the Lord over the door; but it ought never to be a prison, where there is plenty of rule and order, but little love and no pleasure.

Married life is not all sugar, but grace in the heart will keep away most of the sours. Godliness and love can make a man, like a bird in a hedge, sing among thorns and briars, and set others a-singing too. It should be the husband's pleasure to please his wife, and the wife's care to care for her husband. He is kind to himself who is kind to his wife. I am afraid some men live by the rule of self, and when that is the case home happiness is a mere sham. When husbands and wives are well yoked, how light their load becomes!

It is not every couple that is a pair, and the more 's the pity. In a true home all the strife is which can do the most to make the family happy. A home should be a Bethel, not a Babel. The husband should be the house-band, binding all together like a corner-stone, but not crushing everything like a millstone.

Nothing is improved by anger, unless it be the arch of a cat's back. A man with his back up is spoiling his figure. People look none the handsomer for being red in the face. It takes a great deal out of a man to get into a towering rage; it is almost as unhealthy as having a fit, and time has been when men have actually choked themselves with passion, and died on the spot. Whatever wrong I suffer, it cannot do me half so much hurt as being angry about it; for passion shortens life and poisons peace.

When once we give way to temper, temper will get right of way, and come in easier every time. He that will be in a pet for any little thing, will soon be out at elbows about nothing at all. A thunder-storm curdles the milk, and so does a passion sour the heart and spoil the character.

LITTLE PEARL AND HER MOTHER.

By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Hawthorne is justly regarded as one of the masters of English prose, although the shadowed side of his life predominated and often gave a somewhat gloomy tinge to his writings. Yet through the morbid drapery by which he surrounds himself the light of his superb genius shines brilliantly. His style is a model of clearness, choice words and elevated sentiment. The extract given below is from "The Scarlet Letter," one of his best works of fiction, and, in fact, one of the best that enriches our American literature. He possessed great originality, a rare power of analyzing character, a delicate and exquisite humor and marvelous felicity in the use of language. Mr. Hawthorne was born at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1804, and died in 1864.

SO the mother and little Pearl were admitted into the hall of entrance. With many variations, suggested by the nature of his building-materials, diversity of climate, and a different mode of social life, Governor Bellingham had planned his new habitation after the residences of gentlemen of fair estate in his native land.

Here, then, was a wide and reasonably lofty hall, extending through the whole depth of the house, and forming a medium of general communication, more or less directly, with all the other apartments. At one extremity, this spacious room was lighted by the windows of the two towers, which formed a small recess on either side of the portal. At the other end, though partly muffled by a curtain, it was more powerfully illuminated by one of those embowed hall-windows which we read of in old books, and which was provided with a deep and cushioned seat.

Here, on the cushion, lay a folio tome, probably of the Chronicles of England, or other such substantial literature; even as, in our own days, we scatter gilded volumes on the centre-table, to be turned over by the casual guest. The furniture of the hall consisted of some ponderous chairs, the backs of which were elaborately carved with wreaths of oaken flowers; and likewise a table in the same taste; the whole being of Elizabethan age, or perhaps earlier, and heirlooms, transferred hither from the governor's paternal home.

On the table—in token that the sentiment of old English hospitality had not been left behind—stood a large pewter tankard, at the bottom of which, had Hester or Pearl peeped into it, they might have seen the frothy remnant of a recent draught of ale.

On the wall hung a row of portraits, representing the forefathers of the Bellingham lineage, some with armor on their breasts, and others with stately ruffs and robes of peace. All were characterized by the sternness and severity which old portraits so invariably put on; as if they were the ghosts, rather than the pictures, of departed worthies, and were gazing with harsh and intolerant criticism at the pursuits and enjoyments of living men.

At about the center of the oaken panels that lined the hall was suspended a suit of mail, not, like the pictures, an ancestral relic, but of the most modern date; for it had been manufactured by a skillful armorer in London the same year in which Governor Bellingham came over to New England. There was a steel headpiece, a cuirass, a gorget and greaves, with a pair of gauntlets and a sword hanging beneath; all, and especially the helmet and breastplate, so highly burnished as to glow with white radiance and scatter an illumination everywhere about upon the floor.

This bright panoply was not meant for

mere idle show, but had been worn by the governor on many a solemn muster and training field, and had glittered, moreover, at the head of a regiment in the Pequod war. For, though bred a lawyer, and accustomed to speak of Bacon, Coke, Noye and Finch as his professional associates, the exigencies of this new country had transformed Governor Bellingham into a soldier, as well as a statesman and ruler.

Little Pearl—who was as greatly pleased with the gleaming armor as she had been with the glittering frontispiece of the house—spent some time looking into the polished mirror of the breastplate.

"Mother," cried she, "I see you here. Look! Look!"

Hester looked, by way of humoring the child; and she saw that, owing to the peculiar effect of this convex mirror, the scarlet letter was represented in exaggerated and gigantic proportions, so as to be greatly the most prominent feature of her appearance. In truth, she seemed absolutely hidden behind it.

Pearl pointed upward, also, at a similar picture in the headpiece, smiling at her mother with the elfish intelligence that was so familiar an expression on her small physiognomy. That look of naughty merriment was likewise reflected in the mirror, with so much breadth and intensity of effect, that it made Hester Prynne feel as if it could not be the image of her own child, but of an imp who was seeking to mold itself into Pearl's shape.

THE BABY IN THE BATH-TUB.

By Grace Greenwood.

The following selection is an excellent example of sprightly and vivacious writing, a kind of composition that is always entertaining to the reader. Under the assumed name of Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Sarah J. Lippincott was for many years a well-known and popular contributor to various periodicals. She also published several volumes, including works of fiction and stories of travel. She wrote poems that possessed much merit, thus exhibiting a wide range of talent. Her fine thoughts were expressed in a style of great ease, simplicity and beauty. Mrs. Lippincott was born in Onondaga County, New York, in 1825, and died in 1898.

"ANNIE! Sophie! come up quick, and see baby in her bath-tub!" cries a charming little maiden, running down the wide stairway of an old country house, and half-way up the long hall, all in a fluttering cloud of pink lawn, her soft dimpled cheeks tinged with the same lovely morning hue.

In an instant there is a stir and gush of light laughter in the drawing-room, and presently, with a movement a little more majestic and elder-sisterly, Annie and Sophie float noiselessly through the hall and up the soft-carpeted ascent, as though borne on their respective clouds of blue and white drapery, and take their way to the nursery, where a novel entertainment awaits them. It is the first morning of the eldest married sister's first visit home, with her first baby; and the first baby, having slept late after its journey, is about to take its first bath in the old house.

"Well, I declare, if here isn't mother, forgetting her dairy, and Cousin Nellie, too, who must have left poor Ned all to himself in the garden, lonely and disconsolate, and I am torn from my books, and Sophie from her flowers, and all for the sake of seeing a nine-months-old baby kicking about in a bath-tub! What simpletons we are!"

Thus Miss Annie, the *proude ladye* of the family; handsome, haughty, with perilous proclivities toward grand socialistic theories, transcendentalism, and general strong-mindedness; pledged by many a saucy vow to a life of single dignity and freedom, given to studies artistic, æsthetic, philosophic, and ethical; a student of Plato, an absorber of Emerson, an exalter of her sex, a contemner of its natural enemies.

"Simpletons, are we?" cries pretty Elinor Lee, aunt of the baby on the other side, and "Cousin Nellie" by love's courtesy, now kneeling close by the bath-tub, and receiving on her sunny braids a liberal baptism from the pure, plashing hands of babyhood, —"simpletons, indeed! Did I not once see thee, O Pallas-Athene, standing rapt before a copy of the 'Crouching Venus?'

"And this is a sight a thousand times more beautiful; for here we have color, action, life, and such grace as the divinest sculptors of Greece were never able to entrance in marble. Just look at these white, dimpled shoulders, every dimple holding a tiny, sparkling drop,—these rosy, plashing feet and hands,—this laughing, roguish face, —these eyes, bright and blue and deep as lakes of fairy-land,—these ears, like dainty sea shells,—these locks of gold, dripping diamonds,—and tell me what cherub of Titian, what Cupid of Greuze, was ever half so lovely? I say, too, that Raphael himself would have jumped at the chance of painting Louise, as she sits there, towel in hand, in all the serene pride and chastened dignity of young maternity—of painting her as *Madonna*."

CANDACE'S OPINIONS.

By Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Mrs. Stowe is particularly happy in portraying negro character. It requires for this a great appreciation of humor, and her writings abound in this, while her imagination and fine command of language make many of her writings brilliant and even poetical.

Mrs. Stowe is the most celebrated American authoress. Her "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been more widely read than any other work of fiction ever published. While in this work her conspicuous genius appears to fine advantage, she has nevertheless written other works, some of them describing New England life and character, which are masterpieces. She was born at Litchfield, Conn., on the 14th of June, 1812, and died at Hartford July 1st, 1896.

"I INTEND," said Mr. Marvyn, "to make the same offer to your husband, when he returns from work to-night."

"Laus, Mass'r—why, Cato, he'll do jes' as I do—dere a'n't no kind o' need o' askin' him. Course he will."

A smile passed round the circle, because between Candace and her husband there existed one of those whimsical contrasts which one sometimes sees in married life. Cato was a small-built, thin, softly-spoken negro, addicted to a gentle chronic cough; and, though a faithful and skillful servant, seemed, in relation to his better half, much like a hill of potatoes under a spreading apple-tree. Candace held to him with a vehement and patronizing fondness, so devoid of conjugal reverence as to excite the comments of her friends.

"You must remember, Candace," said a good deacon to her one day, when she was ordering him about at a catechizing, "you ought to give honor to your husband; the wife is the weaker vessel."

"*I* de weaker vessel?" said Candace, looking down from the tower of her ample corpulence on the small, quiet man whom



MARIE ANTOINETTE AND LOUIS XVI. AT FONTAINBLEAU.

she had been fledging with the ample folds of a worsted comforter, out of which his little head and shining bead-eyes looked, much like a blackbird in a nest—"*I* de weaker vassel! Umph!"

A whole woman's rights convention could not have expressed more in a day than was given in that single look and word. Candace considered a husband as a thing to be taken care of—a rather inconsequent and somewhat troublesome species of pet, to be humored, nursed, fed, clothed, and guided in the way that he was to go—an animal that was always losing off buttons, catching colds, wearing his best coat every day, and getting on his Sunday hat in a surreptitious manner for week-day occasions; but she often condescended to express it as her opinion that he was a blessing, and that she didn't know what she'd do if it wasn't for Cato.

She sometimes was heard expressing herself very energetically in disapprobation of the conduct of one of her sable friends, named Jinny Stiles, who, after being presented with her own freedom, worked several years to buy that of her husband, but became afterwards so disgusted with her acquisition, that she declared she would "neber buy anoder nigger."

"Now, Jinny don't know what she's talkin' about," she would say. "S'pose he does cough and keep her awake nights, and take a little too much sometimes, a'n't he better'n no husband at all? A body wouldn't seem to hab nuffin to lib for, ef dey hadn't an old man to look arter. Men is nate'lly foolish about some tings—but dey's good deal better'n nuffin."

And Candace, after this condescending remark, would lift with one hand a brass kettle in which poor Cato might have been drowned, and fly across the kitchen with it as if it were a feather.

MIDSUMMER IN THE VALLEY OF THE RHINE.

By George Meredith.

An example of beautiful description.

AN oppressive slumber hung about the forest-branches. In the dells and on the heights was the same dead heat. Here where the brook tinkled it was no cool-lipped sound, but metallic, and without the spirit of water. Yonder in a space of moonlight on lush grass, the beams were as white fire to sight and feeling. No haze spread around. The valleys were clear, defined to the shadows of their verges; the distances sharply distinct, and with the colors of day but slightly softened.

Richard beheld a roe moving across a slope of sward far out of rifle-mark. The breathless silence was significant, yet the moon shone in a broad blue heaven. Tongue out of mouth trotted the little dog after him; couched panting when he stopped an instant; rose wearedly when he started afresh. Now and then a large white night-moth flitted through the dusk of the forest.

On a barren corner of the wooded highland looking inland stood gray topless ruins set in nettles and rank grass-blades. Richard mechanically sat down on the crumbling flints to rest, and listened to the panting of the dog. Sprinkled at his feet were emerald lights: hundreds of glow-worms studded the dark dry ground.

He sat and eyed them, thinking not at all. His energies were expended in action. He

sat as a part of the ruins, and the moon turned his shadow westward from the south. Overhead, as she declined, long ripples of silver cloud were imperceptibly stealing toward her. They were the van of a tempest. He did not observe them, or the leaves beginning to chatter. When he again pursued his course with his face to the Rhine, a huge mountain appeared to rise sheer over him, and he had it in his mind to scale it. He got no nearer to the base of it for all his vigorous outstepping. The ground began to dip; he lost sight of the sky. Then heavy thunder-drops struck his cheek, the leaves were singing, the earth breathed, it was black before him and behind. All at once the thunder spoke. The mountain he had marked was bursting over him.

Up started the whole forest in violent fire. He saw the country at the foot of the hills to the bounding Rhine gleam, quiver, extinguished. Then there were pauses; and the lightning seemed as the eye of heaven, and the thunder as the tongue of heaven, each alternately addressing him; filling him with awful rapture.

THE POWER OF NATURAL BEAUTY.

By Ralph Waldo Emerson.

"The Sage of Concord," as Mr. Emerson was called, expresses the estimate the American public placed upon his writings. His profound thought and originality are unquestioned. To these grand qualities he added a poetic imagination which diffused a fine glow over all his productions.

Mr. Emerson was born in Boston in 1803, graduated from Harvard College in 1821, and entered the ministry of the Unitarian Church, from which, however, he shortly resigned, and soon devoted himself to literary pursuits. His works have a high reputation among scholars and speculative thinkers. His style is singularly terse and at times almost abrupt, but his thoughts are masterly and striking. He died in 1882.

BEAUTY is the mark God sets upon virtue. Every natural action is graceful. Every heroic act is also decent, and causes the place and the bystanders to shine. We are taught by great actions that the universe is the property of every individual in it.

Every rational creature has all nature for his dowry and estate. It is his if he will. He may divest himself of it; he may creep into a corner, and abdicate his kingdom, as most men do; but he is entitled to the world by his constitution. In proportion to the energy of his thought and will, he takes up the world into himself. "All those things for which men plough, build, or sail, obey virtue;" said an ancient historian. "The winds and waves," said Gibbon, "are always on the side of the ablest navigators." So are the sun and moon and all the stars of heaven.

When a noble act is done—perchance in a scene of great natural beauty; when Leonides and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylæ; when Arnold Winkelreid, in the high Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears to break the line for his comrades; are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene to the beauty of the deed? When the bark of Columbus nears the shore of America;—before it the beach lined with savages, fleeing out of all their huts of cane; the sea behind; and the purple mountains of the Indian Archipelago around, can we separate the

man from the living picture? Does not the New World clothe his form with her palm groves and savannahs as fit drapery?

Ever does natural beauty steal in like air, and envelop great actions. When Sir Harry Vane was dragged up the Tower-hill sitting on a sled, to suffer death, as the champion of the English laws, one of the multitude cried out to him, "You never sate on so glorious a seat." Charles II., to intimidate the citizens of London, caused the patriot Lord Russel to be drawn in an open coach through the principal streets of the city, on his way to the scaffold. "But," to use the simple narrative of his biographer, "the multitude imagined they saw liberty and virtue sitting by his side."

In private places, among sordid objects, an act of truth or heroism seems at once to draw to itself the sky as its temple, the sun as its candle. Nature stretcheth out her arms to embrace man, only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and the violet, and bend her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child. Only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere.

The noonday darkness of the American forest, the deep, echoing, aboriginal woods, where the living columns of the oak and fir tower up from the ruins of the trees of the last millennium; where, from year to year, the eagle and the crow see no intruder; the pines, bearded with savage moss, yet touched with grace by the violets at their feet; the broad, cold lowland, which forms its coat of vapor with the stillness of subterranean crystallization; and where the traveler, amid the repulsive plants that are native in the swamp, thinks with pleasing terror of the distant town; this beauty—haggard and desert beauty, which the sun and the moon, the snow and the rain repaint and vary, has never been recorded by art, yet is not indifferent to any passenger.

All men are poets at heart. They serve nature for bread, but her loveliness overcomes them sometimes. What mean these journeys to Niagara; these pilgrims to the White Hills? Men believe in the adaptations of utility always. In the mountains they may believe in the adaptations of the eye.

Undoubtedly the changes of geology have a relation to the prosperous sprouting of the corn and peas in my kitchen garden; but not less is there a relation of beauty between my soul and the dim crags of Agiocochook up there in the clouds. Every man, when this is told, hearkens with joy, and yet his own conversation with nature is still unsung.

SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITIONS.

TO aid you in writing compositions a lengthy list of subjects is here furnished. These, you will see, are adapted to persons of various ages and capacities. Many of them are comparatively simple and require no profound thought, while others are deep enough to tax all your powers of reason.

Do not choose a subject that is too abstruse and difficult. Plain narration and description should go before profound argument. Yet do not be satisfied with a simple theme if you are capable of writing upon one that demands more study and thought. When you have chosen your subject, you should be guided by the practical hints and directions contained in the first pages of this volume, which you should faithfully study.

Many of the subjects here presented will require a good deal of reading and research before you can write upon them intelligently. This is true especially of the historical and biographical subjects. If you find history to be a fascinating study, as it is to most persons, you will become so filled and enamored with your theme, that you can write upon it easily.

Never consider it too much trouble to prepare yourself thoroughly to write your compositions. If you would have nuggets of gold you must dig for them. Success is worth all it costs, however much that may be. Remember Bulwer Lytton's saying, "The pen is mightier than the sword."

HISTORICAL SUBJECTS.

The Landing of the Pilgrims.
Captain John Smith and Pocahontas.
The French and Indian War.
The Siege of Quebec.
King Philip's War.
Washington at Valley Forge.
The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis.
The Discovery of the Mississippi River.
Sir Walter Raleigh in Virginia.
The Pequod War.
Witchcraft at Salem, Massachusetts.
The Old Charter Oak at Hartford.
Destruction of Tea in Boston Harbor.
The Battles of Lexington and Concord.
The Famous Ride of Paul Revere.
The Siege of Boston.
The Battle of Long Island.
The Battle of the Brandywine.
The Murder of Miss McCrea.
The Battle of Monmouth.
The Surrender of Burgoyne's Army.
The Siege of Savannah.
Washington Crossing the Delaware.
The Massacre of Wyoming.
The Treason of Benedict Arnold.
The Execution of Major Andrè.
The Duel Between Hamilton and Burr.
The Battle of Monterey.
The Battle of Chapultepec.
The Siege of Vicksburg.
General Sherman's March to the Sea.
Jackson's Victories in Virginia.
The Death of "Stonewall Jackson."
The Story of Cuban Insurrections.
The Great Naval Battle at Manila.
The Great Naval Battle at Santiago.
The Exploits of the "Rough Riders" at San Juan.
The Execution of John Brown.
The Massacre at Fort Dearborn.
The Discovery of Gold in California.
The Opening of the Pacific Railroad.
The Discovery of Gold in Alaska.
The Massacre of General Custer.

The Indian Wars in the Northwest.
The World's Fair at Chicago.
The Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia.
The Story of the Old Liberty Bell at Philadelphia.
The Great Flood at Johnstown, Pa.
The Destruction of the Battleship Maine.
The Invention of Printing.
Magna Charta, the Charter of Rights.
Constantinople Taken by the French.
The Moors Driven Out of Spain.
The Reformation in England.
The Invasion of Peru by Pizarro.
The Battle of Trafalgar.
The Spanish Armada.
The Battle of Balaklava.
The Gunpowder Plot (1605).
The Atrocities of the Paris Commune.
The Execution of Charles I.
The Bursting of the South Sea Bubble.
The Battle of Waterloo.
The Dismemberment of Poland.
The Great Mutiny in India.
The French Revolution.
The Martyrdom of Joan of Arc.
The Crusades.
The Siege of Troy.
The Great Plague in London.
The Battle of the Boyne.
The Imprisonment of James I. of Scotland.
The Story of Mary, Queen of Scots.

BIOGRAPHICAL SUBJECTS.

Miles Standish.
Cotton Mather.
Benjamin Franklin.
John Jay.
Samuel Adams.
Fisher Ames.
George Washington.
William Penn.
Marquis de Lafayette.
Count Pulaski.
General Israel Putnam.
General Anthony Wayne.
General Ethan Allen.
Thomas Jefferson.
Andrew Jackson.
Martha Washington.
Commodore Perry.
Commodore Decatur.
Daniel Webster.
Henry Clay.
Patrick Henry.
John Hancock.
General Winfield Scott.
Zachary Taylor.
The Indian Chief Tecumseh.
William Henry Harrison.
John C. Fremont.
Abraham Lincoln.
Robert E. Lee.
Ulysses S. Grant.
James A. Garfield.
General William T. Sherman.
Mary Lyon.
Frances E. Willard.
Susan B. Anthony.
Clara Barton.
Henry W. Longfellow.
William Cullen Bryant.
The Cary Sisters.
Washington Irving.
James Fenimore Cooper.
Francis Scott Key.
John Howard Payne.
Daniel Boone.
David Crockett.
General Sam Houston.
Lord Nelson.
The Duke of Wellington.
Napoleon Bonaparte.
The Duke of Marlborough.
Robert Bruce.
Robert Burns.
John Bright.
William E. Gladstone.
Alfred Tennyson.

Daniel O'Connell.
Robert Emmet.
Florence Nightingale.
John Knox.
Julius Cæsar.
Demosthenes.
Cicero.
Hannibal.
Alexander the Great.
Socrates.
Xantippe.
Queen Elizabeth.
Oliver Cromwell.
William Pitt.
Frederick the Great.
Captain Kidd.
Ferdinand de Soto.
Hernando Cortez.
Sir John Franklin.
Elisha Kent Kane.
Cyrus W. Field.
Professor Samuel B. F. Morse.
Alexander T. Stewart.
Peter Cooper.
John Jacob Astor.
William H. Vanderbilt.

SUBJECTS FOR NARRATION AND DESCRIPTION.

A New England Thanksgiving.
The Puritan Sabbath.
The Deserted Farm.
The Dangers of Frontier Life.
Natural Resources of the United States.
Social Customs of the Last Century.
A Spanish Bull Fight.
The Falls of Niagara.
The Hudson River.
Mount Washington.
A Western Prairie.
The Cotton Fields of the South.
The Orange Groves of Florida.
"The Father of Waters."
The Rapid Growth of Western Cities.
A Ranch in the South-West.
The Cowboys of the Plains.
The Great Trees of California.
The Geysers of the Yellowstone Park.
The Instinct in Animals.
Some Recent Invention.
Some Public Institutions.
The Physical Characteristics of your State
A Country Farm.
Your Home Enjoyments.
Fresh Air and its Uses.
Town and Country Schools.
Some Out Door School Games.
The Beauties of Summer.
The Remarkable Instinct of Birds.
An Arctic Expedition.
A Railway Station.
A Picture Gallery.
Electric Lights.
Winds and Clouds.
The Pastime of Fishing.
The Pastime of Skating.
Agricultural Implements.
Habits of Domestic Animals.
A Flower Garden.
Singing Birds.
Migration of Birds.
The American Eagle.
The Uses of Cats and Dogs.
The Game of Foot Ball.
The Game of Base Ball.
Your Favorite Book.
The County in which your School is Situated.
School Life: its Joys and Difficulties.
Castles in the Air.
The Pleasures of Christmas.
Leaning Tower of Pisa.
The Vatican at Rome.
St. Paul's Cathedral in London.
The Capitol at Washington.
The White House at Washington.
The Suspension Bridge between New York and Brooklyn.

Bunker Hill Monument.
Mammoth Cave in Kentucky.
Independence Hall in Philadelphia.
An Ocean Steamship.
An American Battleship.
Coal Mines of Pennsylvania.
A Seaside Watering Place.
A Country Picnic.
A Clam Bake by the Sea-shore.
A Sleigh Ride.
A Century Run on Bicycles.
Your Favorite Walk.
The Value of Sunshine.
A Thunder Storm.
A Summer Vacation.

POPULAR PROVERBS.

More Haste, Less Speed.
Necessity is the Mother of Invention.
What Can't be Cured must be Endured.
Well Begun is Half Done.
All that Glitters is not Gold.
Evil Communications Corrupt Good Manners.
Honesty is the Best Policy.
A Stitch in Time Saves Nine.
Prevention is Better than Cure.
A Rolling Stone Gathers no Moss.
Make Hay while the Sun Shines.
Birds of a Feather Flock Together.
Knowledge is Power.
Take Care of the Pennies and the Dollars will take Care of Themselves.
A Bird in the Hand is Worth Two in the Bush.
The Longest Way Around is the Shortest Way Home.
The Proof of the Pudding is in the Eating.
If you would Shoot High you must Aim High.
Marry in Haste and Repent at Leisure.
People who Live in Glass Houses should not Throw Stones.
Be Sure you are Right, then Go Ahead.
It is an Ill Wind that Blows Good to no One.
Every Crow Thinks her own Little Crows the Blackest.
You Cannot Make a Silk Purse out of a Sow's Ear.
The Least Said, the Soonest Mended.
Speech is Silver, Silence is Golden.
Manners Make the Man.

SUBJECTS TO BE EXPOUNDED.

Benefits of Industry.
Evils of Idleness.
Summer Sports in the Country.
Winter Amusements in Cities.
Shop Windows at Christmas Time.
Habits of Economy.
Advantages of Travel.
Temptations of Riches.
Dangers of Trades Unions.
Benefits of Application.
Advantages of Muscular Exercise.
Physical and Moral Perils of Muscular Exercise.
Effects of Machinery upon Manual Labor.
Pleasures of Literature.
Sources of National Wealth.
Benefits of Self-Control.
Modern Methods of Benevolence.
Responsibilities of Scholars.
Causes of Commercial Decline.
Advantages of a National Bankrupt Law.
Peculiarities of the New England Poets.
The Character of Wilkins Micawber.
Claims of the Indians to Government Protection.
Evils of Immigration.
Characteristics of the English Novel.
Incentives to Literary Exertion.
Reforms Suggested in "Oliver Twist."
American Tendencies to Extravagance.
Uses of Gold.
Uses of Public Libraries.

Infirmities of Genius.
Excellencies of the Puritan Character.
Miseries of Authorship.
Blessings of Liberty.
Pleasures in Contemplating Nature.
Dangers that Threaten our Republic.
Advantages of Method.
Distinctions in Society.
Rewards of Literary Labor.
Struggles for Civil Freedom.
Advantages of Competition.
Uses of Adversity.
Advantages of Self-Reliance.
Evils of Prejudice.
The Colonial Period of Our History.
Uses of Art.
Self-Made Men.
Dickens' Caricatures of English Schools.
Irving's Portraitures of the Dutch Settlers.
Injuries of Stimulants.
Evils of Centralization.
Advantages of Modern Inventions.
Uses of Coal.
Sources of Corruption in Civil Offices.
Elements of Success in Life.
Dangers of the French Republic.
Changes of Fashion.
Social Dangers from Anarchists.
Longfellow's "Hiawatha."
Longfellow's "Evangeline."
Oliver Wendell Holmes's Humor.
Character of Eugene Field's Poetry.
Characteristics of American Humor.
Hardships of the New England Settlers.
Persecution of the Jews.
Causes of Nihilism in Russia.
English Ideas of America.
Methods of Reform in the Civil Service.
Benefits of Mechanical Exhibitions.
Strikes and Arbitrations.
Time: its Use and Abuse.
Employers and Men: their Rights and Relations.
The Study of Modern Languages.
The Study of Ancient Languages.
Industry and Energy.
The Duty of Cleanliness.
Punctuality.
Courage.
Fortitude.
Cruelty to Animals.
The Law of Supply and Demand.
"Right before Might."
The Telescope and Microscope.
Manhood Suffrage.
"The New Woman."
Uses and Abuses of Money.
The Cultivation of Music.
Amusements for Young People.
The Great Discoverers of Queen Elizabeth's Reign.
Pleasures of the Imagination.
Natural History as a Study.
Your Favorite Female Character.
The Cultivation of Memory.
Mental Discipline from the Study of Mathematics.
Knowledge the Best Kind of Wealth.
The Position and Prospects of the United States.
The Influence of Scenery on Character.
Sketch of the Plot of Any One of Shakespeare's Plays.
How to Best Help the Poor.
Influence of Works of Fiction.
Description of Any One of Sir Walter Scott's Poems and Novels.
Changes Caused by the Invention of the Typewriter.
The Saloon in Modern Politics.
The Evils of Great Trusts.
Utility of Shorthand.
Great Poets of England.
Dante's Inferno.
The Alhambra.
The Catacombs of Rome.
The Style of John Bunyan.
The Consolations of Age.

The Dangers Arising from Great Trusts.
The Coast Guard Service.
The Wrongs of Ireland.
Plot of any one of Bret Harte s Novels.
The Lives of the Poor in Large Cities.
On Making Music a Profession.
The Novel Entitled "Lorna Doone."
The Duty of Cheerfulness.
Cervantes, the Soldier and the Writer.
Our American Humorists.
Martin Luther's Moral Courage.
Truth the Standard of Excellence.
The Evils of Prejudice.
The Power of Ridicule.
The Power of Early Impressions.
The Exiles of Siberia.
Politics as a Profession.

SUBJECTS FOR ARGUMENT.

Should a Polygamist be Admitted to Congress?

Should Eight Hours Constitute a Day's Labor?

Should Political Spoils Belong to the Victors?

Is a National Debt a Benefit?

Is Poverty an Incentive to Crime?

Should the United States Maintain a Large Standing Army?

Should Office Holders be Assessed for Party Expenses?

Is Drunkenness any Excuse for Murder?

Would Harmony in Human Beliefs be Desirable?

Should There be a Uniform Divorce Law in All Our States?

Can a Country be Free Without Free Trade?

Should Church Property be Exempt from Taxation?

Should Capital Punishment be Abolished?

Do Luxuries Become Necessities?

Should a Man Vote Who Cannot Read?

Was Thackeray a Cynic?

Should Public School Money be Given to Religious Sects?

Should Writers Adopt Phonetic Spelling?

Is a Man of Business Benefited by a Classical Education?

Is Literature Indicative of National Progress?

Is Electricity Destined to Become the Greatest Motive Power?

Should the Inventor Monopolize His Invention?

Should Cremation Supersede Burial?

Was the Execution of Andrè Unjust?

Is Crime in Our Country on the Increase?

Does the Press in Our Country have too much Freedom?

SUBJECTS FOR COMPARISON.

Falsehood and Truth.
Practice and Habit.
Wit and Humor.
Extravagance and Thrift.
Confusion and Order.
The Democrats and Whigs.
Natural and Acquired Ability.
The Comparative Value of Iron and Gold.
Foreign and Domestic Commerce.
The Cavalier and the Puritan.
Waterloo and Sedan.
The Stage Coach and the Locomotive.
The Uses and Abuses of Fashion.
Capital and Labor.
Genius and Talent.
Romance and Reality.
"The Pen is Mightier than the Sword."
Notoriety and Reputation.
Resolution and Action.
Working and Dreaming.
Leo X and Martin Luther.
The Statesmanship of Hamilton and Jefferson.
War and Arbitration.
Helen and Andromache.

"When the Law Ends, Tyranny Begins."
"Deep Versed in Books, and Shallow in Himself."
The Victories of Peace and of War.
Hypocrisy and Sincerity.
Solitude and Society.
Affection and Naturalness.
Brusque People and Fawning People.

MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITIONS.

Looking on the Bright Side.
The Character of Busybodies.
Benevolence and Greed.
Character of the Pilgrims.
Painting and Sculpture.
The Head and the Heart.
Party Spirit and Good Government.
The Responsibility of Our Country to Mankind.
The Obligation of Treaties.
Great Men the Glory of their Country.
Ancient and Modern Eloquence.
Conscience and the Will.
The Heroism of the Indian.
Religion and Pleasure.
Spiritual Freedom.
The Present Age.
The Humorousness of Love Matches.
The Influence of Woman.
The Mission of Reformers.
The True Aristocracy.
The Expansion of the Republic.
The Bible and the Iliad.
The Huguenots in Carolina.
Puritan Intolerance.
The Compensations of Calamity.
Stateliness and Courtesy.
Truth and Tenderness.
Loungers in Corner Groceries.
A Defense of Enthusiasm.
The Ancient Mound Builders.
The Power of Words.
The Advantages of Playing Golf.
College Athletics.
The Physique of Americans.
The Influence of Climate on Physical Characteristics.
"Home is Where the Heart is."
Coral Treasures of the Sea.
Sublimity of the Ocean.
The Beauty of Sea Waves.
The Power of Maternal Love.
The Beauty of Heroic Deeds.
The Ravages of War.
Children and Flowers.
Earning Capital.
The Sacredness of Work.
"The Boy is the Father of the Man."
The Last Hours of Socrates.
The Discoveries of Astronomy.
Luck and Labor.
The Achievements of Earnestness.
The Ideal Citizen.

SYNONYMS AND ANTONYMS.

WE use words to express ideas and thoughts. The best words are those which best express the thought or idea. All writers are frequently at a loss for the exact word or phrase that will express their meaning the most forcibly, and are compelled to ransack and search their vocabulary in order to get out of the difficulty.

The number of words used by the majority of persons is very small, and they are therefore in constant danger of the fault of repetition. We do not like to hear a speaker use the same word too frequently. To do so detracts seriously from the force and beauty of his address. While there are instances in which a repetition of a word is called for, and to make use of another would weaken the sentence and fail to fully give the meaning of the writer or speaker, it is nevertheless true that constant repetitions are not only a blemish, but a fault that should be corrected.

For the purpose of avoiding too much repetition in writing and speaking it is necessary to have a Dictionary of words of similar meaning. A Synonym is one of two or more words of similar significance which may often be used interchangeably. An Antonym is a word of opposite meaning. In the following list the Synonyms are first given; then follow, in parenthesis, the Antonyms, or words of opposite meaning.

All persons who would acquire an elegant style in literary composition, correspondence or ordinary conversation, will find this comprehensive Dictionary of Synonyms and Antonyms of great value. Jewels of thought should be set in appropriate language.

In this table the letter *a* means adjective; *v* means verb; *n* means noun or substantive.

ABANDON—forsake, desert, renounce, relinquish. (Keep, cherish.)

ABANDONED — deserted, forsaken, profligate, wicked, reprobate, dissolute, flagitious, corrupt, depraved, vicious. (Respected, esteemed, cherished, virtuous.)

ABASEMENT—degradation, fall, degeneracy, humiliation, abjectness, debasement, servility. (Elevation, promotion, honor.)

ABASH—disconcert, discompose, confound, confuse, shame, bewilder. (Embolden.)

ABBREVIATE—shorten, curtail, contract, abridge, condense, reduce, compress. (Lengthen, extend, enlarge, expand.)

ABDICATE—renounce, resign, relinquish. (Usurp.)

ABET—incite, stimulate, whet, encourage, back up, second, countenance, assist. (Dampen, discourage, dispirit, depress, repress, oppose.)

ABETTOR—instigator, prompter, assistant, coadjutor, accomplice, accessory, *particeps criminis*. (Extinguisher.)

ABHOR—loathe, abominate, (Love, admire.)

ABILITY—power, skill, gumption, efficiency, mastery, qualification, faculty, expertness. (Incompetence, inefficiency, inability.)

ABJECT—despised, despicable, vile, grovelling, mean, base, worthless, servile. (Supreme, august, commanding, noble.)

ABJURE—forswear, disclaim, unsay, recant, revoke, deny, disown. (Attest, affirm.)

ABLE—competent, qualified, skilled, efficient, capable, clever, adroit, adept, strong, telling, masterly. (Incompetent, weak, unskilful, unqualified.)

ABODE—dwelling, residence, domicile, home, quarters, habitation, lodging, settlement. (Transition, shifting, wandering, pilgrimage, peregrination.)

ABOLISH—efface, extinguish, annihilate, nullify, destroy, undo, quash, annul, cancel, abrogate, quench, suppress, vitiate, revoke. (Introduce, establish, enforce, restore.)

ABOMINABLE—detestable, hateful, odious, execrable. (Choice, excellent, attractive, select.)

ABORTIVE—ineffectual, futile, inoperative, defective, inadequate. (Efficient, productive, complete.)

ABOUT—around, near to, nearly, approximately, contiguous. (Remote from, distant.)

ABSCOND—take oneself off, "vamoose," disappear, decamp, run away. (Thrust oneself into notice.)

ABSENT—not present, wanting, absentminded, abstracted, inattentive, listless, dreamy, visionary. (Present, collected, composed, vigilant, observant.)

ABSOLUTE—certain, unconditioned, unconditional, unlimited, unrestricted, transcendent, authoritative, paramount, imperative, arbitrary, despotic. (Conditional, limited, hampered, fettered.)

ABSORB—suck up, imbibe, engross, drain away, consume. (Reserve, save, spare, husband, economize, hoard up.)

ABSURD—unreasonable, nonsensical, foolish, vain, impracticable. (Reasonable, prudent, veracious.)

ABUSE, *v.*—**pervert**, deprave, traduce, debase, disparage, slander, calumniate, rail at, reproach, depreciate. (Improve, develop, cultivate, promote, bless, magnify, appreciate.)

ABUSE, *n.*—perversion, ill-usage, depravation, debasement, slander, reproach. (Cultivation, use, promotion, development, appreciation, praise.)

ACCEDE—join, assent, acquiesce in, comply, agree, concur, coincide, approve. (Dissent, object, decline, refuse.)

ACCELERATE—hasten, hurry, speed, expedite, quicken, precipitate, facilitate. (Retard, delay, procrastinate, arrest, stop, impede, suspend.)

ACCEPT—take, receive, assume, acknowledge, endorse. (Refuse, repudiate, protest, disown.)

ACCEPTABLE—pleasant, grateful, welcome. (Repugnant, displeasing.)

ACCIDENT—casualty, contingency, hap, mishap, chance, mischance, misadventure. (Law, order.)

ACCOMMODATE—adjust, adapt, fit, conform, reconcile, suit, oblige, furnish, convenience. (Cross, thwart, counteract, plot against, checkmate, defeat, inconvenience.)

ACCOMPLICE—confederate, ally, associate, accessory, *particeps criminis*. (Adversary, rival, spy, opponent, enemy.)

ACCOMPLISH—complete, perform, finish, fulfil, execute, perfect, consummate, achieve, effect, carry out. (Fail, miscarry, undo, wreck, frustrate.)

ACCOMPLISHMENT—success, fulfilment, completion, performance, execution, achievement, consummation, attainment. (Failure, miscarriage, wreck, ruin.)

ACCORD—harmonize, agree, allow, grant, concede. (Jar, clash with, deny, disallow.)

ACCOST—address, confront, speak to, greet, salute. (Evade, fight shy of.)

ACCOUNT, *v.*—compute, estimate, reckon up, take stock of. (Leave unexplained, unsolved.)

ACCOUNT, *n.*—reckoning, relation, charge, bill. (Riddle, mystery, puzzle, unknown quantity.)

ACCOUNTABLE—answerable, responsible, amenable. (Exempt, free, irresponsible.)

ACCUMULATE—heap up, save, collect. (Scatter, dissipate, diffuse, spend, squander.)

ACCUMULATION—heap, amount, glut, (Dissipation, dissemination, distribution, diminution.)

ACCURATE—definite, precise, correct, exact. (Inaccurate, wrong, erroneous, blundering, careless.)

ACHIEVE—complete, gain, win.

ACHIEVEMENT—feat, exploit, distinguished performance, acquirement. (Abortion, frustration, failure, shortcoming, defect.)

ACKNOWLEDGE—avow, confess, own, recognize, admit, grant, concede. (Repudiate, disclaim, disallow, disown, deny.

ACQUAINT—make known, apprise, inform, communicate, intimate, notify. (Leave ignorant, keep secret, conceal.)

ACQUAINTANCE—knowledge, familiarity, fellowship, companionship. (Ignorance, stranger.)

ACQUIESCE—yield, concur, agree, assent. (Protest, object, dissent, secede, oppose.)

ACQUIT—set free, release, discharge, clear, absolve, exculpate, exonerate, liberate, deliver. (Accuse, impeach, charge, blame, convict.)

ACT, *v.*—do, perform, commit, operate, work, practice, behave, personate, play, enact. (Neglect, cease, desist, rest, wait, lie idle, refrain.)

ACTION—working, agency, operation, business, gesture, engagement, fight, deed, battle, feat. (Inaction, repose, rest, idleness, ease, indolence, inertia, passiveness, quiescence, dormancy.)

ACTIVE—energetic, busy, stirring, alive, brisk, operative, lively, agile, nimble, diligent, sprightly, alert, quick, supple, prompt, industrious. (Passive, inert, dead, extinct, dull, torpid, sluggish, indolent, lazy, dormant, quiescent, asleep.)

ACTUAL—real, positive, existing, certain. (False, imaginary, theoretical, illusive, fictitious.)

ACUTE—sharp, pointed, penetrating, piercing, keen, poignant, pungent, intense, violent, shrill, sensitive, sharp-witted, shrewd, discriminating, clever, cunning. (Obtuse, blunt, bluff, dull, flat, callous, stupid, apathetic.)

ADAPT—fit, suit, adjust, conform, regulate. (Misfit, discommode, dislocate.)

ADDICTED—committed to, devoted, prone, given up to, inclined, habituated. (Uncommitted, free, uncompromised, neutral.)

ADDITION—annexation, accession, supplement, adjunct, affix, appendage, accessory, increment, increase, complement, *plus*, more. (Subtraction, deduction, retrenchment, curtailment, deprivation, *minus*, less, loss, impoverishment.)

ADDRESS—speech, salutation, accost, appeal; also skill, dexterity, adroitness; also direction, name; also residence. (Response, answer, reply, rejoinder; also awkwardness, maladroitness, clumsiness, slovenliness.)

ADHESION—sticking, adherence, adoption, attachment, espousal. (Repulsion, revulsion, antipathy, aversion, hostility, incompatibility, dislike.)

ADJACENT—next, near, nigh, at hand, alongside, close by, adjoining, contiguous, bordering, neighboring, proximate. (Remote, foreign, distant, aloof, far, apart, asunder.)

ADJOURN—put off, postpone, defer, delay, keep in abeyance, prorogue, suspend, procrastinate, retard, waive, remand, reserve. (Conclude, clinch, accelerate, precipitate.)

ADJUNCT—appendage, affix, annex, annexation, appendix, adhesion, appurtenance. (Curtailment, retrenchment, lop, mutilation, reduction, clipping, docking, filching.)

ADJUST—make exact, set right, fit, adapt, dovetail, arrange, harmonize, settle, regulate. (Confound, confuse, muddle, disorder, perplex, embarrass, entangle, clash, jar, jumble, disarrange, unsettle.)

ADMIRABLE—wonderful, excellent, choice, noble, grand, estimable, lovely, ideal, surpassing, extraordinary, eminent. (Detestable, vile, mean, contemptible, despicable, worthless, wretched, villainous, pitiful.)

ADMIT—allow, permit, suffer, receive, usher, grant, acknowledge, confess, concede, accept. (Deny, refuse, shut out, forbid, disown, disclaim.)

ADVANTAGEOUS—profitable, serviceable, useful, beneficial, helpful, of value. (Disadvantageous, detrimental, prejudicial, injurious, hurtful, harmful, deleterious, obnoxious, pernicious.)

AFFECTION—bent, inclination, partiality, attraction, impulse, love, desire, passion, fascination; also suffering, disease, morbidness. (Repulsion, revulsion, antipathy, dislike, recoil, aversion, estrangement, indifference, coldness, alienation; also wholeness, soundness, healthiness.)

AFFECTIONATE—loving, kind, fond, doting, tender, amiable, cordial, hearty, good-hearted. (Cold, unloving, unkind, heartless, selfish, crabbed, sour, malign, malicious, malevolent, misanthropic, cynical, ill-natured, cruel, hating.)

AGREEABLE—pleasant, acceptable, grateful, refreshing, genial, pleasing, palatable, sweet, charming, delectable. (Disagreeable, displeasing, unpleasant, ungrateful, harsh, repellent, painful, noxious, plaguy, irritating, annoying, mortifying.)

ALTERNATING—reciprocal, correlative, interchangeable, by turns, *vice versa*. (Monotonous, unchanging, continual.)

AMBASSADOR—messenger, envoy, emissary, legate, nuncio, diplomatist, diplomate, representative, vicegerent, plenipotentiary, minister, agent. (Principal, government, sovereign, power.)

AMEND—improve, correct, better, meliorate, rectify, prune, repair, revise, remedy, reform. (Injure, impair, damage, harm, hurt, mar, mangle, blemish, deteriorate, ruin, spoil.)

ANGER—resentment, animosity, wrath, indignation, pique, umbrage, huff, displeasure, dungeon, irritation, irascibility, choler, ire, hate. (Kindness, benignity, *bonhomie*, good nature.)

APPROPRIATE—assimilate, assume, possess oneself of, take, grab, clutch, collar, snap up, capture, steal. (Relinquish, give up, surrender, yield, resign, forego, renounce, abandon, discard, dismiss.)

ARGUE—reason, discuss, debate, dispute, contend. (Obscure, darken, mystify, mislead, misrepresent, evade, sophisticate.)

ARISE—rise, ascend, mount, climb, soar, spring, emanate, proceed, issue. (Descend, fall, gravitate, drop, slide, settle, decline, sink, dismount, alight.)

ARTFUL—cunning, crafty, skilful, wily, designing, politic, astute, knowing, tricky. (Artless, naïve, natural, simple, plain, ingenuous, frank, sincere, open, candid, guileless, straightforward, direct.)

ARTIFICE—contrivance, stratagem, trick, design, plot, machination, chicanery, knavery, jugglery, guile, jobbery. (Artlessness, candor, openness, simplicity, innocence, ingenuousness.)

ASSOCIATION—partnership, fellowship, solidarity, league, alliance, combination, coalition, federation, junto, cabal. (Opposition, antagonism, conflict, counteraction, resistance, hinderance, counterplot, detachment, individualism.)

ATTACK—assault, charge, onset, onslaught, incursion, inroad, bombardment, cannonade. (Defence, protection, guard, ward, resistance, stand, repulse, rebuff, retreat.)

AUDACITY—boldness, defiance, prowess, intrepidity, mettle, game, pluck, fortitude, rashness, temerity, presumption, foolhardiness, courage, hardihood. (Cowardice, pusillanimity, timidity, meekness, poltroonery, fear, caution, calculation, discretion, prudence.)

AUSTERE—severe, harsh, rigid, stern, rigorous, uncompromising, inflexible, obdurate, exacting, straight-laced, unrelenting. (Lax, loose, slack, remiss, weak, pliant, lenient, mild, indulgent easy-going, forbearing, forgiving.)

AVARICIOUS—tight-fisted, griping, churlish, parsimonious, stingy, penurious, miserly, niggardly, close, illiberal, ungenerous, covetous, greedy, rapacious. (Prodigal, thriftless, improvident, extravagant, lavish, dissipated, freehanded.)

AVERSION—antipathy, revulsion, repulsion, dislike, recoil, estrangement, alienation, repugnance, disgust, nausea. (Predilection, fancy, fascination, allurement, attraction, magnet.)

AWE—dread, fear, reverence, prostration, admiration, bewilderment. (Familiarty, indifference, heedlessness, unconcern, contempt, mockery.)

AXIOM—maxim, aphorism, apophthegm, adage, motto, *dictum*, theorem, truism, proverb, saw. (Absurdity, paradox.)

BABBLE—splash, gurgle, bubble, purl, ripple, prattle, clack, gabble, clash, jabber, twaddle, prate, chatter, blab. (Silence, hush.)

BAD—depraved, defiled, distorted, corrupt, evil, wicked, wrong, sinful, morbid, foul, peccant, noxious, pernicious, diseased, imperfect, tainted, touched. (Good, whole, sound, healthy, beneficial, salutary, prime, perfect, entire, untouched, unblemished, intact, choice, worthy.)

BAFFLE—thwart, checkmate, defeat, disconcert, confound, block, outwit, traverse, contravene, frustrate, balk, foil. (Aid, assist, succor, further, forward, expedite, sustain, second, reinforce.)

BASE—crude, undeveloped, low, villainous, mean, deteriorated, misbegotten, ill-contrived, ill-constituted. (Noble, exalted, lofty, sublime, excellent, elect, choice, aristocratic, exquisite, capital.)

BEAR—carry, hold, sustain, support, suffer, endure, beget, generate, produce, breed, hatch. (Lean, depend, hang, yield, sterile, unproductive.)

BEASTLY—bestial, animal, brutal, sensual, gross, carnal, lewd. (Human, humane, virtuous, moral, ethical, intellectual, thoughtful, spiritual.)

BEAT—strike, smite, thrash, thwack, thump, pummel, drub, leather, baste, belabor, birch, scourge, defeat, surpass, rout, overthrow. (Protect, defend, soothe.)

BEAUTIFUL—fair, complete, symmetrical, handsome. (Ugly, repulsive, foul.)

BECOMING—suiting, accordant, fit, seemly. (Discrepant, improper, in bad form.)

BEG—beseech, crave, entreat. (Offer, proffer.)

BEHAVIOR—carriage, deportment, conduct.

BENEFICENT—bountiful, generous, liberal. (Sordid, mercenary.)

BENEFIT—good, advantage, service. (Loss, detriment, injury.)

BENEVOLENCE—well-wishing, charity. (Malevolence, malice, hate.)

BLAME—censure, reproach. (Approve, honor.)

BLEMISH—flaw, stain, spot, imperfection, defect. (Ornament, decoration, embellishment, adornment, finery, gilding.)

BLIND—dimsighted, ignorant, uninformed. (Sharpsighted, enlightened.)

BLOT—efface, cancel, expunge, erase. (Record.)

BOLD—brave, daring, fearless, intrepid, courageous. (Cowardly, timid, shy, chicken-hearted.)

BORDER—margin, boundary, frontier, confine, fringe, hem, selvedge, valance. (Inclosure, interior, inside.)

BOUND—circumscribe, limit, restrict, confine, enclose; *also* leap, jump, hop, spring, vault, skip. (Enlarge, clear, deliver; *also* plunge, dip, sink.)

BRAVE—dare, defy. (Cave in, show the white feather.)

BREAK—bruise, crush, pound, squeeze, crack, snap, splinter. (Bind, hold together, knit, rivet.)

BREEZE—blow, zephyr. (Stillness, hush, calm.)

BRIGHT—shining, lustrous, radiant. (Dull, dim.)

BRITTLE—frangible, fragile, frail. (Tough.)

BURIAL—interment, sepulture, obsequies. (Exhumation, disinterment.)

BUSINESS—occupation, employment, pursuit, vocation, calling, profession, craft, trade. (Leisure, vacation, play.)

BUSTLE—stir, fuss, ado, flurry. (Quiet, stillness.)

CALAMITY — misfortune, disaster, catastrophe. (Good luck, prosperity.)

CALM—still, motionless, placid, serene, composed. (Stormy, unsettled, restless, agitated, distracted.)

CAPABLE—competent, able, efficient. (Unqualified.)

CAPTIOUS—censorious, cantankerous. (Conciliatory, bland.)

CARE—solicitude, concern. (Negligence, carelessness, *nonchalance*.)

CARESS—fondle, love, pet. (Spurn, disdain.)

CARNAGE—butchery, gore, massacre, slaughter.

CAUSE—origin, source, ground, reason, motive.

CENSURE—reprehend, chide. (Approve.)

CERTAIN—sure, infallible. (Doubtful, dubious.)

CESSATION—discontinuance, stoppage, rest, halt. (Perseverance, persistence, continuance.)

CHANCE—accident, luck. (Intention, purpose.)

CHANGE—exchange, *bourse*, mart, emporium.

CHANGEABLE—mutable, variable, fickle. (Steadfast, firm.)

CHARACTER—constitution, nature, disposition.

CHARM—fascination, enchantment, witchery, attraction. (Nuisance, mortification, bore, plague.)

CHASTITY—purity, virtue. (Concupiscence.)

CHEAP—inexpensive, worthless. (Dear, costly.)

CHEERFUL—blithe, lightsome, brisk, sprightly. (Melancholy, sombre, morose, gloomy, sad.)

CHIEF—sachem, head, ruler. (Vassal, henchman.)

CIRCUMSTANCE—situation, predicament.

CLASS—division, category, department, order, kind, sort, genus, species, variety.

CLEVER—adroit, dexterous, expert, deft, ready, smart. (Awkward, dull, shiftless, clumsy.)

CLOTHED—dressed, arrayed, apparelled. (Disrobed, stripped.)

COARSE—crude, unrefined. (Refined, cultivated.)

COAX—cajole, wheedle, fawn, lure, induce, entice. (Dissuade, indispose, warn, admonish.)

COLD—frigid, chill, inclement. (Hot, glowing.)

COLOR—hue, tint, tinge, tincture, dye, shade, stain. (Pallor, paleness, wanness, blankness, achromatism, discoloration.)

COMBINATION—coalescence, fusion, faction, coalition, league. (Dissolution, rupture, schism.)

COMMAND—empire, rule. (Anarchy, license.)

COMMODITY—goods, effects, merchandise, stock.

COMMON—general, ordinary, mean, base. (Rare, exceptional, unique.

COMPASSION—pity, commiseration, sympathy. (Cruelty, severity.)

COMPEL—force, coerce, oblige, necessitate, make, constrain. (Let alone, tolerate.)

COMPENSATION—amends, atonement, requital. (Withholding.)

COMPENDIUM—abstract, epitome, digest. (Amplification, expansion.)

COMPLAIN—lament, murmur, regret, repine, deplore. (Rejoice, exult, boast, brag, chuckle.)

COMPLY—consent, yield, acquiesce. (Refuse, deny, decline.)

COMPOUND, *a.*—composite, complex, blended. (Simple, elementary.)

COMPREHEND—comprise, contain, embrace, include, enclose, grasp. (Exclude, reject, mistake, eliminate, loss.)

CONCEAL—hide, secrete, cover, screen, shroud, veil, disguise. (Publish, report, divulge.)

CONCEIVE—grasp, apprehend, devise, invent. (Ignorant of.)

CONCLUSION—result, finding. (Undetermined.)

CONDEMN—convict, find guilty, sentence, doom. (Acquit.)

CONDUCT, *v.*—direct, manage, govern. (Follow, obey, submit.)

CONFIRM—corroborate, ratify, endorse, support, uphold. (Weaken, enfeeble, reduce.)

CONFLICT—contend, contest, wrestle, tussle, clash, wrangle. (Harmonize, agree, fraternize, concur.)

CONFUTE—refute, disprove. (Demonstrate.)

CONQUER—defeat, vanquish, overcome. (Fail, be beaten, lose.)

CONSEQUENCE—effect, derivation, result, event, issue. (Cause, origin, source, antecedent.)

CONSIDER—reflect, deliberate. (Forget, ignore.)

CONSISTENT—accordant, concordant, compatible, consonant, congruous, reconcilable, harmonious. (Discordant, discrepant.)

CONSOLE—relieve, soothe, comfort. (Embitter.)

CONSTANCY—continuance, tenacity, stability. (Irresolution, fickleness.)

CONTAMINATE—Pollute, stain, taint, tarnish, blur, smudge, defile. (Cleanse, purify, purge.)

CONTEMN—despise, disdain, scorn. (Esteem, appreciate, admire.)

CONTEMPLATE—survey, scan, observe, intend. (Disregard.)

CONTEMPTIBLE—despicable, paltry, shabby, beggarly, worthless, vile, cheap, trashy. (Estimable.)

CONTEND—fight, wrangle, vie. (Be at peace.)

CONTINUAL—perpetual, endless, ceaseless. (Momentary, transient.)

CONTINUE—remain, persist, endure. (Desist, stay.)

CONTRADICT—deny, gainsay, oppose. (Affirm, assert, declare.)

CORRECT—mend, rectify. (Impair, muddle.)

COST—expense, charge, price, value.

COVETOUSNESS—avarice, cupidity, extortion. (Generosity, liberality.)

COWARDICE — poltroonery, faint - heartedness. (Courage, boldness, intrepidity.)

CRIME—offence, trespass, misdemeanor, felony, transgression. (Innocence, guiltlessness.)

CRIMINAL—culprit, felon, convict. (Paragon.)

CROOKED—twisted, distorted, bent, awry, wry, askew, deformed. (Straight, upright.)

CRUEL—brutal, ferocious, barbarous, blood-thirsty, fiendish. (Kind, benignant, benevolent.)

CULTIVATION—tillage, culture. (Waste.)

CURSORY—fugitive, hurried, perfunctory. (Permanent, thorough.)

CUSTOM—habit, wont, usage, fashion, practice.

DANGER—peril, hazard, jeopardy. (Safety.)

DARK—obscure, sombrous, opaque, unintelligible. (Light, luminous, shining, clear, lucid.)

DEADLY—mortal, fatal, destructive, lethal.

DEAR—costly, precious, high-priced, beloved, darling, pet, favorite. (Cheap, disliked, despised.)

DEATH—decease, demise, dissolution. (Birth, life.)

DECAY, *n.*—decline, consumption, atrophy. (Development, growth.)

DECEIVE—cheat, defraud, cozen, overreach, gull, dupe, swindle, victimize. (Truthfulness.)

DECEIT, *n.*—imposition, fraud, deception. (Veracity, honesty.)

DECIDE—determine, resolve, conclude, settle, adjudicate, arbitrate, terminate. (Hesitate, dilly-dally, shuffle.)

DECIPHER—interpret, explain, construe, unravel. (Mistake, confound.)

DECISION—determination, conclusion, firmness. (Wavering, hesitancy.)

DECLAMATION — harangue, oration, recitation, tirade, speech.

DECLARATION—affirmation, assertion. (Denial.)

DECREASE—diminish, lessen, reduce, wane, decline. (Increase, grow, enlarge.)

DEDICATE—consecrate, devote, offer, apportion.

DEED—act, transaction, exploit, document.

DEEM—judge, estimate, consider, esteem, suppose.

DEEP—profound, abtruse, hidden, extraordinarily wise. (Shallow, superficial.)

DEFACE—mar, spoil, injure, disfigure. (Beautify.)

DEFAULT—shortcoming, deficiency, defect, imperfection. (Sufficiency, satisfaction.)

DEFENCE—fortification, bulwark, vindication, justification, apology.

DEFEND—shield, vindicate. (Assault, accuse.)

DEFICIENT—incomplete, lacking. (Entire, perfect, whole.)

DEFILE—soil, smutch, besmear, begrime.

DEFINE—limit, bound. (Enlarge, expand.)

DEFRAY—pay, settle, liquidate, satisfy, clear.

DEGREE—grade, extent, measure, ratio, standard.

DELIBERATE, *a.*—circumspect, wary, cautious. (Heedless, thoughtless.)

DELICACY—nicety, dainty, tit-bit, taste, refinement, modesty. (Grossness, coarseness, vulgarity, indecorum.)

DELICATE—dainty, refined. (Coarse, beastly.)

DELICIOUS—savory, palatable, luscious, charming, delightful. (Offensive, nasty, odious, shocking, nauseous.)

DELIGHT—gratification, felicity. (Mortification, vexation.)

DELIVER—transfer, consign, utter, liberate, declare. (Keep, retain, restrain, check, bridle.)

DEMONSTRATE—prove, show, manifest. (Mystify, obscure.)

DEPART—quit, vacate, retire, withdraw, remove.

DEPRIVE—strip, bereave, despoil. (Invest, equip.)

DEPUTE—commission, delegate, accredit, entrust.

DERISION—ridicule, scoffing, mockery, raillery, chaff, *badinage.* (Awe, dread, reverence.)

DERIVATION—origin, source, spring, emanation, etymology.

DESCRIBE—delineate, portray, style, specify, characterize.

DESECRATE—profane, blaspheme, revile. (Consecrate, sanctify.)

DESERVE—merit, be entitled to, earn, justify.

DESIGN, *n.*—delineation, illustration, sketch, plan, drawing, portraiture, draught, projection, scheme, proposal, outline.

DESIRABLE—eligible, suitable, acceptable. (Unfit, objectionable.)

DESIRE, *n.*—wish, longing, hankering, appetite.

DESOLATE, *a.*—lonely, solitary, bereaved, forlorn, forsaken, deserted, bleak, dreary. (Befriended, social, festive.)

DESPERATE—frenzied, frantic, furious. (Calm, composed, moderate.)

DESTINY—fatality, doom, predestination, decree, fate. (Casualty, accident, contingency, chance.)

DESTRUCTIVE—mischievous, disastrous, deleteri- (Creative, beneficial.)

DESUETUDE—disuse, discontinuance. (Use, habit, practice.)

DESULTORY—immethodical, disconnected, rambling, discontinuous, interrupted, fitful, intermittent. (Continuous, consecutive, constant.)

DETAIL, *n.*—particular, item, count, specialty, individuality.

DETAIL, *v.*—particularize, enumerate, specify. (Generalize.)

DETER—discourage, dissuade. (Encourage, incite.)

DETRIMENT—damage, loss. (Benefit, improvement, betterment.)

DEVELOP—unfold, expand, increase. (Extirpate.)

DEVOID—wanting, destitute, bereft, denuded, bare, emptied, void. (Provided, supplied, furnished.)

DEVOTED—destined, consecrated, sworn to.

DICTATE—enjoin, order, prescribe, mark out.

DICTATORIAL—authoritative, imperative, overbearing, imperious, arbitrary, domineering.

DIE—expire, perish, depart this life, cease.

DIET—food, victuals, nourishment, aliment, board, sustenance, fare, viands, meal, repast, *menu*.

DIFFER—vary, diverge, disagree, bicker, nag, split. (Accord, harmonize.)

DIFFERENT—various, diverse, unlike. (Identical.)

DIFFICULT—hard, tough, laborious, arduous, formidable. (Easy, facile, manageable, pliant.)

DIFFUSE—discursive, digressive, diluted. (Condensed, concise, terse.)

DIGNIFY—elevate, exalt, ennoble, honor, advance, promote. (Degrade, disgrace, demean, vulgarize.)

DILATE—widen, extend, enlarge, expand, descant, expatiate. (Contract, narrow, compress, reduce.)

DILATORY—slow, tardy, slow-paced, procrastinating, lagging, dawdling. (Prompt, peremptory, quick, instant.)

DILIGENCE—zeal, ardor, assiduity. (Indolence.)

DIMINISH—lessen, reduce, curtail, retrench, bate, abate, shorten, contract. (Increase, augment, aggrandize, enlarge.)

DISABILITY—incapacity, unfitness. (Power.)

DISCERN—descry, perceive, distinguish, espy, scan, recognize, understand, discriminate. (Ignore.)

DISCIPLINE—order, training, drill, schooling.) (Laxity, disorder, confusion, anarchy.)

DISCOVER—detect, find, unveil, reveal, open, expose, publish, disclose. (Cover, conceal, hide.)

DISCREDITABLE — disreputable, reprehensible, blameworthy, shameful, scandalous, flagrant. (Exemplary, laudable, commendable.)

DISCREET—prudent, politic, cautious, wary, guarded, judicious. (Reckless, heedless, rash, unadvised, foolhardy, precipitate.)

DISCREPANCY—disagreement, discordance, incongruity, disparity, unfitness, clash, jar. (Concord, unison, harmony, congruity.)

DISCRIMINATION — distinction, differentiation, discernment, appreciation, acuteness, judgment, tact, nicety. (Confusion.)

DISEASE—illness, sickness, ailment, indisposition, complaint, malady, disorder. (Health, sanity, soundness, robustness.)

DISGRACE, *n.*—stigma, reproach, brand, dishonor, shame, scandal, odium, infamy. (Honor.)

DISGUST—distate, loathing, nausea, aversion, revulsion, abhorrence. (Predilection, partiality, inclination, bias.)

DISHONEST—fraudulent, unfair, tricky, unjust. (Straightforward, open, sincere, honest, fair, right, just impartial.)

DISMAY, *v.*—alarm, startle, scare, frighten, affright, terrify, astound, appal, daunt. (Assure, cheer.)

DISMAY, *n.*—terror, dread, fear, fright. (Courage.)

DISMISS—send off, discharge, disband. (Instal, retain, keep.)

DISPEL—scatter, disperse, dissipate, drive off, chase. (Collect, rally, summon, gather.)

DISPLAY, *v.*—exhibit, show, parade. (Conceal.)

DISPOSE—arrange, place, order, marshal, rank, group, assort, distribute, co-ordinate, collocate. (Derange, embroil, jumble, muddle, huddle.)

DISPUTE, *v.*—discuss, debate, wrangle, controvert, contend. (Homologate, acquiesce in, assent to.)

DISPUTE. *n.*—argument, controversy, contention, polemic. (Homologation, acquiesence.)

DISTINCT—separate, detached. (Joined, involved.)

DISTINGUISH—perceive, separate. (Confound.)

DISTINGUISHED—famous, noted, marked, eminent, celebrated, illustrious. (Obscure, mean.)

DISTRACT—divert, disconcert, perplex, bewilder, fluster, dazzle. (Observe, study, note, mark.)

DISTRIBUTE—disperse, disseminate, dispense, retail, apportion, consign, dole out. (Accumulate.)

DISTURB—derange, displace, unsettle, trouble, vex, worry, annoy. (Compose, pacify, quiet, soothe.)

DIVIDE—disjoin, part, separate, sunder, sever, cleave, split, rend, partition, distribute. (Constitute, unite.)

DIVINE, *a.*—God-like, holy, heavenly. (Devilish.)

DIVINE, *n.*—clergyman, churchman, priest, pastor, shepherd, parson, minister. (Layman.)

DO—effect, make, accomplish, transact, act.

DOCILE—teachable, willing. (Refractory, stubborn, obstinate.)

DOCTRINE—teaching, lore, tenet, dogma, articles of faith, creed. (Ignorance, superstition.)

DOLEFUL—woeful, dismal. (Joyous, merry)

DOOM, *n*,—sentence, fate, lot, destiny, decree.

DOUBT—uncertainty, skepticism, hesitation. (Certainty, faith.)

DRAW—pull, attract, inhale, sketch, delineate.

DREAD, *n.*—fear, horror, alarm, terror, dismay, apprehension. (Confidence, fearlessness.)

DREADFUL—fearful, alarming, formidable, portentous, direful, terrible, horrid, awful. (Mild, winsome, gentle.)

DRESS, *n.*—clothing, raiment, attire, apparel, clothes, *trousseau*. (Nudity, nakedness.)

DRIFT—tendency, direction, course, bearing, tenor.

DROLL—funny, laughable, grotesque, farcical, odd. (Dull, serious, solemn, grave.)

DRY, *a.*—arid, parched, bald, flat, dull. (Aqueous, green, fresh, juicy, interesting.)

DUE—owing, indebted, just, fair, proper.

DULL—heavy, sad, commonplace, gloomy, stupid. (Bright, gay, brilliant.)

DUNCE—blockhead, ignoramus, simpleton, donkey, ninny, dolt, booby, goose, dullard, numskull, dunderpate, clodhopper. (Sage, genius, man of talent, wit.)

DURABLE—abiding, lasting. (Evanescent.)

DWELL—stay, abide, sojourn, remain, tarry, stop. (Shift, wander, remove, tramp.)

DWINDLE—pine, waste, shrink, shrivel, diminish.

EAGER—keen, desirous, craving, ardent, impatient, intent, impetuous. (Loth, reluctant.)

EARN—gain, win, acquire. (Lose, miss, forfeit.)

EARNEST, *a.*—serious, resolved. (Trifling, giddy, irresolute, fickle.)

EARNEST, *n.*—pledge, gage, deposit, caution.

EASE, *n.*—content, rest, satisfaction, comfort, repose. (Worry, bother, friction, agitation, turmoil.)

EASE, *v.*—calm, console, appease, assuage, allay, mitigate. (Worry, fret, alarm, gall, harass.)

EASY—light, comfortable, unconstrained. (Hard, difficult, embarrassed, constrained.)

ECCENTRIC—wandering, irregular, peculiar, odd, unwonted, extraordinary, queer, nondescript. (Orderly, customary.)

ECONOMICAL—frugal, thrifty, provident. (Squandering, wasteful.)

EDGE—verge, brink, brim, rim, skirt, hem.

EFFECT, *v.*—produce, bring about, execute.

EFFECTIVE—efficient, operative, powerful, efficacious, competent. (Impotent, incapable, incompetent, inefficient.)

EFFICACY—efficiency, virtue, competence, agency, instrumentality.

ELIMINATE—expel, weed, thin, decimate, exclude, bar, reject, repudiate, winnow, eject, cast out. (Include, comprehend, incorporate, embrace.)

ELOQUENCE—oratory, rhetoric, declamation, facundity, grandiloquence, fluency. (Mumbling, stammering.)

ELUCIDATE—clear up, unfold, simplify, explain, decipher, unravel, disentangle. (Darken, obscure.)

ELUDE—escape, avoid, shun, slip, disappear, shirk.

EMBARRASS—perplex, entangle, involve, impede. (Relieve, unravel.)

EMBELLISH—adorn, decorate, beautify. (Tarnish, disfigure.)

EMBOLDEN—animate, encourage, cheer, instigate, impel, urge, stimulate. (Discourage, dispirit, dampen, depress.)

EMINENT—exalted, lofty, prominent, renowned, distinguished, famous, glorious, illustrious. (Base, obscure, low, unknown.)

EMIT—send out, despatch, spirt, publish, promulgate, edit. (Reserve, conceal, hide.)

EMOTION—feeling, sensation, pathos, nerve, ardor, agitation, excitement. (Apathy, frigidity, phlegm, *nonchalance.*)

EMPLOY—occupy, engage, utilize, exercise, turn to account, exploit, make use of.

ENCOMPASS—encircle, surround, gird, beset.

ENCOUNTER, *v.*—meet, run against, clash.

ENCOUNTER, *n.*—attack, conflict, assault, onset, engagement.

END, *n.*—object, aim, result, purpose, conclusion, upshot, termination. (Beginning, motive.)

ENDEAVOR, *v.*—attempt, try, essay, strive.

ENDURANCE—stay, stability, stamina, fortitude.

ENDURE—sustain, bear, brook, undergo.

ENEMY—foe, antagonist, adversary, opponent. (Friend, ally.)

ENERGETIC—active, vigorous, sinewy, nervous, forcible. (Lazy, languid, inert, flabby, flaccid, slack, effete.)

ENGAGE—occupy, busy, entice, captivate.

ENGROSS—monopolize, absorb, take up.

ENGULF—swallow up, drown, submerge, bury.

ENJOIN—order, command, decree, ordain, direct, appoint, prescribe, bind, impose, stipulate.

ENJOYMENT—pleasure, relish, zest. (Privation, grief, misery.)

ENLARGE—expand, widen, augment, broaden, increase, extend. (Diminish, narrow, straighten.)

ENLIGHTEN—illumine, instruct. (Darken, befog, mystify.)

ENLIVEN—cheer, animate, exhilarate, brighten, incite, inspire. (Sadden, deaden, mortify.)

ENMITY—hostility, hatred, antipathy, aversion, detestation. (Love, fondness, predilection.)

ENORMOUS—huge, immense, vast, stupendous, monstrous, gigantic, colossal, elephantine. (Tiny, little, minute, puny, petty, diminutive, infinitesimal, dwarfish.)

ENOUGH—sufficient, adequate. (Short, scrimp, insufficient.)

ENRAGED—infuriated, wrathful, wroth, rabid, mad, raging. (Pacified, calmed, lulled, assuaged.)

ENRAPTURE—captivate, fascinate, enchant, bewitch, ravish, transport, entrance. (Irritate, gall, shock, repel.)

ENROLL—enlist, register, enter, record.

ENTERPRISE—undertaking, endeavor, adventure, pursuit.

ENTHUSIASM—ardor, zeal, glow, unction, fervor. (Coolness, indifference, apathy, *nonchalance.*)

ENTHUSIAST—visionary, fanatic, devotee, zealot.

EQUAL—even, level, co-ordinate, balanced, alike, equable, equitable. (Unequal, disproportionate.)

ERADICATE—root out, extirpate. (Cherish.)

ERRONEOUS—fallacious, inaccurate, incorrect, untrue, false, inexact. (Accurate, just, right.)

ERROR—mistake, blunder, slip, delusion, fallacy, deception. (Truth, fact, verity, gospel, veracity.)

ESPECIALLY—chiefly, particularly, peculiarly.

ESSAY—endeavor, experiment, trial, attempt, venture, dissertation, treatise, disquisition, tract.

ESTABLISH—settle, fix, set, plant, pitch, lay down, confirm, authenticate, substantiate, verify.

ESTEEM, *n.*—value, appreciation, honor, regard. (Contempt, depreciation, disparagement.)

ESTIMATE, *v.*—value, assess, rate, appraise, gauge.

ETERNAL—everlasting, perpetual, endless, immortal, infinite. (Finite, transitory, temporary.)

EVADE—avoid, shun, elude, dodge, parry.

EVEN—plain, flat, level, smooth. (Uneven, rough, indented, protuberant.)

EVENT—occurrence, incident, affair, transaction, contingency.

EVIL—ill, harm, mischief, disaster, bane, calamity, catastrophe. (Good, benefit, advantage, boon.)

EXACT, *a.*—precise, literal, particular, correct.

EXAMINATION—investigation, inquiry, search, research, scrutiny, exploration, test, sitting, trial.

EXCEED—excel, outdo, transcend, surpass.

EXCEPTIONAL—uncommon, unusual, rare, extraordinary. (General, ordinary, regular, normal.)

EXCITE—urge, rouse, stir, awaken. (Assuage, calm, still, tranquilize.)

EXCURSION—tour, trip, expedition, ramble.

EXEMPT—free, absolved, cleared, discharged. (Implicated, included, bound, obliged.)

EXERCISE, *n.*—operation, practice, office, action, performance. (Stagnation, rest, stoppage.)

EXHAUSTIVE—complete, thorough, out-and-out.

EXIGENCY—predicament, emergency, crisis, push, pass, turning point, conjecture.

EXPRESS, *v.*—utter, tell, declare, signify.

EXTRAVAGANT — excessive, prodigal, profuse, wasteful, lavish, thriftless. (Penurious, stingy.)

FABLE—parable, tale, myth, romance. (Truth, fact, history, event, deed.)

FACE—aspect, visage, countenance.

FACETIOUS—pleasant, jocular. (Serious.)

FACTOR—manager, agent, officer.

FAIL—fall short, be deficient. (Accomplish.)

FAINT—feeble, languid. (Forcible.)

FAIR—clear. (Stormy.)

FAIR—equitable, honest, reasonable. (Unfair.)

FAITH—creed. (Unbelief, infidelity.)

FAITHFUL—true, loyal, constant. (Faithless.)

FAITHLESS—perfidious, treacherous. (Faithful.)

FALL—drop, droop, sink, tumble. (Rise.)

FAME—renown, reputation.

FAMOUS—celebrated, renowned. (Obscure.)

FANCIFUL—capricious, fantastical, whimsical.

FANCY—imagination.

FAST—rapid, quick, fleet, expeditious. (Slow.)

FATIGUE—weariness, lassitude. (Vigor.)

FEAR—timidity, timorousness. (Bravery.)

FEELING—sensation, sense.

FEELING—sensibility. (Insensibility.)

FEROCIOUS—fierce, savage, wild. (Mild.)

FERTILE—fruitful, prolific, plenteous. (Sterile.)

FICTION—falsehood, fabrication. (Fact.)

FIGURE—allegory, emblem, metaphor, symbol, picture, type.

FIND—descry, discover, espy. (Lose, overlook.)

FINE, *a.*—delicate, nice. (Coarse.)

FINE, *n.*—forfeit, forfeiture, mulct, penalty.

FIRE—glow, heat, warmth.

FIRM—constant, solid, steadfast, fixed. (Weak.)

FIRST—foremost, chief, earliest. (Last.)

FIT—accommodate, adapt, adjust, suit.

FIX—determine, establish, settle, limit.

FLAME—blaze, flare, flash, glare.

FLAT—level, even.

FLEXIBLE—pliant, pliable, ductile. (Inflexible.)

FLOURISH—prosper, thrive. (Decay.)

FLUCTUATING—wavering, hesitating, oscillating, vacillating, change. (Firm, steadfast, decided.)

FLUENT—flowing, glib, voluble, unembarrassed, ready. (Hesitating.)

FOLKS—persons, people, individuals.

FOLLOW—succeed, ensue, imitate, copy, pursue.

FOLLOWER—partisan, disciple, adherent, retainer, pursuer, successor.

FOLLY—silliness, foolishness, imbecility, weakness. (Wisdom.)

FOND—enamored, attached, affectionate. (Distant.)

FONDNESS—affection, attachment, kindness, love. (Aversion.)

FOOLHARDY—venturesome, incautious, hasty, adventurous, rash. (Cautious.)

FOOLISH—simple, silly, irrational, brainless, imbecile, crazy, absurd, preposterous, ridiculous, nonsensical. (Wise, discreet.)

FOP—dandy, dude, beau, coxcomb, puppy, jackanapes. (Gentlemen.)

FORBEAR—abstain, refrain, withhold.

FORCE, *n.*—strength, vigor, dint, might, energy, power, violence, army, host.

FORCE, *v.*—compel. (Persuade.)

FORECAST—forethought, foresight, premeditation, prognostication.

FOREGO—quit, relinquish, let go, waive.

FOREGOING—antecedent, anterior, preceding, previous, prior, former.

FORERUNNER—herald, harbinger, precursor.

FORESIGHT—forethought, forecast, premeditation.

FORGE—coin, invent, frame, feign, fabricate.

FORGIVE—pardon, remit, absolve, acquit, excuse.

FORLORN—forsaken, abandoned, deserted, desolate, lone, lonesome.

FORM, *n.*—ceremony, solemnity, observance, rite, figure, shape, conformation, fashion, appearance, representation, semblance.

FORM, *v.*—make, create, produce, constitute, arrange, fashion, mould, shape.

FORMAL—ceremonious, precise, exact, stiff, methodical, affected. (Informal, natural.)

FORMER—antecedent, anterior, previous, prior, preceding, foregoing.

FORSAKEN—abandoned, forlorn, deserted, desolate, lone, lonesome.

FORTHWITH—immediately, directly, instantly, instantaneously. (Anon.)

FORTITUDE—endurance, resolution, fearlessness, dauntlessness. (Weakness.)

FORTUNATE—lucky, happy, auspicious, successful, prosperous. (Unfortunate.)

FORTUNE—chance, fate, luck, doom, possession, destiny, property, riches.

FOSTER—cherish, nurse, tend, harbor. (Neglect.)

FOUL—impure, nasty, filthy, dirty, unclean, defiled. (Pure, clean.)

FRACTIOUS—cross, captious, petulent, splenetic, touchy, testy, peevish, fretful. (Tractable.)

FRAGILE—brittle, frail, delicate, feeble. (Strong.)

FRAGMENTS—pieces, scraps, leavings, remnants, chips, remains.

FRAILTY—weakness, failing, foible, imperfection, fault, blemish. (Strength.)

FRAME, *v.*—construct, invent, coin, fabricate, feign, forge, mold, make, compose.

FRANCHISE—right, exemption, immunity, privilege, freedom, suffrage.

FRANK—artless, candid, sincere, free, easy, open, familiar, ingenious, plain. (Tricky, insincere.)

FRANTIC—distracted, furious, raving, frenzied, mad. (Quiet, subdued.)

FRAUD—deceit, deception, duplicity, guile. cheat, imposition. (Honesty.)

FREAK—fancy, humor, vagary, whim, caprice, crochet. (Purpose, resolution.)

FREE, *a.*—liberal, generous, bountiful, bounteous, munificent, frank, artless, candid, familiar, open, independent, unconfined, unreserved, unrestricted, exempt, clear, loose, easy, careless. (Slavish, stingy, artful, costly.)

FREE, *v.*—release, set free, deliver, rescue, liberate, enfranchise, affranchise, emancipate, exempt. (Enslave, bind.)

FREEDOM—liberty, independence, unrestraint, familiarity, franchise, exemption. (Slavery.)

FREQUENT—often, common, general. (Rare.)

FRET—gall, chafe, agitate, irritate, vex.

FRIENDLY—amicable, social, sociable. (Distant, reserved, cool.)

FRIGHTFUL—fearful, dreadful, dire, direful, awful, terrific, horrible, horrid.

FRIVOLOUS—trifling, trivial, petty. (Serious.)

FRUGAL—provident, economical, saving. (Wasteful, extravagant.)

FRUITFUL—fertile, prolific, productive, abundant, plentiful, plenteous. (Barren, sterile.)

FRUITLESS—vain, useless, idle, bootless, unavailing, without avail.

FRUSTRATE—defeat, foil, balk, disappoint.

FULFILL—accomplish, effect, complete.

FULLY—completely, abundantly, perfectly.

FULSOME—coarse, gross, sickening, offensive, rank. (Moderate.)

FURIOUS—violent, boisterous, vehement, dashing, sweeping, rolling, impetuous, frantic, distracted, stormy, angry, raging, fierce. (Calm.)

FUTILE—trifling, trivial, frivolus. (Effective.)

GAIN, *n.*—profit, emolument, advantage, benefit, winnings, earnings. (Loss.)

GAIN, *v.*—get, acquire, obtain, attain, procure, earn, win, achieve, reap, realize, reach. (Lose.)

GALLANT—brave, bold, courageous, gay, showy, fine, intrepid, fearless, heroic.

GALLING—chafing, irritating. (Soothing.)

GAME—play, pastime, diversion, amusement.

GANG—band, horde, company, troop, crew.

GAP—breach, chasm, hollow, cavity, cleft, clevice, rift, chink.

GARNISH—embellish, adorn, beautify, decorate.

GATHER—pick, cull, assemble, muster, infer, collect. (Scatter.)

GAUDY—showy, flashy, tawdry, gay, glittering, bespangled. (Sombre.)

GAUNT—emaciated, scraggy, skinny, meagre, lank, attenuated, spare, lean, thin. (Well-fed.)

GAY—cheerful, merry, lively, jolly, sprightly, blithe. (Solemn.)

GENERATE—form, make, beget, produce.

GENERATION—formation, race, breed, stock, kind, age, era.

GENEROUS—beneficent, noble, honorable, bountiful, liberal, free. (Niggardly.)

GENIAL—cordial, hearty, festive. (Distant, cold.)

GENIUS—intellect, invention, talent, taste, nature. character, adept.

GENTEEL—refined, polished, fashionable, polite, well-bred. (Boorish.)

GENTLE—placid, mild, bland, meek, tame, docile. (Rough, uncouth,)

GENUINE—real, true, unaffected. (False.)

GESTURE—attitude, action, posture.

GET—obtain, earn, gain, attain, procure, achieve.

GHASTLY—pallid, wan, hideous, grim, shocking.

GHOST—spectre, sprite, apparition, phantom.

GIBE—scoff, sneer, flout, jeer, mock, taunt, deride.

GIDDY—unsteady, thoughtless. (Steady.)

GIFT—donation, benefaction, grant, alms, gratuity, boon, present, faculty, talent. (Purchase.)

GIGANTIC—colossal, huge, enormous, prodigious, vast, immense. (Diminutive.)

GIVE—grant, bestow, confer, yield, impart.

GLAD—pleased, cheerful, joyful, gladsome, cheering, gratified. (Sad.)

GLEAM—glimmer, glance, glitter, shine, flash.

GLEE—gayety, merriment, mirth, joviality, joy, hilarity. (Sorrow.)

GLIDE—slip, slide, run, roll on.

GLIMMER, *v.*—gleam, flicker, glitter.

GLIMPSE—glance, look, glint.

GLITTER—gleam, shine, glisten, glister, radiate.

GLOOM—cloud, darkness, dimness, blackness, dullness, sadness. (Light, brightness, joy.)

GLOOMY—lowering, lurid, dim, dusky, sad, glum. (Bright, clear.)

GLORIFY—magnify, celebrate, adore, exalt.

GLORIOUS—famous, renowned, distinguished, exalted, noble. (Infamous.)

GLORY—honor, fame, renown, splendor, grandeur. (Infamy.)

GLUT—gorge, stuff, cram, cloy, satiate, block up.

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GO—depart, proceed, move, budge, stir.

GOD—Creator, Lord, Almighty, Jehovah, Omnipotence, Providence.

GODLY—righteous, devout, holy, pious, religious.

GOOD—benefit, weal, advantage, profit. (Evil.)

GOOD, *a.*—virtuous, righteous, upright, just, true. (Wicked, bad.)

GORGE, glut, fill, cram, stuff, satiate.

GORGEOUS—superb, grand, magnificent, splendid. (Plain, simple.)

GOVERN—rule, direct, manage, command.

GOVERNMENT—rule, state, control, sway.

GRACEFUL—becoming, comely, elegant, beautiful. (Awkward.)

GRACIOUS—merciful, kindly, beneficent.

GRADUAL—slow, progressive. (Sudden.)

GRAND—majestic, stately, dignified, lofty, elevated, exalted, splendid, gorgeous, superb, magnificent, sublime, pompous. (Shabby.)

GRANT—bestow, impart, give, yield, cede, allow, confer, invest.

GRANT—gift, boon, donation.

GRAPHIC—forcible, telling, picturesque, pictorial.

GRASP—catch, seize, gripe, clasp, grapple.

GRATEFUL—agreeable, pleasing, welcome, thankful. (Harsh.)

GRATIFICATION—enjoyment, pleasure, delight, reward. (Disappointment.)

GRAVE, *a.*—serious, sedate, solemn, sober, pressing, heavy. (Giddy.)

GRAVE, *n.*—tomb, sepulchre, vault.

GREAT—big, huge, large, majestic, vast, grand, noble, august. (Small.)

GREEDINESS—avidity, eagerness. (Generosity.)

GRIEF—affliction, sorrow, trial, tribulation. (Joy.)

GRIEVE—mourn, lament, sorrow, pain, wound, hurt, bewail. (Rejoice.)

GRIEVOUS—painful, afflicting, heavy, unhappy.

GRIND—crush, oppress, grate, harass, afflict.

GRISLY—terrible, hideous, grim, ghastly, dreadful. (Pleasing.)

GROSS—coarse, outrageous, unseemly, shameful, indelicate. (Delicate.)

GROUP—assembly, cluster, collection, clump, order.

GROVEL—crawl, cringe, fawn, sneak.

GROW—increase, vegetate, expand, advance. (Decay, diminution,)

GROWL—grumble, snarl, murmur, complain.

GRUDGE—malice, rancor, spite, pique, hatred.

GRUFF—rough, rugged, blunt, rude, harsh, surly, bearish. (Pleasant.)

GUILE—deceit, fraud. (Candor.)

GUILTLESS—harmless, innocent.

GUILTY—culpable, sinful, criminal.

HABIT—custom, practice.

HAIL—accost, address, greet, salute, welcome.

HAPPINESS—beatitude, blessedness, bliss, felicity. (Unhappiness.)

HARBOR—haven, port.

HARD—firm, solid. (Soft.)

HARD—arduous, difficult. (Easy.)

HARM—injury, hurt, wrong, infliction. (Benefit.)

HARMLESS—safe, innocuous, innocent. (Hurtful.)

HARSH—rough, rigorous, severe, gruff. (Gentle.)

HASTEN—accelerate, dispatch, expedite. (Delay.)

HASTY—hurried, ill-advised. (Deliberate.)

HATEFUL—odious, detestable. (Lovable.)

HATRED—enmity, ill-will, rancor. (Friendship.)

HAUGHTINESS—arrogance, pride. (Modesty.)

HAUGHTY—arrogant, disdainful, supercilious.

HAZARD—risk, venture.

HEALTHY—salubrious, salutary. (Unhealthy.)

HEAP—accumulate, amass, pile.

HEARTY—cordial, sincere, warm. (Insincere.)

HEAVY—burdensome, ponderous. (Light.)

HEED—care, attention.

HEIGHTEN—enhance, exalt, elevate, raise.

HEINOUS—atrocious, flagrant. (Venial.)

HELP—aid, assist, relieve, succor. (Hinder.)

HERETIC—sectary, sectarian, schismatic, dissenter, non-conformist.

HESITATE—falter, stammer, stutter.

HIDEOUS—grim, ghastly, grisly. (Beautiful.)

HIGH—lofty, tall, elevated. (Deep.)

HINDER—impede, obstruct, prevent, (Help.)

HINT—allude, refer, suggest, intimate, insinuate.

HOLD—detain, keep, retain.

HOLINESS—sanctity, piety, sacredness.

HOLY—devout, pious, religious.

HOMELY—plain, ugly, coarse. (Beautiful.)

HONESTY—integrity, probity, uprightness. (Dishonesty.)

HONOR, *v.*—respect, reverence. (Dishonor.)

HOPE—confidence, expectation, trust.

HOPELESS—desperate.

HOT—ardent, burning, fiery. (Cold.)

HOWEVER—nevertheless, notwithstanding, yet.

HUMBLE—modest, submissive, plain, unostentatious, simple. (Haughty.)

HUMBLE—degrade, humiliate, mortify. (Exalt.)

HUMOR—mood, temper.

HUNT—seek, chase.

HURTFUL—noxious, pernicious. (Beneficial.)

HUSBANDRY—cultivation, tillage.

HYPOCRITE—dissembler, imposter, canter.

HYPOTHESIS—theory, supposition.

IDEA—thought, imagination.

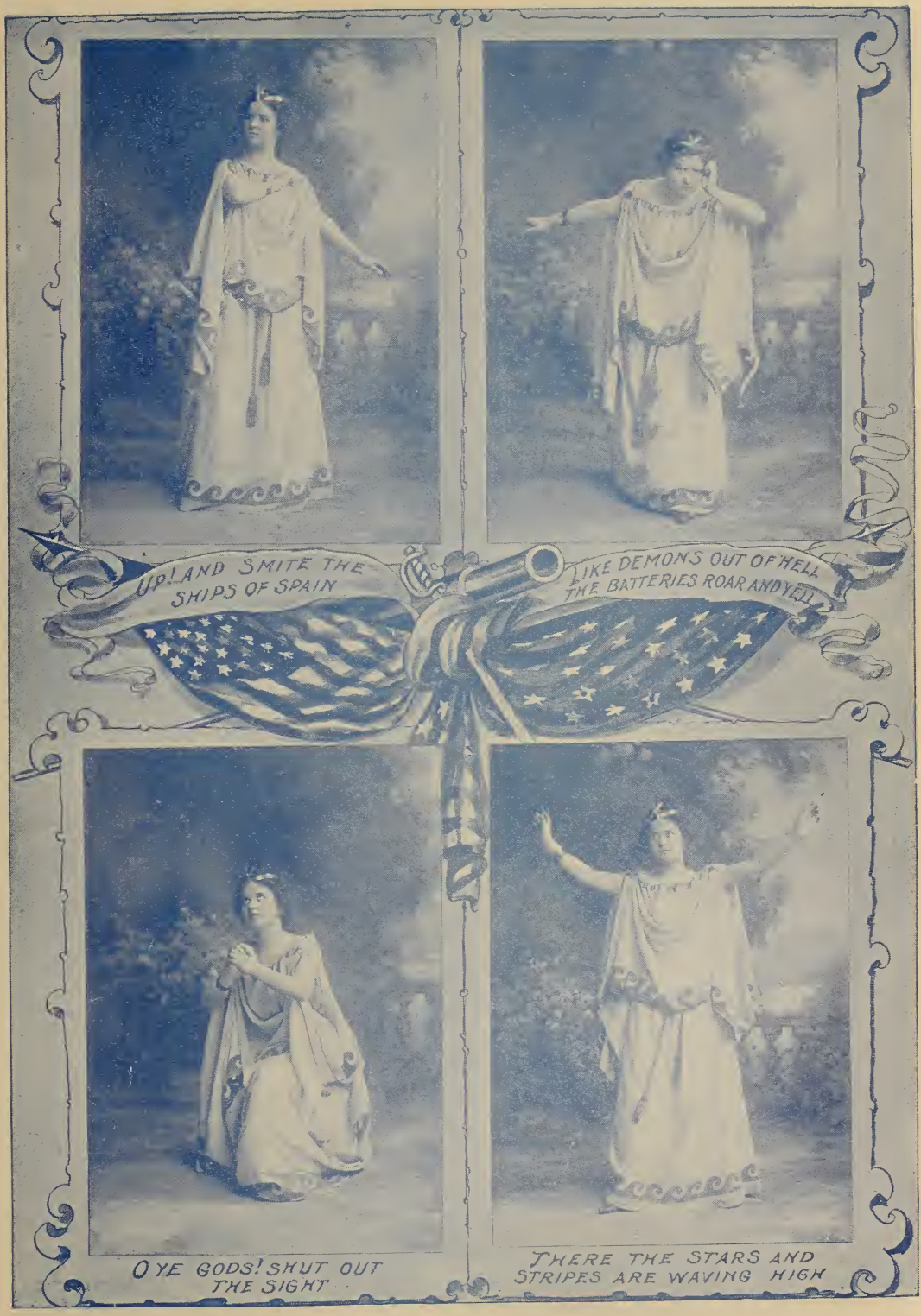
IDEAL—imaginary, fancied. (Actual.)

IDLE—indolent, lazy. (Industrious.)

IGNOMINIOUS—shameful, scandalous, infamous. (Honorable.)

IGNOMINY—shame, disgrace, obloquy, reproach.

IGNORANT—unlearned, illiterate, uninformed, uneducated. (Knowing.)



IN MANILA BAY



COMIN' THRO' THE RYE



NANE THEY SAY HA'E I



YET ALL THE LADS THEY SMILE AT ME



AMANG THE TRAIN THERE IS A SWAIN
I DEARLY LOVE MYSEL'

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

ILL, *n.*—evil, wickedness, misfortune, mischief, harm. (Good.)

ILL, *a.*—sick, indisposed, diseased. (Well.)

ILL-TEMPERED—crabbed, sour, acrimonious, surly. (Good-natured.)

ILL-WILL—enmity, antipathy. (Good-will.)

ILLEGAL—unlawful, illicit, contraband, illegitimate. (Legal.)

ILLIMITABLE—boundless, immeasurable, infinite.

ILLITERATE—unlettered, unlearned, untaught, uninstructed. (Learned, educated.)

ILLUSION—fallacy, deception, phantasm.

ILLUSORY—imaginary, chimerical. (Real.)

ILLUSTRATE—explain, elucidate, clear.

ILLUSTRIOUS—celebrated, noble, eminent, famous, renowned. (Obscure.)

IMAGE—likeness, picture, representation, effigy.

IMAGINARY—ideal, fanciful, illusory. (Real.)

IMAGINE—conceive, fancy, apprehend, think.

IMBECILITY—silliness, senility, dotage.

IMITATE—copy, ape, mimic, mock, counterfeit.

IMMACULATE—unspotted, spotless, unsullied, stainless. (Soiled.)

IMMEDIATE—pressing, instant, next, proximate.

IMMEDIATELY—instantly, forthwith, directly.

IMMENSE—vast, enormous, huge, prodigious.

IMMUNITY—privilege, prerogative, exemption.

IMPAIR—injure, diminish, decrease.

IMPART—reveal, divulge, disclose, discover, afford.

IMPARTIAL—just, equitable, unbiased. (Partial.)

IMPASSIONED—glowing, burning, fiery, intense.

IMPEACH—accuse, charge, arraign, censure.

IMPEDE—hinder, retard, obstruct. (Help.)

IMPEDIMENT—obstruction, hindrance, obstacle, barrier. (Aid.)

IMPEL—animate, induce, incite, instigate. embolden. (Retard.)

IMPENDING—imminent, threatening.

IMPERATIVE—commanding, authoritative.

IMPERFECTION—fault, blemish, defect, vice.

IMPERIL—endanger, hazard, jeopardize.

IMPERIOUS—commanding, dictatorial, imperative, authoritative, lordly, overbearing, domineering.

IMPERTINENT—intrusive, meddling, officious, rude, saucy, impudent, insolent.

IMPETUOUS—violent, boisterous, furious, vehement. (Calm.)

IMPIOUS—profane, irreligious. (Reverent.)

IMPLICATE—involve, entangle, embarrass.

IMPLY—involve, comprise, infold, import, denote.

IMPORTANCE—signification, significance, avail, consequence, weight, gravity, moment.

IMPOSING—impressive, striking, majestic, august, noble, grand. (Insignificant.)

IMPOTENCE—weakness, incapacity, infirmity, frailty, feebleness. (Power.)

IMPOTENT—weak, feeble, helpless, enfeebled, nerveless, infirm. (Strong.)

IMPRESSIVE—stirring, forcible, exciting, moving.

IMPRISON—incarcerated, shut up, immure, confine. (Liberate.)

IMPRISONMENT—captivity, durance.

IMPROVE—amend, better, mend, reform, rectify, ameliorate, apply, use, employ. (Deteriorate.)

IMPROVIDENT—careless, incautious, imprudent, prodigal, wasteful, reckless, rash. (Thrifty.)

IMPUDENCE—assurance, impertinence, confidence, insolence, rudeness.

IMPUDENT—saucy, brazen, bold, impertinent, forward, rude, insolent, immodest, shameless.

IMPULSE—incentive, incitement, instigation.

IMPULSIVE—rash, hasty, forcible. (Deliberate.)

IMPUTATION—blame, censure, reproach, charge.

INADVERTENCY—error, oversight, blunder, inattention, carelessness, negligence.

INCENTIVE—motive, inducement, impulse.

INCITE—instigate, excite, provoke, stimulate, urge, encourage, impel.

INCLINATION—leaning, slope, disposition, bent, tendency, bias, affection, attachment, wish, liking, desire. (Aversion.)

INCLINE, *v.*—slope, lean, slant, tend, bend, turn, bias, dispose.

INCLOSE—surround, shut in, fence in, cover, wrap.

INCLUDE—comprehend, comprise, contain, take in, embrace.

INCOMMODE—annoy, plague, molest, disturb, inconvenience, trouble. (Accommodate.)

INCOMPETENT—incapable, unable, inadequate.

INCREASE, *v.*—extend, enlarge, augment, dilate, expand, amplify, raise, enhance, aggravate, magnify, grow. (Diminish.)

INCREASE, *n.*—augmentation, accession, addition, enlargement, extension. (Decrease.)

INCUMBENT—obligatory.

INDEFINITE—vague, uncertain, unsettled, loose, lax. (Definite.)

INDICATE—point out, show, mark.

INDIFFERENCE—apathy, carelessness, listlessness, insensibility. (Application, assiduity.)

INDIGENCE—want, neediness, penury, poverty, destitution, privation. (Affluence.)

INDIGNATION—anger, wrath, ire, resentment.

INDIGNITY—insult, affront, outrage, opprobrium, obloquy, reproach, ignominy. (Honor.)

INDISCRIMINATE—promiscuous, chance, indistinct, confused. (Select, chosen.)

INDISPENSABLE—essential, necessary, requisite, expedient. (Unnecessary, supernumerary.)

INDISPUTABLE—undeniable, undoubted, incontestable, indubitable, unquestionable, infallible.

INDORSE—ratify, confirm, superscribe.

INDULGE—foster, cherish, fondle. (Deny.)

INEFFECTUAL—vain, useless, unavailing, fruitless, abortive, inoperative. (Effective.)

INEQUALITY—disparity, disproportion, dissimilarity, unevenness. (Equality.)

INEVITABLE—unavoidable, not to be avoided.

INFAMOUS—scandalous, shameful, ignominious, opprobrious, disgraceful. (Honorable.)

INFERENCE—deduction, corollary, conclusion.

INFERNAL—diabolical, fiendish, devilish, hellish.

INFEST—annoy, plague, harass, disturb.

INFIRM—week, feeble, enfeebled. (Robust.)

INFLAME—anger, irritate, enrage, chafe, incense, nettle, aggravate, embitter, exasperate. (Allay.)

INFLUENCE, *v.*—bias, sway, prejudice, preposess.

INFLUENCE, *n.*—credit, favor, reputation, weight, character, authority, sway, ascendency.

INFRINGE—invade, intrude, contravene, break, transgress, violate.

INGENUOUS—artless, candid, generous, sincere, open, frank, plain. (Crafty.)

INHUMAN—cruel, brutal, savage, barbarous, ruthless, merciless, ferocious. (Humane.)

INIQUITY—injustice, wrong, grievance.

INJURE—damage, hurt, deteriorate, wrong, spoil, aggrieve, harm, mar, sully. (Benefit.)

INJURIOUS—hurtful, baneful, pernicious, deleterious, noxious, prejudicial, wrongful. (Beneficial.)

INJUSTICE—wrong, iniquity, grievance. (Right.)

INNOCENT—guiltless, sinless, harmless, inoffensive, innoxious. (Guilty.)

INNOCUOUS—harmless, safe, innocent. (Hurtful.)

INORDINATE—intemperate, irregular, disorderly, excessive, immoderate. (Moderate.)

INQUIRY—investigation, examination, research, scrutiny, disquisition, question, interrogation.

INQUISITIVE—prying, peeping, curious, peering.

INSANE—deranged, delirous, demented. (Sane.)

INSANITY—madness, mental aberration, lunacy, delirium. (Sanity.)

INSINUATE—hint, intimate, suggest, infuse, introduce, ingratiate.

INSIPID—dull, flat, mawkish, tasteless, inanimate, vapid, lifeless. (Bright, sparkling.)

INSOLENT—rude, saucy, impertinent, abusive, pert, scurrilous, opprobrious, insulting, offensive.

INSPIRE—animate, exhilarate, enliven, breathe, cheer, inhale.

INSTABILITY—mutability, fickleness, mutableness, wavering. (Stability, firmness.)

INSTIGATE—stir up, persuade, animate, stimulate, incite, urge, encourage.

INSTIL—implant, inculcate, infuse, insinuate.

INSTRUCT—inform, teach, educate, enlighten.

INSTRUMENTAL—conducive, assistant, helping.

INSUFFICIENCY — incompetency, incapability, inadequacy, deficiency, lack.

INSULT—affront, outrage, indignity. (Honor.)

INSULTING—insolent, impertinent, abusive, rude.

INTEGRITY—uprightness, honesty, completeness, probity, entirety, entireness, purity. (Dishonesty.)

INTELLECT—understanding, sense, brains, mind, intelligence, ability, talent, genius. (Body.)

INTELLECTUAL—mental, metaphysical. (Brutal.)

INTELLIGIBLE—clear, obvious, plain. (Abstruse.)

INTEMPERATE—immoderate, excessive, drunken, nimious, inordinate. (Temperate.)

INTENSE—ardent, earnest, glowing, fervid, burning, vehement.

INTENT—design, purpose, intention, drift, view, aim, purport, meaning.

INTERCOURSE—commerce, connection, intimacy.

INTERDICT—forbid, prohibit, inhibit, proscribe debar, restrain from. (Allow.)

INTERFERE—meddle, intermeddle, interpose.

INTERMINABLE—endless, interminate, infinite, unlimited, illimitable, boundless. (Brief.)

INTERPOSE—intercede, arbitrate, mediate, interfere, meddle.

IMTERPRET—explain, expound, elucidate, unfold.

INTIMATE—hint, suggest, insinuate, express, tell, signify, impart.

INTIMIDATE—dishearten, alarm, frighten, scare, appal, daunt, cow, browbeat. (Encourage.)

INTOLERABLE—insufferable, unbearable, insupportable, unendurable.

INTREPID—bold, brave, daring, fearless, dauntless, undaunted, courageous, valorous, valiant, heroic, gallant, chivalrous, doughty. (Cowardly, faint-hearted.)

INTRIGUE—plot, cabal, conspiracy, combination, artifice, ruse, *amour*.

INTRINSIC—real, true, genuine, sterling, native, natural. (Extrinsic.)

INVALIDATE—quash, cancel, overthrow, vacate, nullify, annul.

INVASION—incursion, irruption, inroad, aggression, raid, fray.

INVECTIVE—abuse, reproach, railing, censure, sarcasm, satire.

INVENT—devise, contrive, frame, find out, discover.

INVESTIGATION—examination, search, inquiry, research, scrutiny.

INVETERATE — confirmed, chronic, malignant. (Inchoate.)

INVIDIOUS—envious, hateful, odious, malignant.

INVIGORATE—brace, harden, nerve, strengthen, fortify. (Enervate.)

INVINCIBLE—unconquerable, impregnable, insurmountable.

INVISIBLE—unseen, imperceptible, impalpable.

INVITE—ask, call, bid, request, allure, attract.

INVOKE—invocate, call upon, appeal, refer, implore, beseech.

INVOLVE—implicate, entangle, compromise.

IRKSOME—wearisome, tiresome, tedious, annoying. (Pleasant.)

IRONY—sarcasm, satire, ridicule, raillery.

IRRATIONAL—foolish, silly, imbecile, brutish, absurd, ridiculous. (Rational.)

IRREGULAR—eccentric, anomalous, inordinate, intemperate. (Regular.)

IRRELIGIOUS—profane, godless, impious, sacrilegious, desecrating.

IRREPROACHABLE—blameless, spotless.

IRRESISTIBLE—resistless, irrepressible.

IRRESOLUTE — wavering, undetermined, undecided, vacillating (Determined.)
IRRITABLE—excitable, irascible, susceptible, sensitive. (Calm.)
IRRITATE—aggravate, worry, embitter, madden.
ISSUE, *v.*—emerge, rise, proceed, flow, spring.
ISSUE, *n.*—end, upshot, effect, result, offspring.

JADE—harass, weary, tire, worry.
JANGLE—wrangle, conflict, disagree.
JARRING—conflicting, discordant, inconsonant.
JAUNT—ramble, excursion, trip.
JEALOUSY—suspicion, envy.
JEOPARD—hazard, peril, endanger.
JEST—joke, sport, divert, make game of.
JOURNEY—travel, tour, passage.
JOY—gladness, mirth, delight. (Grief.)
JUDGE—justice, referee, arbitrator.
JOYFUL—glad, rejoicing, exultant. (Mournful.)
JUDGMENT—discernment, discrimination.
JUSTICE—equity, right. Justice is right as established by law; equity according to the circumstances of each particular case. (Injustice.)
JUSTNESS—accuracy, correctness, precision.

KEEP—preserve, save. (Abandon.)
KILL—assassinate, murder, slay.
KINDRED—affinity, consanguinity, relationship.
KNOWLEDGE—erudition, learning. (Ignorance.)

LABOR—toil, work, effort, drudgery. (Idleness.)
LACK—need, deficiency, scarcity, insufficiency. (Plenty.)
LAMENT—mourn, grieve, weep. (Rejoice.)
LANGUAGE—dialect, idiom, speech, tongue.
LASCIVIOUS—loose, unchaste, lustful, lewd, lecherous. (Chaste.)
LAST—final, latest, ultimate. (First.)
LAUDABLE—commendable. (Blamable.)
LAUGHABLE—comical, droll, ludicrous. (Serious.)
LAWFUL—legal, legitimate, licit. (Illegal.)
LEAD—conduct, guide. (Follow.)
LEAN—meager. (Fat.)
LEARNED—erudite, scholarly. (Ignorant.)
LEAVE, *v.*—quit, relinquish.
LEAVE, *n.*—liberty, permission. (Prohibition.)
LIFE—existence, animation, spirit. (Death.)
LIFELESS—dead, inanimate.
LIFT—erect, elevate, exalt, raise. (Lower.)
LIGHT—clear, bright. (Dark.)
LIGHTNESS—flightiness, giddiness, levity, volatility. (Seriousness.)
LIKENESS—resemblance, similarity. (Unlikeness.)
LINGER—lag, loiter, tarry, saunter. (Hasten.)
LITTLE—diminutive, small. (Great.)
LIVELIHOOD—living, maintenance, subsistence.
LIVELY—jocund, merry, sportive, sprightly, vivacious. (Slow, languid, sluggish.)
LONG—extended, extensive. (Short.)
LOOK—appear, seem, aspect, glance, peep.
LOSE—miss, forfeit. (Gain.)
LOSS—detriment, damage, deprivation. (Gain.)
LOUD—clamorous, high-sounding, noisy. (Low, quiet.)
LOVE—affection. (Hatred.)
LOW—abject, mean. (Noble.)
LUNACY—derangement, insanity, mania, madness (Sanity.)
LUSTER—brightness, brilliancy, splendor.
LUXURIANT—exuberant. (Sparse.)

MACHINATION—plot, intrigue, cabal, conspiracy (Artlessness.)
MAD—crazy, delirious, insane, rabid, violent, frantic. (Sane, rational, quiet.)
MADNESS—insanity, fury, rage, frenzy.
MAGISTERIAL—august, dignified, majestic, pompous, stately.
MAKE—form, create, produce. (Destroy.)
MALEDICTION—anathema, curse, imprecation.
MALEVOLENT—malicious, virulent, malignant. (Benevolent.)
MALICE—spite, rancor, ill-feeling, grudge, animosity, ill-will. (Benignity.)
MALICIOUS—see malevolent.
MANACLE, *v.*—shackle, fetter, chain. (Free.)
MANAGE—contrive, concert, direct.
MANAGEMENT—direction, superintendence, care.
MANGLE—tear, lacerate, mutilate, cripple, maim.
MANIA—madness, insanity, lunacy.
MANIFEST, *v.*—reveal, prove, evince, exhibit, display, show.
MANIFEST, *a.*—clear, plain, evident, open, apparent, visible. (Hidden, occult.)
MANIFOLD—several, sundry, various, divers.
MANLY—masculine, vigorous, courageous, brave, heroic. (Effeminate.)
MANNER—habit, custom, way, air, look.
MANNERS—morals, habits, behavior, carriage.
MAR—spoil, ruin, disfigure. (Improve.)
MARCH—tramp, tread, walk, step, space.
MARGIN—edge, rim, border, brink, verge.
MARK, *n.*—sign, note, symptom, token, indication, trace, vestige, track, badge, brand.
MARK, *v.*—impress, print, stamp, engrave, note.
MARRIAGE—wedding, nuptials, matrimony.
MARTIAL—military, warlike, soldierlike.
MARVEL—wonderful, miracle, prodigy.
MARVELOUS—wondrous, wonderful, miraculous.
MASSIVE — bulky, heavy, weighty, ponderous, solid, substantial. (Flimsy.)
MASTERY—dominion, rule, sway, ascendancy.
MATCHLESS—unrivaled, unequaled, unparalleled, peerless, incomparable, inimitable, surpassing. (Common, ordinary.)
MATERIAL, *a.*—corporeal, bodily, physical, temporal, momentous. (Spiritual, immaterial.)

MAXIM—adage, apothegm, proverb, saying, byword, saw.

MEAGER—poor, lank, emaciated, barren, dry, uninteresting. (Rich.)

MEAN, *a.*—stingy, niggardly, low, abject, vile, ignoble, degraded, contemptible, vulgar, despicable. (Generous.)

MEAN, *v.*—design, purpose, intend, contemplate, signify, denote, indicate.

MEANING—signification, import, acceptation, sense, purport.

MEDIUM—organ, channel, instrument, means.

MEDLEY—mixture, variety, diversity, miscellany.

MEEK—unassuming, mild, gentle. (Proud.)

MELANCHOLY—low-spirited, dispirited, dreamy, sad. (Jolly, buoyant.)

MELLOW—ripe, mature, soft. (Immature.)

MELODIOUS—tuneful, musical, silver, dulcet, sweet. (Discordant.)

MEMORABLE—signal, distinguished, marked.

MEMORIAL—monument, memento.

MEMORY—remembrance, recollection.

MENACE, *n.*—threat.

MEND—repair, amend, correct, better, ameliorate, improve, rectify.

MENTION—tell, name, communicate, impart, divulge, reveal, disclose, inform, acquaint.

MERCIFUL—compassionate, lenient, clement, tender, gracious, kind. (Cruel.)

MERCILESS—hard-hearted, cruel, unmerciful, pitiless, remorseless, unrelenting. (Kind.)

MERRIMENT—mirth, joviality, jollity. (Sorrow.)

MERRY—cheerful, mirthful, joyous, gay, lively, sprightly, hilarious, blithe, blithesome, jovial, sportive, jolly. (Sad.)

METAPHORICAL—figurative, allegorical.

METHOD—way, manner, mode, process, order, rule, regularity, system.

MIEN—air, look, manner, aspect, appearence.

MIGRATORY—roving, strolling, wandering, vagrant. (Settled, sedate, permanent.)

MIMIC—imitate, ape, mock.

MINDFUL—observant, attentive. (Heedless.)

MISCELLANEOUS—promicuous, indiscriminate.

MISCHIEF—injury, harm, damage, hurt. (Benefit.)

MISCREANT—caitiff, villain, ruffian.

MISERABLE—unhappy, wretched, distressed, afflicted. (Happy.)

MISERLY—stingy, niggardly, avaricious, griping.

MISERY—wretchedness, woe, destitution, penury, privation, beggary. (Happiness.)

MISFORTUNE—calamity, disaster, mishap, catastrophe. (Good luck.)

MISS—omit, lose, fall, miscarry.

MITIGATE—alleviate, relieve, abate. (Aggravate.)

MODERATE—temperate, abstemious, sober, abstinent. (Immoderate.)

MODEST—chaste, virtuous, bashful. (Immodest.)

MOIST—wet, damp, dank, humid. (Dry.)

MONOTONOUS—unvaried, tiresome. (Varied.)

MONSTROUS—shocking, dreadful, horrible, huge.

MONUMENT—memorial, record, remembrancer.

MOOD—humor, disposition, vein, temper.

MORBID—sick, ailing, sickly, diseased, corrupted. (Normal, sound.)

MOROSE—gloomy, sullen, surly, fretful, crabbed crusty. (Joyous.)

MORTAL—deadly, fatal, human.

MOTION—proposition, proposal, movement.

MOTIONLESS—still, stationary, torpid, stagnant (Active, moving.)

MOUNT—arise, rise, ascend, soar, tower, climb.

MOURNFUL—sad, sorrowful, lugubrious, grievous, doleful, heavy, (Happy.)

MOVE—actuate, impel, induce, prompt, instigate, persuade, stir, agitate, propel, push.

MULTITUDE—crowd, throng, host, mob, swarm.

MURDER, *v.*—kill, assassinate, slay, massacre.

MUSE, *v.*—meditate, contemplate, think, reflect, cogitate, ponder.

MUSIC—harmony, melody, symphony.

MUSICAL—tuneful, melodious, harmonious, sweet.

MUSTY—stale, sour, fetid. (Fresh, sweet.)

MUTE—dumb, silent, speechless.

MUTILATE—maim, cripple, disable, disfigure.

MUTINOUS—insurgent, seditious, tumultuous, turbulent, riotous. (Obedient, orderly.)

MUTUAL—reciprocal, interchanged, correlative. (Sole, solitary.)

MYSTERIOUS—dark, obscure, hidden, secret, dim, mystic, enigmatical, unaccountable. (Open, clear.)

MYSTIFY—confuse, perplex. (Clear, explain.)

NAKED—nude, bare, uncovered, unclothed, rough, rude, simple. (Covered, clad.)

NAME, *v.*—denominate, entitle, style, designate, term, call, christen.

NAME, *n.*—appellation, designation, denomination, title, cognomen, reputation, character, fame, credit, repute.

NARRATE—tell, relate, detail, recount, describe, enumerate, rehearse, recite.

NASTY—filthy, foul, dirty, unclean, impure, gross, indecent, vile.

NATION—people, community, realm, state.

NATIVE—indigenous, inborn, vernacular.

NATURAL—original, regular, normal, bastard. (Unnatural, forced.)

NEAR—nigh, neighboring, close, adjacent, contiguous, intimate. (Distant.)

NECESSARY—needful, expedient, essential, indispensable, requisite. (Useless.)

NECESSITATE—compel, force, oblige.

NECESSITY—need, occasion, exigency, emergency, urgency, requisite.

NEED, *n.*—necessity, distress, poverty, indigence, want, penury.

NEED, *v.*—require, want, lack.

NEGLECT, *v.*—disregard, slight, omit, overlook.



REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES DICKENS

1. THE BIRTHPLACE OF CHARLES DICKENS, COMMERCIAL ROAD, PORTSEA. 2. THE "DARK COURT" IN FLEET STREET, (JOHNSON'S COURT) WHERE DICKENS POSTED HIS FIRST SKETCH. 3. THE HOUSE IN FURNIVAL'S INN WHERE "PICKWICK" WAS WRITTEN. 4. CHARLES DICKENS EDITING "HOUSEHOLD WORDS." 5. THE CHURCH IN WHICH DICKENS WAS MARRIED, ST. LUKE'S, CHELSEA. 6. GAD'S HILL PLACE, ROCHESTER, THE NOVELISTS' LAST HOME. 7. THE MOAT, ROCHESTER CASTLE, WHERE DICKENS DESIRED TO BE BURIED.



FRANCIS WILSON

"It was all about a--ha! ha! and a--ho! ho! ho!--well really:
It is--he! he! he!--I never could begin to tell you."

(A Fine Study of Mirth)

NEGLECT, *n.*—omission, failure, default, slight, negligence, remisness, carelessness.
NEIGHBORHOOD—environs, vicinity, nearness, adjacency, proximity.
NERVOUS—timid, timorous, shaky.
NEW—fresh, recent, novel. (Old.)
NEWS—tidings, intelligence, information.
NICE—exact, accurate, good, particular, precise, fine, delicate. (Careless, coarse, unpleasant.)
NIMBLE—active, brisk, lively, alert, quick, agile, prompt. (Awkward.)
NOBILITY—aristocracy, greatness, grandeur.
NOBLE—exalted, elevated, illustrious, great, grand, lofty. (Low.)
NOISE—cry, outcry, clamor, row, din, uproar, tumult. (Silence.)
NONSENSICAL—irrational, absurd, silly, foolish. (Sensible.)
NOTABLE—plain, evident, remarkable, striking, signal, rare. (Obscure.)
NOTE, *n.*—token, symbol, mark, sign, indication, remark, comment.
NOTED—distinguished, remarkable, eminent, renowned. (Obscure.)
NOTICE, *n.*—advice, notification, intelligence.
NOTICE, *v.*—mark, note, observe, attend to, heed.
NOTIFY, *v.*—publish, acquaint, apprise, inform.
NOTION—conception, idea, belief, opinion.
NOTORIOUS — conspicuous, open, obvious, ill-famed. (Unknown.)
NOURISH — nurture, cherish, foster, supply. (Starve, famish.)
NOURISHMENT—food, diet, sustenance, nutrition.
NOVEL—modern, new, fresh, recent, unused, rare, strange. (Old.)
NOXIOUS—hurtful, deadly poisonous, deleterious, baneful. (Beneficial.)
NULLIFY—annul, vacate, invalidate, quash, cancel, repeal. (Affirm.)
NUTRITION—food, diet, nutriment, nourishment.

OBDURATE—hard, callous, hardened, unfeeling, insensible. (Yielding, tractable.)
OBEDIENT—compliant, submissive, dutiful, respectful. (Obstinate.)
OBESE—corpulent, fat, adipose. (Attenuated.)
OBEY, *v.*—conform, comply, submit. (Rebel.)
OBJECT, *n.*—aim, end, purpose, design, mark.
OBJECT, *v.*—oppose, except to, contravene, impeach, deprecate. (Assent.)
OBNOXIOUS—offensive. (Agreeble.)
OBSCURE—undistinguished, unknown. (Distinguished.)
OBSTINATE—contumacious, headstrong, stubborn, obdurate. (Yielding.)
OCCASION—opportunity.
OFFENCE—affront, misdeed, misdemeanor, transgression, trespass.
OFFENSIVE—insolent, abusive. (Inoffensive.)
OFFICE—charge, function, place.
OFFSPRING—issue, progeny, children, posterity.
OLD—aged, superanuated, ancient, antique, antiquated, obsolete, old-fashioned. (Young, new.)
OMEN—presage, prognostic.
OPAQUE—dark. (Bright, transparent.)
OPEN—candid, unreserved, clear, fair. (Hidden.)
OPINION—notion, view, judgment, sentiment.
OPINIONATED—conceited, egotistical. (Modest.)
OPPOSE—resist, withstand, thwart. (Give way.)
OPTION—choice.
ORDER—method, system, regularity. (Disorder.)
ORIGIN—cause, occasion, beginning. (End.)
OUTLIVE—survive.
OUTWARD—external, outside, exterior. (Inner.)
OVER—above. (Under.)
OVERBALANCE—outweigh, prepouderate.
OVERBEAR—bear down, overwhelm, overpower.
OVERBEARING—haughty, arrogant. (Gentle.)
OVERFLOW—inundation, deluge.
OVERRULE—supersede, suppress.
OVERSPREAD—overrun, ravage.
OVERTURN—invert, overthrow, reverse, subvert. (Establish, fortify.)
OVERWHELM—crush, defeat, vanquish.

PAIN—suffering, qualm, pang, agony, anquish. (Pleasure.)
PALLID—pale, wan. (Florid.)
PART—division, portion, share, fraction. (Whole.)
PARTICULAR—exact, distinct, singular, strange, odd. (General.)
PATIENT—passive, submissive. (Obdurate.)
PEACE—calm, quiet, tranquility. (War, trouble, riot, turbulence.)
PEACEABLE—pacific, peaceful, quiet. (Troublesome, riotous.)
PENETRATE—bore, pierce, perforate.
PENETRATION—acuteness, sagacity. (Dullness.)
PEOPLE—nation, persons, folks.
PERCEIVE—note, observe, discern, distinguish.
PERCEPTION—conception, notion, idea.
PERIL—danger, pitfall, snare. (Safety.)
PERMIT—allow, tolerate. (Forbid.)
PERSUADE—allure, entice, prevail upon.
PHYSICAL—corporeal, bodily, material. (Mental.)
PICTURE—engraving, print, representation, illustration, image.
PITEOUS—doleful, woeful, rueful. (Joyful.)
PITILESS—see merciless.
PITY—compassion, sympathy. (Cruelty.)
PLACE, *n.*—spot, site, position, post, situation.
PLACE, *v.*—order, dispose.
PLAIN—open, manifest, evident. (Secret.)
PLAY—game, sport, amusement. (Work.)
PLEASE—gratify, pacify. (Displease.)
PLEASURE—charm, delight, joy. (Pain.)
PLENTIFUL—abundant ample, copious, plenteous. (Scarce.)

POISE—balance, equilibrium, evenness.

POSITIVE—absolute, peremptory, decided, certain. (Negative, undecided.)

POSSESSOR—owner, proprietor.

POSSIBLE—practical, practicable. (Impossible.)

POVERTY—penury, indigence, need. (Wealth.)

POWER—authority, force, strength, dominion.

POWERFUL—mighty, potent. (Weak.)

PRAISE—commend, extol, laud. (Blame.)

PRAYER—entreaty, petition, request, suit.

PRETENCE, *n.*—pretext, subterfuge.

PREVAILING—predominant, prevalent, general. (Isolated, sporadic.)

PREVENT—obviate, preclude.

PREVIOUS—antecedent, introductory, preparatory, preliminary. (Subsequent.)

PRIDE—vanity, conceit. (Humility.)

PRINCIPALLY—chiefly, essentially, mainly.

PRINCIPLE—ground, reason, motive, impulse, maxim, rule, rectitude, integrity.

PRIVILEGE—immunity, advantage, favor, claim, prerogative, exemption, right.

PROBITY—rectitude, uprightness, honesty, integrity, sincerity, soundness. (Dishonesty.)

PROBLEMATICAL—uncertain, doubtful, dubious, questionable, disputable, suspicious. (Certain.)

PRODIGIOUS—huge, enormous, vast, amazing, astonishing, astounding, surprising, remarkable, wonderful. (Insignificant.)

PROFESSION—business, trade, occupation, office, vocation, employment, engagement, avowal.

PROFFER—volunteer, offer, propose, tender.

PROFLIGATE—abandoned, dissolute, depraved, vicious, degenerate, corrupt. (Virtuous.)

PROFOUND—deep, fathomless, penetrating, recondite, solemn, abstruse. (Shallow.)

PROFUSE—extravagant, prodigal, lavish, copious, improvident, excessive, plentiful. (Succinct.)

PROLIFIC—productive, generative, fertile, fruitful, teeming. (Barren.)

PROLIX—diffuse, long, prolonged, tedious, wordy, tiresome, verbose, prosaic. (Concise, brief.)

PROMINENT—eminent, conspicuous, marked, important, leading. (Obscure.)

PROMISCUOUS—mixed, unarranged, mingled, indiscriminate. (Select.)

PROMPT—See punctual.

PROP, *v.*—maintain, sustain, support, stay.

PROPAGATE—spread, circulate, diffuse, disseminate, extend, breed, increase. (Suppress.)

PROPER—legitimate, right, just, fair, equitable, honest, suitable, fit, adapted, meet, becoming, befitting, decent, pertinent. (Wrong.)

PROSPER—flourish, succeed, grow rich, thrive, advance. (Fail.)

PROSPERITY—well-being, weal, welfare, happiness, good luck. (Poverty.)

PROXY—agent, representative, substitute, deputy.

PRUDENCE—carefulness, judgment, discretion, wisdom. (Indiscretion.)

PRURIENT—itching, craving, hankering, longing.

PUERILE—youthful, juvenile, boyish, childish, infantile, trifling, weak, silly. (Mature.)

PUNCTILIOUS—nice, particular, formal, precise. (Negligent.)

PUNCTUAL—exact, precise, nice, particular, prompt, timely. (Dilatory.)

PUTREFY—rot, decompose, corrupt, decay.

PUZZLE, *v.*—preplex, confound, embarrass, pose, bewilder, confuse, mystify. (Enlighten.)

QUACK—imposter, pretender, charlatan, empiric, mountebank. (Savant.)

QUAINT—artful, curious, far-fetched, fanciful, odd.

QUALIFIED—competent, fitted. (Incompetent.)

QUALITY—attribute, rank, distinction.

QUERULOUS—doubting, complaining, fretting, repining. (Patient.)

QUESTION—query, inquiry, interrogatory.

QUIBBLE—cavil, evade, equivocate, shuffle.

QUICK—lively, ready, prompt, alert, nimble, agile, active, brisk, expeditious, adroit, fleet, rapid, impetuous, swift, sweeping, dashing, clever. (Slow.)

QUOTE—note, repeat, cite, adduce.

RABID—mad, furious, raging, frantic. (Rational.)

RACE—course, match, pursuit, career, family, clan, house, ancestry, lineage, pedigree.

RACK—agonize, wring, torture, excruciate, harass, distress. (Soothe.)

RACY—spicy, pungent, smart, spirited, vivacious, lively. (Dull, insipid.)

RADIANCE—splendor, brightness, brilliance, brilliancy, lustre, glare. (Dullness.)

RADICAL—organic, innate, fundamental, original, constitutional, inherent, complete, entire. (Superficial. In a political sense, uncompromising; antonym, moderate.)

RANCID—fetid, rank, stinking, sour, tainted, foul. (Fresh, sweet.)

RANCOR—malignity, hatred, hostility, antipathy, animosity, enmity, ill-will, spite. (Forgiveness.)

RANK—order, degree, dignity, consideration.

RANSACK—rummage, pillage, overhaul, explore.

RANSOM—emancipate, free, unfetter.

RANT—bombast, fustian, cant.

RAPACIOUS—ravenous, voracious, greedy, grasping. (Generous.)

RAPT—ecstatic, transported, ravished, entranced, charmed. (Distracted.)

RAPTURE—ecstacy, transport, bliss. (Dejection.)

RARE—scarce, singular, uncommon, unique.

RASCAL—scoundrel, rogue, knave, vagabond.

RASH—hasty, precipitate, foolhardy, adventurous, heedless, reckless, careless. (Deliberate.)

RATE—value, compute, appraise, estimate, abuse.

RATIFY—confirm, establish, substantiate, sanction (Protest, oppose.)

RATIONAL—reasonable, sagacious, judicious, wise, sensible, sound. (Unreasonable.)

RAVAGE—overrun, overspread, desolate, despoil.

RAVISH—enrapture, enchant, charm, delight.

RAZE—demolish, destroy, overthrow, dismantle, ruin. (Build up.)

REACH—touch, stretch, attain, gain, arrive at.

READY—prepared, ripe, apt, prompt, adroit, handy. (Slow, dilatory.)

REAL—actual, literal, practical, positive, certain, genuine, true. (Unreal.)

REALIZE—accomplish, achieve, effect, gain, get, acquire, comprehend.

REAP—gain, get, acquire, obtain.

REASON, *n.*—motive, design, end, proof, cause, ground, purpose.

REASON, *v.*—deduce, draw from, trace, conclude.

REASONABLE—rational, wise, honest, fair, right, just. (Unreasonable.)

REBELLION—insurrection, revolt.

RECANT—recall, abjure, retract, revoke.

RECEDE—retire, retreat, withdraw, ebb.

RECEIVE—accept, take, admit, entertain.

RECEPTION—receiving, levee, receipt, admission.

RECESS—retreat, depth, niche, vacation.

RECREATION—sport, pastime, play, amusement, game, fun.

REDEEM—ransom, recover, rescue, deliver, save.

REDRESS—remedy, repair, remission, abatement.

REDUCE—abate, lessen, decrease, lower, shorten.

REFINED—polite, courtly, polished, cultured, purified, genteel. (Boorish.)

REFLECT—consider, cogitate, think, muse, censure.

REFORM—amend, correct, better, restore, improve. (Corrupt.)

REFORMATION—improvement, reform, amendment. (Corruption.)

REFUGE—asylum, protection, harbor, shelter.

REFUSE, *v.*—deny, reject, repudiate, decline, withhold. (Accept.)

REFUSE, *n.*—dregs, dross, scum, rubbish, leavings.

REFUTE—disprove, falsify, negative. (Affirm.)

REGARD, *v.*—mind, heed, notice, behold, respect, view, consider.

REGRET, *n.*—grief, sorrow, lamentation, remorse.

REGULAR—orderly, uniform, customary, ordinary, stated. (Irregular.)

REGULATE—methodize, arrange, adjust, organize, govern, rule. (Disorder.)

REIMBURSE—refund, repay, satisfy, indemnify.

RELEVANT—fit, proper, suitable, appropriate, apt, pertinent. (Irrelevant.)

RELIANCE—trust, hope, dependence, confidence. (Suspicion.)

RELIEF—succor, aid, help, redress, alleviation.

RELINQUISH—give up, forsake, resign, surrender, quit, leave, forego. (Retain.)

REMEDY—help, relief, redress, cure, specific.

REMORSELESS—pitiless, relentless, cruel, ruthless, merciless, barbarous. (Merciful, humane.)

REMOTE—distant, far, secluded, indirect. (Near.)

REPRODUCE—propagate, imitate, represent, copy.

REPUDIATE—disown, discard, disavow, renounce, disclaim. (Acknowledge.)

REPUGNANT—antagonistic, distasteful. (Agreeable.)

REPULSIVE—forbidding, odious, ugly, disagreeable, revolting. (Attractive.)

RESPITE—reprieve, interval, stop, pause.

REVENGE—vengeance, retaliation, requital, retribution. (Forgiveness.)

REVENUE—produce, income, fruits, proceeds.

REVERENCE, *n.*—honor, respect, awe, veneration, deference, worship, homage. (Execration.)

REVISE—review, reconsider.

REVIVE—refresh, renew, renovate, animate, resuscitate, vivify, cheer, comfort.

RICH—wealthy, affluent, opulent, copious, ample, abundant, exuberant, plentiful, fertile, gorgeous, superb, fruitful. (Poor.)

RIVAL, *n.*—antagonist, opponent, competitor.

ROAD—way, highway, route, course, path, pathway, anchorage.

ROAM—ramble, rove, wander, stray, stroll.

ROBUST—strong, lusty, vigorous, sinewy, stalwart, stout, sturdy, able-bodied. (Puny.)

ROUT, *v.*—discomfit, beat, defeat, overthrow.

ROUTE—road, course, march, way, journey, path.

RUDE—rugged, rough, uncouth, unpolished, harsh, gruff, impertinent, saucy, flippant, impudent, insolent, saucy, churlish. (Polite, polished.)

RULE—sway, method, system, law, maxim, guide, precept, formula, regulation, government, test, standard.

RUMOR—hearsay, talk, fame, report, bruit.

RUTHLESS—cruel, savage, barbarous, inhuman, merciless, remorseless, relentless. (Considerate.)

SACRED—holy, hallowed, divine, consecrated, dedicated, devoted. (Profane.)

SAFE—secure, harmless, trustworthy. (Perilous.)

SANCTION—confirm, countenance, encourage, support, ratify, authorize. (Disapprove.)

SANE—sober, lucid, sound, rational. (Crazy.)

SAUCY—impertinent, rude, impudent, insolent, flippant, forward. (Modest.)

SCANDALIZE—shock, disgust, offend, calumniate, vilify, revile, malign, traduce, defame, slander.

SCANTY—bare, pinched, insufficient, slender, meager. (Ample.)

SCATTER—strew, spread, disseminate, disperse, dissipate, dispel. (Collect.)

SECRET—clandestine, concealed, hidden, sly, underhand, latent, private. (Open.)

SEDUCE—allure, attract, decoy, entice, abduct, inveigle, deprave.

SENSE—discernment, appreciation, view, opinion, feeling, perception, sensibility, susceptibility, significance, thought, judgment, signification, meaning, import, purport, wisdom.

SENSIBLE—wise, intelligent, reasonable, sober, sound, conscious, aware. (Foolish.)

SETTLE—arrange, adjust, regulate, conclude.

SEVERAL—sundry, divers, various, many.

SEVERE—harsh, stern, stringent, unmitigated, unyielding, rough. (Lenient.)

SHAKE—tremble, shudder, shiver, quake, quiver.

SHALLOW — superficial, flimsy, slight. (Deep, thorough.)

SHAME—disgrace, dishonor. (Honor.)

SHAMEFUL—degrading, scandalous, disgraceful, outrageous. (Honorable.)

SHAMELESS—immodest, impudent, indecent, indelicate, brazen.

SHAPE—form, fashion, mold, model.

SHARE—portion, lot, division, quantity, quota.

SHARP—acute, keen. (Dull.)

SHINE—glare, glitter, radiate, sparkle.

SHORT—brief, concise, succinct, summary. (Long.)

SHOW, *n.*—exhibition, sight, spectacle.

SICK—diseased, sickly, unhealthy. (Healthy.)

SICKNESS—illness, indisposition, disease disorder. (Health.)

SIGNIFICANT, *a.*—expressive, material, important. (Insignificant.)

SIGNIFICATION—import, meaning, sense.

SILENCE—speechlessness, dumbness. (Noise.)

SILENT—dumb, mute, speechless. (Talkative.)

SIMILE—comparison, similitude.

SIMPLE—single, uncompounded, artless, plain. (Complex, compound.)

SIMULATE—dissimulate, dissemble, pretend.

SINCERE—candid, hearty, honest, pure, genuine, real. (Insincere.)

SITUATION—condition, plight, predicament, state.

SIZE—bulk, greatness, magnitude, dimension.

SLAVERY — servitude, enthrallment, thralldom. (Freedom.)

SLEEP—doze, drowse, nap, slumber.

SLEEPY—somnolent. (Wakeful.)

SLOW—dilatory, tardy. (Fast.)

SMELL—fragrance, odor, perfume, scent.

SMOOTH—even, level, mild. (Rough.)

SOAK—drench, imbrue, steep.

SOCIAL—sociable, friendly, communicative. (Unsocial.)

SOFT—gentle, meek, mild. (Hard.)

SOLICIT—importune, urge.

SOLITARY—sole, only, single.

SORRY—grieved, poor, paltry, insignificant. (Glad, respectable.)

SOUL—mind, spirit. (Soul is opposed to body, mind to matter.)

SOUND, *a.*—healthy, sane. (Unsound.)

SOUND, *n.*—tone, noise, silence.

SPACE—room.

SPARSE—scanty, thin. (Luxuriant.)

SPEAK—converse, talk, confer, say, tell.

SPECIAL—particular, specific. (General.)

SPEND—expend, exhaust, consume, waste, dissipate. (Save.)

SPORADIC—isolated, rare. (General, prevalent.)

SPREAD—disperse, diffuse, expand, disseminate.

SPRING—fountain, source.

STAFF—prop, support, stay.

STAGGER—reel, totter.

STAIN—soil, discolor, spot, sully, tarnish.

STATE—commonwealth, realm.

STERILE—barren, unfruitful. (Fertile.)

STIFLE—choke, suffocate, smother.

STORMY—rough, boisterous, tempestuous. (Calm.)

STRAIGHT—direct, right. (Crooked.)

STRAIT, *a.*—narrow, confined.

STRANGER—alien, foreigner. (Friend.)

STRENGTHEN—fortify, invigorate. (Weaken.)

STRONG—robust, sturdy, powerful. (Weak.)

STUPID—dull, foolish, obtuse, witless. (Clever.)

SUBJECT—exposed to, liable, obnoxious. (Exempt.)

SUBJECT — inferior, suborbinate. (Superior to, above.)

SUBSEQUENT—succeeding, following. (Previous.)

SUBSTANTIAL—solid, durable. (Unsubstantial.)

SUIT—accord, agree. (Disagree.)

SUPERFICIAL—flimsy, shallow, untrustworthy. (Thorough.)

SUPERFLUOUS—unnecessary. (Necessary.)

SURROUND—encircle, encompass, environ.

SUSTAIN—maintain, support.

SYMMETRY—proportion.

SYMPATHY—commiseration, compassion.

SYSTEM—method, plan, order.

SYSTEMATIC — orderly, regular, methodical. (Chaotic.)

TAKE—accept, receive. (Give.)

TALKATIVE—garrulous, loquacious, communicative. (Silent.)

TASTE—flavor, relish, savor. (Tastelessness.)

TAX—custom, duty, impost, excise, toll.

TAX—assessment, rate.

TEASE—taunt, tantalize, torment, vex.

TEMPORARY, *a.*—fleeting, transient, transitory (Permanent.)

TENACIOUS—pertinacious, retentive.

TENDENCY—aim, drift, scope.

TENET—position, view, conviction, belief.

TERM—boundary, limit, period, time.

TERRITORY—dominion.

THANKFUL—grateful, obliged. (Thankless.)

THANKLESS—ungracious, profitless, ungrateful unthankful.

THAW—melt, dissolve, liquefy. (Freeze.)

THEATRICAL—dramatic, showy, ceremonious.

THEFT—robbery, depredation, spoliation.

THEME—subject, topic, text, essay.

THEORY—speculation, scheme, plea, hypothesis, conjecture.

THEREFORE—accordingly, consequently, hence.

THICK—dense, close, compact, solid, coagulated, muddy, turbid, misty, vaporous. (Thin.)

THIN—slim, slender, slight, flimsy, lean, scraggy, attenuated.

THINK—cogitate, consider, reflect, ponder, muse, contemplate, meditate, conceive, fancy, imagine, apprehend, hold, esteem, reckon, consider, deem, regard, believe, opine.

THOROUGH—accurate, correct, trustworthy, complete, reliable. (Superficial.)

THOUGHT—idea, conception, imagination, fancy, conceit, notion, supposition, care, provision, consideration, opinion, view, sentiment, reflection, deliberation.

THOUGHTFUL — considerate, careful, cautious, heedful, contemplative, reflective, provident, pensive, dreamy. (Thoughtless.)

THOUGHTLESS—inconsiderate, rash, precipitate, improvident, heedless.

TIE, *v.*—bind, restrain, restrict, oblige, secure, join, unite. (Loose.)

TIME—duration, season, period, era, age, date, span, spell.

TOLERATE—allow, admit, receive, suffer, permit, let, endure, abide. (Oppose.)

TOP—summit, apex, head, crown, surface. (Base, bottom.)

TORRID—burning, hot, parching, scorching.

TORTUOUS—twisted, winding, crooked, indirect.

TORTURE—torment, anguish, agony.

TOUCHING—tender, affecting, moving, pathetic.

TRACTABLE—docile, manageable, amenable.

TRADE—traffic, commerce, dealing, occupation, employment, office.

TRADITIONAL—oral, uncertain, transmitted.

TRAFFIC—trade, exchange, commerce.

TRAMMEL, *n.*—fetter, shatter, clog, bond, impediment, chain, hindrance.

TRANQUIL — still, unruffled, peaceful, hushed, quiet. (Noisy, boisterous.)

TRANSACTION—negotiation, occurrence, proceeding, affair.

TRAVEL—trip, peregrination, excursion, journey, tour, voyage.

TREACHEROUS—traitorous, disloyal, treasonable, faithless, false-hearted. (Trustworthy, faithful.)

TRITE—stale, old, ordinary, commonplace, hackneyed. (Novel.)

TRIUMPH—achievement, ovation, victory, jubilation, conquest. (Failure, defeat.)

TRIVIAL—trifling, petty, small, frivolous, unimportant, insignificant. (Important.)

TRUE—genuine, actual, sincere, unaffected, true-hearted, honest, upright, veritable, real, veracious, authentic, exact, accurate, correct.

TUMULTUOUS—turbulent, riotous, disorderly, disturbed, confused, unruly. (Orderly.)

TURBID—foul, thick, muddy, impure, unsettled.

TYPE—emblem, symbol, figure, sign, kind, letter.

TYRO—novice, beginner, learner.

UGLY—unsightly, plain, homely, ill-favored, hideous. (Beautiful.)

UMBRAGE—offense, dissatisfaction, resentment.

UMPIRE—referee, arbitrator, judge, arbiter.

UNANIMITY—accord, agreement, unity, concord. (Discord.)

UNBRIDLED—wanton, licentious, dissolute, loose.

UNCERTAIN—doubtful, dubious, questionable, fitful, equivocal, ambiguous, indistinct, fluctuating.

UNCIVIL — rude, discourteous, disrespectful, disobliging. (Civil.)

UNCLEAN—dirty, foul, filthy, sullied. (Clean.)

UNCOMMON—rare, strange, scarce, singular, choice. (Common, ordinary.)

UNCONCERNED—careless, indifferent, apathetic. (Anxious.)

UNCOUTH—strange, odd, clumsy. (Graceful.)

UNCOVER—reveal, strip, expose, lay bare. (Hide.)

UNDER—below, underneath, beneath, subordinate, lower, inferior. (Above.)

UNDERSTANDING—knowledge, intellect, intelligence, faculty, comprehension, mind, reason.

UNDO—annul, frustrate, untie, unfasten, destroy.

UNEASY—restless, disturbed, unquiet, awkward, stiff. (Quiet.)

UNEQUAL—uneven, not alike, irregular. (Even.)

UNEQUALED—matchless, unique, novel, new.

UNFIT, *a.*—improper, unsuitable, inconsistent, untimely, incompetent. (Fit.)

UNFIT, *v.*—disable, incapacitate, disqualify. (Fit.)

UNFORTUNATE — calamitous, ill-fated, unlucky, wretched, unhappy, miserable. (Fortunate.)

UNGAINLY — clumsy, awkward, lumbering, uncouth. (Pretty.)

UNHAPPY—miserable, wretched, distressed, painful, afflicted, disastrous, drear, dismal. (Happy.)

UNIFORM—regular, symmetrical, equal, even, alike, unvaried. (Irregular.)

UNINTERRUPTED — continuous, perpetual, unceasing, incessant, endless. (Intermittent.)

UNION—junction, combination, alliance, confederacy, league, coalition, agreement. (Disunion.)

UNIQUE—unequal, uncommon, rare, choice, matchless. (Common, ordinary.)

UNITE—join, conjoin, combine, concert, add, attach. (Separate, disrupt, sunder.)

UNIVERSAL—general, all, entire, total, catholic. (Sectional.)

UNLIMITED—absolute, undefined, boundless, infinite. (Limited.)

UNREASONABLE—foolish, silly, absurd, preposterous, ridiculous.

UNRIVALED — unequaled, unique, unexampled, incomparable, matchless. (Mediocre.)

UNRULY — ungovernable, unmanageable, refractory. (Tractable, docile.)

UNUSUAL—rare, unwonted, singular, uncommon, remarkable, strange. (Common.)

UPHOLD—maintain, defend, sustain, support, indicate. (Desert, abandon.)

UPRIGHT — vertical, perpendicular, erect, just, equitable, fair, pure, honorable. (Prone.)

UPRIGHTNESS—honesty, integrity, fairness, goodness, probity, virtue, honor. (Dishonesty.)

URGE—incite, impel, push, drive, instigate, stimulate, press, induce, solicit.

URGENT—pressing, imperative, immediate, serious, wanted. (Unimportant.)

USAGE—custom, fashion, practice, prescription.

USE, *n.* — usage, practice, habit, custom, avail, advantage, utility, benefit, application. (Disuse.)

USUAL—ordinary, common, accustomed, habitual, wonted, customary, general. (Unusual.)

UTMOST—farthest, remotest, uttermost, greatest.

UTTER, *a.*—extreme, excessive, sheer, mere, pure.

UTTER, *v.*—speak, articulate, pronounce, express.

UTTERLY—totally, completely, wholly, altogether.

VACANT—empty, unfilled, unoccupied, thoughtless, unthinking. (Occupied.)

VAGRANT, *n.*—wanderer, beggar, tramp, rogue.

VAGUE—unsettled, undetermined, pointless, uncertain, indefinite. (Definite.)

VAIN—useless, fruitless, empty, worthless, inflated, proud, conceited, unreal. (Effectual, humble.)

VALIANT—brave, bold, valorous, courageous, gallant. (Cowardly.)

VALID—weighty, strong, powerful, sound, binding, efficient. (Invalid.)

VALOR — courage, gallantry, boldness, bravery, heroism. (Cowardice.)

VALUE, *v.*—appraise, assess, reckon, appreciate, estimate, prize, esteem, treasure. (Despise,)

VARIABLE — changeable, unsteady, inconstant, shifting, wavering, fickle, restless. (Constant.)

VARIETY—difference, diversity, change, diversification, mixture, medley, miscellany. (Sameness, monotony.)

VAST—spacious, boundless, mighty, enormous, immense, colossal, gigantic, prodigious. (Confined.)

VAUNT—boast, brag, puff, hawk, advertise, parade.

VENERABLE—grave, sage, wise, old, reverend.

VENIAL—pardonable, excusable, justifiable. (Serious, grave.)

VENOM—poison, virus, spite, malice, malignity.

VENTURE, *n.*—speculation, chance, peril, stake.

VERACITY—truth, truthfulness, credibility, accuracy. (Falsehood.)

VERBAL—oral, spoken, literal, parole, unwritten.

VERDICT—judgment, finding, decision, answer.

VEXATION—chagrin, mortification. (Pleasure.)

VIBRATE—oscillate, swing, sway, wave, thrill.

VICE—vileness, corruption, depravity, pollution, immorality, wickedness, guilt, iniquity. (Virtue.)

VICIOUS—corrupt, depraved, debased, bad, unruly, contrary, demoralized, profligate, faulty. (Gentle, virtuous.)

VICTIM—sacrifice, food, prey, sufferer, dupe, gull.

VICTUALS—viands, bread, meat, provisions, fare, food, repast.

VIOLENT—boisterous, furious, impetuous, vehement. (Gentle.)

VIRTUOUS—upright, honest, moral. (Profligate.)

VISION—apparition, ghost, phantom, specter.

VOLUPTUARY—epicure, sensualist.

VOUCH—affirm, asserverate, assure, aver.

WAIT—await, expect, look for, wait for.

WAKEFUL—vigilant, watchful. (Sleepy.)

WANDER—range, ramble, roam, rove, stroll.

WANT—lack, need. (Abundance.)

WARY—circumspect, cautious. (Foolhardy.)

WASH—clean, rinse, wet, moisten, stain, tint.

WASTE, *v.*—squander, dissipate, lavish, destroy, decay, dwindle, wither.

WAY—method, plan, system, means, manner, mode, form, fashion, course, process, road, route, track, path, habit, practice.

WEAKEN—debilitate, enfeeble, enervate, invalidate. (Strengthen.)

WEARY—harass, jade, tire, fatigue. (Refresh.)

WEIGHT — gravity, heaviness, burden, load. (Lightness.)

WELL-BEING—happiness, prosperity, welfare.

WHOLE—entire, complete, total, integral. (Part.)

WICKED—iniquitous, nefarious. (Virtuous.)

WILL—wish, desire.

WILLINGLY—spontaneously, voluntarily. (Unwillingly.)

WIN—get, obtain, gain, procure, effect, realize, accomplish, achieve. (Lose.)

WINNING—attractive, charming, fascinating, bewitching, enchanting, dazzling. (Repulsive.)

WISDOM — prudence, foresight, far-sightedness, sagacity. (Foolishness.)

WONDER, *v.*—admire, amaze, astonish, surprise.

WONDER, *n.*—marvel, miracle, prodigy.

WRONG—injustice, injury. (Right.)

YAWN—gape, open wide.

YEARN—hanker after, long for, desire, crave.

YELL—bellow, cry out, scream.

YELLOW—golden, saffron-like.

YELP—bark, sharp cry, howl.

YET—besides, nevertheless, notwithstanding, however, still, ultimately, at last, so far, thus far.

YIELD—bear, give, afford, impart, communicate, confer, bestow, abdicate, resign, cede, surrender.

YIELDING—supple, pliant, bending, compliant submissive, unresisting. (Obstinate.)

YOKE, *v.*—couple, link, connect.

YORE—long ago, long since.

YOUTH—boy, lad, minority, adolescence.

YOUTHFUL—juvenile, puerile. (Old.)

ZEAL—energy, fervor, ardor, earnestness, enthusiam, eagerness. (Indifference.)

ZEALOUS—warm, ardent, fervent, enthusiastic, anxious. (Indifferent, careless.)

ZEST—relish, gusto, flavor. (Disgust.)

Noms De Plume of Authors

ASSUMED NAME	REAL NAME
A Country Parson	Archbishop Whately
Agate	Whitelaw Reid
A. K. H. B.	Rev. A. K. H. Boyd
A. L. O. E.	Miss Charlotte Tucker
Alfred Crowquill	A. H. Forrester
Americus	Dr. Francis Lieber
Amy Lothrop	Miss Anna B. Warner
American Girl Abroad	Miss Trafton
Artemus Ward	Charles F. Browne
Asa Trenchard	Henry Watterson
Aunt Kitty	Maria J. Macintosh
Aunt Mary	Mary A. Lathbury
Barnacle	A. C. Barnes
Barry Cornwall	Bryan Waller Proctor
Benauly	Benjamin, Austin, and Lyman Abbott
Besieged Resident	Henry Labouchere
Bibliophile	Samuel Austin Allibone
Bill Arp	Charles H. Smith
Blythe White, Jr.	Solon Robinson
Bookworm	Thomas F. Donnelly
Boston Bard	Robert S. Coffin
Boz	Charles Dickens
Brick Pomeroy	Mark M. Pomeroy
Burleigh	Rev. Matthew Hale Smith
Burlington	Robert Saunders
Carl Benson	Charles A. Bristed
Chartist Parson	Rev. Charles Kingsley
Chinese Philosopher	Oliver Goldsmith
Christopher Crowfield	Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe
Chrystal Croftangry	Sir Walter Scott
Claribel	Mrs. Caroline Barnard
Country Parson	A. K. H. Boyd
Cousin Alice	Mrs. Alice B. Haven
Cousin Kate	Catherine D. Bell
Currer Bell	Charlotte Bronte (Mrs. Nichols)
Danbury Newsman	J. M. Bailey
Diedrich Knickerbocker	Washington Irving
Dolores	Miss Dickson
Dow, Jr.	Elbridge G. Page
Dr. Syntax	William Combe
Dunn Browne	Rev. Samuel Fiske
E. D. E. N.	Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth
Edmund Kirke	James Roberts Gilmore
Eleanor Kirke	Mrs. Nolly Ames
Elia	Charles Lamb
Eli Perkins	Matthew D. Landon
Elizabeth Wetherell	Susan Warner
Ella Rodman	Mrs. Eliza Rodman
Ellis Bell	Emily J. Bronte
English Opium-Eater	Thomas DeQuincy
Ettrick Shepherd	James Hogg
Eugene Pomeroy	Thomas F. Donnelly
Falconbridge	Jonathan F. Kelly
Fanny Fern	Wife of James Parton and sister of N. P. Willis
Fanny Fielding	Mary J. S. Upsher
Fanny Forester	Emily C. Judson
Fat Contributor	A. M. Griswold
Father Prout	Francis Mahoney
Florence Percy	Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen
Frank Forrester	Henry W. Herbert
Gail Hamilton	Miss Mary Abigail Dodge of Hamilton
Gath, also Laertes	George Alfred Townsend
Geoffrey Crayon	Washington Irving
George Eliot	Mrs. Marian Lewes Cross
George Fitz Boodle	William M. Thackeray
George Forest	Rev. J. G. Wood
George Sand	Mme. Amantine Lucille Aurore Dudevant
Grace Greenwood	Mrs. Sara J. Lippincott
Grace Wharton	A. T. Thompson
Hans Breitmann	Charles Godfrey Leland
Hans Yokel	A. Oakey Hall
Harriet Myrtle	Mrs. Lydia F. F. Miller
Harry Hazell	Justin Jones
Harry Lorrequer	Charles Lever
Hesba Stretton	Miss Hannah Smith
Hibernicus	De Witt Clinton
Historicus	Wm. G. Vernon Harcourt
Hosea Bigelow	James Russell Lowell
Howadji	George William Curtis
Howard	Mordecai Manuel Noah

ASSUMED NAME	REAL NAME
Howard Glyndon	Laura C. Redden
Hyperion	Josiah Quincy
Ianthe	Emma C. Embury
Ik Marvel	Donald G. Mitchell
Irenæus	Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, D.D.
Isabel	William Gilmore Simms
Janus	Dr. Dollinger
Jaques	J. Hain Friswell
Jay Charlton	J. C. Goldsmith
Jedediah Cleishbotham	Sir Walter Scott
Jennie June	Mrs. Jennie C. Croly
John Chalkhill	Izaak Walton
John Darby	J. C. Garretson
John Paul	C. H. Webb
John Phœnix, Gentleman	George H. Derby
Josh Billings	Henry W. Shaw
Joshua Coffin	H. W. Longfellow
Kate Campbell	Jane Elizabeth Lincoln
Kirwan	Rev. Nicholas Murray
K. N. Pepper	James M Morris
Laicus	Rev. Lyman Abbott
Launcelot Wagstaffe, Jr.	Charles Mackay
Lemuel Gulliver	Jonathan Swift
Louise Muhlbach	Clara Mundt
Major Jack Downing	Seba Smith
Marion Harland	Mary V. Terhune
Mark Twain	Samuel L. Clemens
Max Adler	Charles H. Clark
Minnie Myrtle	Miss Anna C. Johnson
Mintwood	Miss Mary A. E. Wager
M. Quad	Charles B. Lewis
Mrs. Partington	B. P. Shillaber
M. T. Jug	Joseph Howard
Ned Buntline	Edward Z. C. Judson
Nym Crinkle	A. C. Wheeler
Old Bachelor	George William Curtis
Old Cabinet	R. Watson Gilder
Old Humphrey	George Mogridge
Old 'Un	Francis Alexander Durivage
Oliver Optic	William Taylor Adams
Olivia	Emily Edson Grigg
Ollapod	Willis G. Clark
Orpheus C. Kerr	Robert H. Newell
Ouida	Louisa De La Ramé
Owen Meredith	Lord Lytton
Parson Brownlow	Wm. Gunnaway Brownlow
Patty Lee	Alice Cary
Paul Creyton	J. T. Trowbridge
Pen Holder	Rev. Edward Eggleston
Pequot	Charles W. March
Perdita	Mrs. Mary Robinson
Perley	Benj. Perley Poore
Peter Parley	S. G. Goodrich
Peter Pindar	Dr. John Wolcot
Petroleum V. Nasby	D. R. Locke
Phœnix	Sir Henry Martin
Poor Richard	Benjamin Franklin
Porte Crayon	David H. Strother
Private Miles O'Reilly	Charles G. Halpine
Robinson Crusoe	Daniel Defoe
Runnymede	Lord Beaconsfield
Rustic Bard	Robert Dinsmore
Sam Slick	Thomas C. Halliburton
Saxe Holm	Miss Rush Ellis
Shirley Dare	Mrs. Susan D. Waters
Sophie May	Mrs. Eckerson
Sophie Sparkle	Jennie E. Hicks
Sparrowgrass	F. S. Cozzens
Straws, Jr	Kate Field
Susan Coolidge	Miss Woolsey
Teufelsdræckh	Thomas Carlyle
Teutha	William Jerdan
The Black Dwarf	Thomas J. Wooler
The Celt	Thomas Davis
The Druid	Henry H. Dixon
The Governor	Henry Morford
The Traveller	Isaac Stary
Theodore Taylor	J. C. Hotten
Thomas Ingoldsby	Rev. R. H. Barham
Thomas Little	Thomas Moore
Thomas Rowley	Thomas Chatterton
Timon Fieldmouse	William B. Rands
Timothy Tickler	Robert Syme
Timothy Titcomb	Dr. J. G. Holland
Tom Brown	Thomas Hughes
Tom Folio	Joseph E. Babson
Tom Hawkins	Theodore W. A. Buckley
Trinculo	John A. Cockerill
Tristram Merton	Thomas B. Macaulay
Two Brothers	A. and C. Tennyson
Ubique	Parker Gilmore
Una	Mary A. Ford
Uncle Hardy	William Senior
Uncle John	Elisha Noyce
Uncle Philip	Rev. Dr. F. L. Hawks
Uncle Toby	Rev. Tobias H. Miller
Veteran Observer	E. D. Mansfield
Vigilant	John Corlett
Vivian	George H. Lewes
Vivian Joyeux	W. M. Praed
Walter Maynard	William Beale
Warhawk	William Palmer
Warrington	W. P. Robinson
Warwick	F. O. Otterson
Waters	William H. Russell
What's His Name	E. C. Massey
Wilibald, Alexis	William Hæring
Wizard	John Corlett

PART II.

READINGS AND RECITATIONS

FROM THE

MOST CELEBRATED AUTHORS

COMPRISING

THRILLING BATTLE SCENES AND VICTORIES; BEAUTIFUL DESCRIPTIONS; SOUL-STIRRING DEEDS OF HEROISM; WITTY AND HUMOROUS SELECTIONS; PATHETIC PIECES; FAMOUS ORATIONS; RECITATIONS FOR CHILDREN; READINGS WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS OF MUSIC; DRILLS; LESSON TALKS, ETC.

HOW TO READ AND RECITE.

GOOD readers and reciters are extremely rare, and it is because sufficient time and study are not devoted to the art of elocution. Not one educated man in ten can read a paragraph in a newspaper so effectively that to listen to him is a pleasure, and not a pain.

Many persons are unable so to express the words as to convey their meaning. They pervert the sense of the sentence by emphasizing in the wrong place, or deprive it of all sense by a monotonous gabble, giving no emphasis to any words they utter. They neglect the "stops," as they are called; they make harsh music with their voices; they hiss, or croak, or splutter, or mutter—everything but speak the words set down for them as they would have talked them to you in conversation.

Why should this be? Why should correct reading be rare, pleasant reading rarer still, and good reading found only in one person in ten thousand? Let me urge you with all earnestness to become an accomplished reader and reciter. This is something to be coveted, and it is worth your while to acquire it, though it cost you much time and labor. Attend to the rules here furnished.

Cultivation of the Voice.

Accustom yourself to reading and reciting aloud. Some of our greatest orators have made it a practice to do this in the open air, throwing out the voice with full volume, calling with prolonged vowel sounds to some object in the distance, and thus strengthening the throat and lungs. Every day you should practice breathings; by which I mean that you should take in a full breath, expand the lungs to their full capacity, and then emit the breath slowly, and again suddenly with explosive force. A good, flexible voice is the first thing to be considered.

Distinct Enunciation.

When you hear a person read or speak you are always pleased if the full quantity is given to each syllable of every word. Only

in this way can the correct meaning of the sentence be conveyed. People who are partially deaf will tell you that they are not always able to hear those who speak the loudest, but those who speak the most distinctly. Do not recite to persons who are nearest to you, but rather glance at those who are farthest away, and measure the amount of volume required to make them hear.

Emphasis.

Some word or words in every sentence are more important, and require greater emphasis than others. You must get at the exact meaning of the sentence, and be governed by this. The finest effects can be produced by making words emphatic where the meaning demands it. Look well to this.

Pauses.

Avoid a sing-song, monotonous style of delivery. Break the flow where it is required; you will always notice how skillfully a trained elocutionist observes the proper pauses. Have such command of yourself that you do not need to hurry on with your recitation at the same pace from beginning to end. The pause enables the hearer to take in the meaning of the words, and is therefore always to be observed.

Gestures.

Speak with your whole body, not merely with your tongue and lips. It is permissible to even stamp with your foot when the sense calls for it. Speak with your eyes, with your facial expression, with your fingers, with your clenched fist, with your arm, with the pose of your body, with all the varying attitudes needful to express what you have to say with the greatest effect.

Stand, as a rule, with one foot slightly in advance of the other, the weight of the body resting upon the foot farther back. Do not be tied to one position; hold yourself at liberty to change your position and move about. Do not hold your elbows close to your body, as if your arms were strapped to your sides. Make the gesture in point of time slightly in advance of the word or words it is to illustrate.

The Magnetic Speaker.

It has always been said that the poet is born, but the orator is made. This is not wholly correct, for the more magnetism you were born with, the better speaker you will become. Still, the indefinable thing called magnetism is something that can be cultivated; at least you can learn how to show it, and permit it to exert its wonderful influence over your hearers.

Put yourself into your recitations in such a way that the thoughts and sentiments you express shall, for the time being, be your own. Every nerve and muscle of your body, every thought and emotion of your mind, in short, your whole being should be enlisted. You should become transformed, taking on the character required by the reading or recitation, and making it your own.

Persons who can thus lose themselves in what they are saying, and throw into their recitations all the force and magnetism of which they are capable, are sure to meet with success.

Self-Command.

Young persons naturally feel embarrassed when they face an audience. Some of our greatest orators have known what this is, and were compelled to labor hard to overcome it. Practice alone will give you confidence, unless you possess it already, and this is true of only a few young persons.

Do your utmost to control yourself. Let your will come into play; strong will, governing every emotion of the mind and movement of the body, is absolutely essential. Do not be brazen, but self-confident.



Fig. 1.—Malediction.

Traitors! I would call down the wrath of Heaven on them.



Fig. 2.—Designating.

Scorn points his slow, unmoving finger



Fig. 3.—Silence.

There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath.



Fig. 4.—Repulsion.

Back to thy punishment, false fugitive,
And to thy speed add wings!



Fig. 5.—Declaring.

I speak the truth, and dare to speak it.



Fig. 6.—Announcing.

We proclaim the liberty that God gave when He gave us life.



Fig. 7.—Discerning.

A sail, ho! A dim speck on the horizon.



Fig. 8.—Invocation.

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!



Fig. 9.—Presenting or Receiving.

Welcome the coming, speed
the going guest.



Fig. 10.—Horror.

Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth, does murder sleep?"



Fig. 11.—Exaltation.

Washington is in the clear upper sky.



Fig. 12.—Secrecy.

Be mute, be secret as the grave.



Fig. 13.—Wonderment.

While the dance was the merriest, the door opened and there stood the parson!



Fig. 14.—Indecision.

Shall I take back my promise? 'Twill but expose me to contempt.



Fig. 15.—Grief.

O, that by weeping I could heal my sorrow!



Fig. 16.—Gladness.

No pen, no tongue can summon power
To tell the transports of that hour.



Fig. 17.—Signalling.

There stood Count Wagstaff, beckoning.



Fig. 18.—Tender Rejection.

It has come at last; I must say, No.



Fig. 19.—Protecting—Soothing.

Boy! Harold! safely rest,
Enjoy the honey-dew of slumber.



Fig. 20.—Anguish.

My cup with agony is filled,
From nettles sharp as death distilled.



Fig. 21.—Awe—Appeal.

Spirits of the just made perfect, from your empyrean heights look down!



Fig. 22.—Meditation.

A lonely man, wending his slow way along and lost in deepest thought.

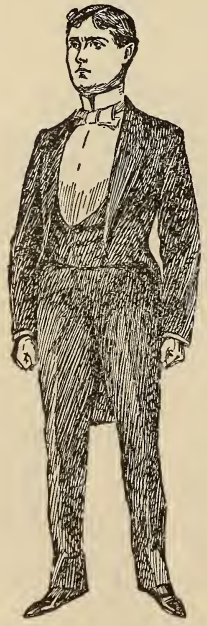


Fig. 23.—Defiance.

Defy the devil; consider he is the enemy of mankind.



Fig. 24.—Denying—Rejecting.

Yes, if this were my last breath I would deny these infamous charges.



Fig. 25.—Dispersion.

Spain's proud Armada was scattered to the winds.



Fig. 26.—Remorse.

A thoughtless, wicked deed; it stings sharper than a serpent's tooth.



Fig. 27.—Accusation.

And Nathan said to David, Thou art the man.



Fig. 28.—Revealing.

The way she kept it was, of course, To tell it all and make it worse.

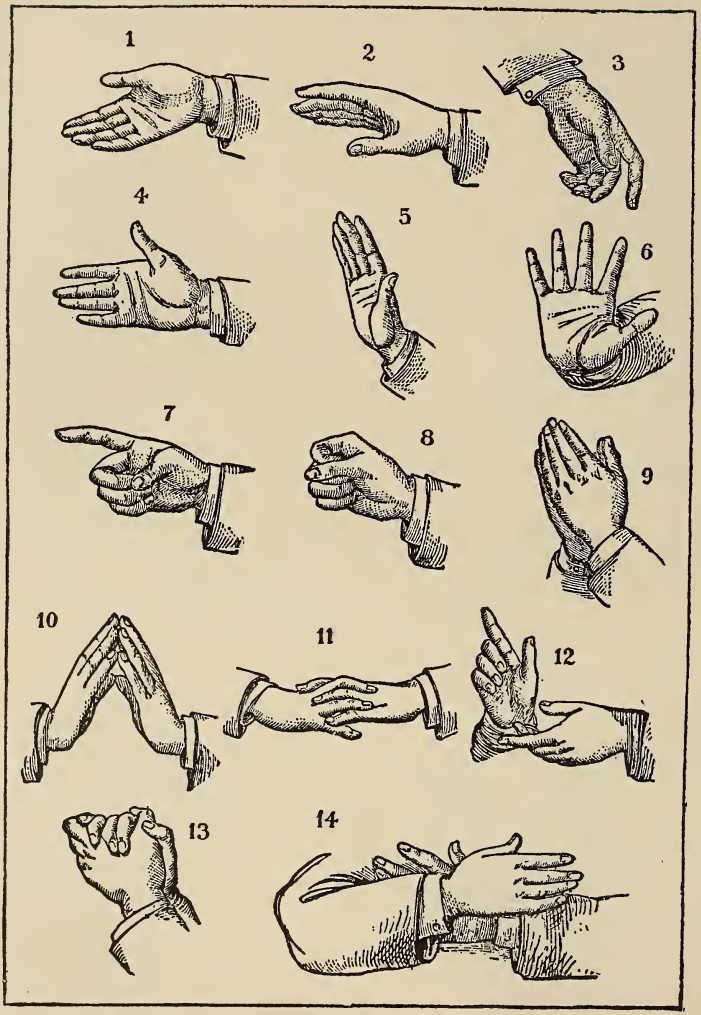


Fig. 29.—Correct Positions of the Hands.

1. Simple affirmation. 2. Emphatic declaration. 3. Apathy or prostration. 4. Energetic appeal. 5. Negation or denial. 6. Violent repulsion. 7. Indexing or cautioning. 8. Determination or anger. 9. Supplication. 10. Gentle entreaty. 11. Carelessness. 12. Argumentation. 13. Earnest entreaty. 14. Resignation.

RECITATIONS WITH LESSON TALKS.

SHOWING BY EXAMPLES HOW TO READ AND RECITE.

THE SONG OF OUR SOLDIERS AT SANTIAGO.

When the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet became known before Santiago, the American soldiers cheered wildly, and, with one accord, through miles of trenches, began singing "The Star Spangled Banner." You should preface the recitation with the foregoing statement.

SINGING "The Star Spangled Banner"
In the very jaws of death!
Singing our glorious anthem,
Some with their latest breath!
The strains of that solemn music
Through the spirit will ever roll,
Thrilling with martial ardor
The depths of each patriot soul.

2. Hearing the hum of the bullets!
Eager to charge the foe!
Biding the call to battle,
Where crimson heart streams flow!
Thinking of home and dear ones,
Of mother, of child, of wife,
They sang "The Star Spangled Banner"
On that field of deadly strife.

3. They sang with the voices of heroes,
In the face of the Spanish guns,
As they leaned on their loaded rifles,
With the courage that never runs.
They sang to our glorious emblem,
Upraised on that war-worn sod,
As the saints in the old arena
Sang a song of praise to God.

DAVID GRAHAM ADEE.

LESSON TALK.

This selection is inspiring. It is brimful of the glow of patriotism. To deliver it, therefore, in a dull, listless, indifferent manner would suppress the natural sentiment of the piece and rob it of the effect it would otherwise produce. Be *alive;* not wooden and nerveless. If you were standing in a crowd and a brass band should come along and strike up the "Star Spangled Banner," you would instantly see the change that would come over the assembled throng. Every heart would be moved, every face would be filled with expression, every nerve would seem to tingle.

When you are to deliver a selection of this kind, come before your audience with your body straightened to its full height, your shoulders thrown back, and your head erect. For the time being you are a patriot, and are saying some grand things about the Stars and Stripes and about our brave heroes who have carried "Old Glory" to victory on so many battlefields.

Your manner must indicate that you appreciate their heroism, that you are ready to extol it, and that you expect your hearers to share the emotions of your own breast. You should know what tones of voice your are to employ in expressing most effectively the sentiments of the piece, what gestures should be used and what words are to be emphasized.

1. Taking now the first verse, you should let the tones of your voice out full and clear on the first line, lowering your voice on the second line; then letting your voice ring out again on the third line, and again subduing it on the fourth. Here is a fine opportunity for contrast between strong tones and tones subdued and suggestive of death. It would not be amiss to give the words "their latest breath" in a whisper. Prolong the sound on the word "roll."

The word "thrilling" should be expressed with energetic impulse, and the voice lowered, yet round and full, on the last line.

2. With hands elevated as high as the shoulders and palms turned outward, expressive of wonder and almost alarm, deliver the first line of the second verse. Suddenly change to confidence and courage in the next three lines. Express nothing here that could suggest timidity, but rather the opposite.

"Thinking of home and dear ones,
Of mother, of child, of wife,"

should be spoken in a thoughtful mood, with head dropped on breast; then lift it as you speak the two lines that follow, the last of which refers to the field of battle and should be designated, as in Figure 2 of Typical Gestures, found in the preceding pages.

3. At the beginning of verse three, elevate your voice and prolong the tones. The words "never runs" are emphatic; put stress on them. On the fifth and sixth lines of this verse use the gesture for Exaltation, Figure 11 of Typical Gestures—arm lifted as high as the head and palm opened upward, giving the arm at the same time a circular motion. The last two lines should be delivered with hands clasped, palm to palm, in front of the breast, and eyes turned upward.

THE VICTOR OF MARENGO.

NAPOLEON was sitting in his tent; before him lay a map of Italy. He took four pins and stuck them up; measured, moved the pins, and measured again. "Now," said he, "that is right; I will capture him there!" "Who, sir?" said an officer. "Milas, the old fox of Austria. He will retire from Genoa, pass Turin, and fall back on Alexandria. I shall cross the Po, meet him on the plains of Laconia, and conquer him there," and the finger of the child of destiny pointed to Marengo.

2. Two months later the memorable campaign of 1800 began. The 20th of May saw Napoleon on the heights of St. Bernard. The 22d, Lannes, with the army of Genoa, held Padua. So far, all had been well with Napoleon. He had compelled the Austrians to take the position he desired; reduced the army from one hundred and twenty thousand to forty thousand men; dispatched Murat to the right, and June 14th moved forward to consummate his masterly plan.

3. But God threatened to overthrow his scheme! A little rain had fallen in the Alps, and the Po could not be crossed in time. The battle was begun. Milas, pushed to the wall, resolved to cut his way out; and Napoleon reached the field to see Lannes beaten — Champeaux dead — Desaix still charging old Milas, with his Austrian phalanx at Marengo, till the consular guard gave way, and the well-planned victory was a terrible defeat. Just as the day was lost, Desaix, the boy General, sweeping across the field at the head of his cavalry, halted on the eminence where stood Napoleon.

4. There was in the corps a drummer-boy, a gamin whom Desaix had picked up in the the streets of Paris. He had followed the victorious eagle of France in the campaigns of Egypt and Germany. As the columns halted, Napoleon shouted to him: "Beat a retreat!" The boy did not stir. "Gamin, beat a retreat!" The boy stopped, grasped his drum-sticks, and said: "Sir, I do not know how to beat a retreat; Desaix never taught me that; but I can beat a charge,—Oh! I can beat a charge that will make the dead fall into line. I beat that charge at the Pyramid: I beat that charge at Mount Tabor: I beat it again at the bridge of Lodi. May I beat it here?"

5. Napoleon turned to Desaix, and said: "We are beaten; what shall we do?" "Do? Beat them! It is only three o'clock, and there is time enough to win a victory yet. Up! the charge! beat the old charge o!

Mount Tabor and Lodi!" A moment later the corps, following the sword-gleam of Desaix, and keeping step with the furious roll of the gamin's drum, swept down on the host of Austrians. They drove the first line back on the second—both on the third, and there they died. Desaix fell at the first volley, but the line never faltered, and as the smoke cleared away the gamin was seen in front of his line marching right on, and still beating the furious charge.

6. Over the dead and wounded, over breastworks and fallen foe, over cannon belching forth their fire of death, he led the way to victory, and the fifteen days in Italy were ended. To-day men point to Marengo in wonder. They admire the power and foresight that so skillfully handled the battle, but they forget that a General only thirty years of age made a victory of a defeat. They forget that a gamin of Paris put to shame "the child of destiny."

LESSON TALK.

A story or a narrative like this should be read in a more easy, conversational manner than is demanded for selections more tragic or oratorical. Yet a great variety of expression can be introduced into this piece, and without it, the reading will be tame.

1. In the first part of this verse spread your hands forward, then outward with the palms downward, to indicate the map of Italy which is lying before the great general. In a tone of triumph, accompanied with firmness and decision, Napoleon says, "I will capture him there." Use the gesture for defiance, Figure 23, in Typical Gestures. Your body must be immediately relaxed as you ask the question, "Who, sir?" Let the answer be given with utterance somewhat rapid, still indicating firmness and decision.

2. This verse is easy narrative and should be recited as you would tell it to a friend in conversation. The words "masterly plan" in the last line are emphatic.

3. In the first line of this verse use the gesture shown in Figure 24 of Typical Gestures, indicating that Napoleon's scheme was rejected by God and brought to nought. The style of narrative here is very concise and the sentences should follow one another in quick succession. "Milas, pushed to the wall," should be expressed by Figure 4 of Typical Gestures. When you come to the words "the well-planned victory was a terrible defeat," stretch forth your right arm as in Figure 6 of Typical Gestures, dropping it to your side heavily on the last word. Point to the boy general sweeping across the field and to the eminence where Napoleon stood. Champeaux is pronounced *Shon-po;* Desaix is pronounced *De-say.*

4. Here you drop again into easy narrative until you come to the words, "Beat a retreat!" These are to be shouted as if you were the officer on the battlefield giving the command. Put intense expression into the boy's appeal, as he states that he does not know how to beat a retreat, and pleads to be permitted to beat a charge. There is opportunity here for grand effect as you deliver these lines.

5 and 6. Use the gesture for Defiance on the words, "Up! the charge!" You are ordering an advance, resolved to win the victory. The remainder of this verse and the following is narrative and demands quite a different rendering from the words of command in other parts of the selection. If you recite it in such a way as to express the full meaning it will captivate your hearers.

THE WEDDING FEE.

ONE morning, fifty years ago—
When apple-trees were white with snow
Of fragrant blossoms, and the air
Was spellbound with the perfume rare—
Upon a farm horse, large and lean,
And lazy with its double load,
A sun-brown youth and maid were seen
Jogging along the winding road

2. Blue were the arches of the skies,
But bluer were that maiden's eyes!
The dewdrops on the grass were bright,
But brighter was the loving light
That sparkled 'neath each long-fringed lid,
Where those bright eyes of blue were hid;
Adown the shoulders, brown and bare,
Rolled the soft waves of golden hair.

3. So on they ride, until among
The new-born leaves with dew-drops hung,
The parsonage, arrayed in white,
Peers out—a more than welcome sight.
Then with a cloud upon his face,
"What shall we do?" he turned to say,
"Should he refuse to take his pay
From what is in the pillow case?"

4. And glancing down his eyes surveyed
The pillow case before him laid,
Whose contents reaching to its hem,
Might purchase endless joys for them.
The maiden answers: "Let us wait;
To borrow trouble where's the need?"
Then at the parson's squeaking gate
Halted the more than willing steed.

5. Down from his horse the bridegroom sprung;
The latchless gate behind him swung.
The knocker of that startled door,
Struck as it never was before,
Brought the whole household, pale with fright,
And there with blushes on his cheek,
So bashful he could hardly speak,
The parson met their wondering sight.

6. The groom goes in, his errand tells,
And as the parson nods, he leans
Far out across the window-sill and yells—
"Come in. He says he'll take the beans!"
Oh! how she jumped! With one glad bound
She and the bean-bag reached the ground.

7. Then, clasping with each dimpled arm
The precious products of the farm,
She bears it through the open door,
And down upon the parlor floor
Dumps the best beans vines ever bore.

8. Ah! happy were their songs that day,
When man and wife they rode away;
But happier this chorus still
Which echoed through those woodland scenes:
"God bless the priest of Whittensville!
God bless the man who took the beans."

LESSON TALK.

The quiet humor of this piece stands in strong contrast to selections of a tragic character, and if it is recited in an easy pleasant way, it is sure to be appreciated by all who hear it. Adapt your voice and manner, therefore, to the style of narrative.

1. With the right hand extended designate the farm horse, large and lean. Drawl out the word lazy in the next line, and continue this slow utterance to the end of the verse.

2. The sentiment changes in the next verse and requires more animation. In the first line make the gesture shown in Figure 21 of Typical Gestures, in the beginning of Part II, of this volume. Become more animated as you describe the maiden's eyes and the soft waves of her golden hair.

3. The young couple reach the parsonage and your manner should suggest theirs; they have come on very important business. Express the embarrassment of the young man as he asks the question: "What shall we do?" etc. Give a half look of surprise as you refer to the contents of the pillow-case.

4. In a half tone of rebuke the maiden answers, "Let us wait," saying encouragingly that there is no need to borrow trouble. She evidently believes the parson will be quite willing to take the fee.

5. Let your utterance become more rapid as you picture the bridegroom springing from the horse. With uplifted, clenched hand knock on the door, and then portray the half fright of the parson as he answers the knock.

6, Here is an opportunity for a genuine touch of humor. Cry out as the young man would to the maiden by the gate, "Come in; he says he'll take the beans!" She jumps to the ground. Make the gesture of Figure 16 in Typical Gestures.

7. Act out the effort of carrying the pillow-case through the open door and throwing it upon the parlor floor. Do not let your facial expression be too serious. You should know how to smile without looking silly.

8. Here again in the first line make the gesture in Figure 16, and with elevated pitch and joyous expression picture the young couple as they ride away. With fervent tones and uplifted hands recite the last two lines of the piece. A good recital for a parlor entertainment.

THE STATUE IN CLAY.

"MAKE me a statue," said the King,
"Of marble white as snow;
It must be pure enough to stand
Before my throne, at my right hand;
The niche is waiting. Go!"

2. The sculptor heard the King's command
And went upon his way;
He had no marble, but he meant,
With willing mind and high intent,
To mould his thoughts in clay.

3. Day after day he wrought in clay,
But knew not what he wrought;
He sought the help of heart and brain,
But could not make the riddle plain;
It lay beyond his thought.

4. To-day the statue seemed to grow,
To-morrow it stood still,
The third day all went well again;
Thus year by year, in joy and pain,
He served his master's will.

5. At last his life-long work was done;
It was a fateful day;
He took the statue to the King,
And trembled like a guilty thing,
Because it was but clay.

6. "Where is my statue?" asked the King;
"Here, Lord," the Sculptor said:
"But I commanded marble." "True,
I had not that, what could I do
But mould in clay instead?"

7. "Thou shalt not unrewarded go
Since thou hast done thy best,
Thy statue shall acceptance win,
It shall be as it should have been,
For I will do the rest."

8. He touched the statue, and it changed
The clay falls off, and lo!
The marble shape before him stands,
The perfect work of heavenly hands,
An angel, pure as snow.

LESSON TALK.

The beautiful lesson taught in this selection is apparent to every one. In reciting it you have, therefore, the advantage of presenting a reading that commends itself to all hearers, the sentiment of which is admirable. The piece will speak for itself, and there is a vast difference between a reading of this description and one that has nothing specially to commend it.

And here let me say something concerning your choice of recitations. First of all, they should be adapted to your range of capacity. It is simply grotesque for one to whom only tragedy is natural to attempt to recite humorous pieces. On the other hand, it is a great mistake for one who is expert in nothing but humorous selections to attempt to recite tragedy.

The error with many readers lies in attempting to do that for which they are not naturally fitted. The selections in this volume are so diversified that you ought to be able to find what is especially suited to your ability.

Nothing is inserted here simply because it is good poetry or good prose. There are thousands of readings and recitations, so called, that do not afford the elocutionist any opportunity to display his powers. They are a dull monotony from beginning to end. They fill the pages of the book, but nobody wants them. Every recitation in this volume has been chosen because it has some special merit and is adapted to call out the powers of the reader.

1. Taking now the recitation before us, you have in the first verse the King's command, which you should deliver in a tone of authority, extending the right hand on the fourth line.

And this affords me an opportunity to say that your gestures should never be thrust forward or sideways in an angular manner, but with something approaching a curve. Do not make gestures as though you were a prize-fighter and were thrusting at an imaginary foe. Remember that the line of beauty is always the curve.

2. This verse is narrative and requires a different expression from the one preceding it. Extend your right hand on the second line in which it is stated that the sculptor went upon his way, curving your arm outward and then letting it fall gently by your side.

3. In this verse the sculptor is in perplexity. He is trying to study out the riddle, and to express this you should use Figure 22 of Typical Gestures.

4 and 5. These verses are also narrative, the only thing to be noted being the trembling timidity of the sculptor in the last part of the 5th verse. This should be indicated by the tones of your voice and general manner.

6. This is dialogue, and while the inflexions required are those of ordinary conversation, do not let your manner be too tame.

7. Make the announcement contained in this verse with evident satisfaction. The last line is emphatic and should be spoken with full volume.

8. Make a pause after the word statue in the first line and recite the remainder of this line in a tone of surprise. In the second line make the gesture in Figure 13 of Typical Gestures. Let your facial expression indicate satisfaction.

THE PUZZLED BOY.

1. "WELL—whose boy am I, any way?
I fell down cellar yesterday,
And gave my head an awful bump
(If you had only seen the lump!)
And Mamma called me when I cried,
And hugged me close up to her side,
And said: 'I'll kiss and make it well,
Mamma's own boy; how hard he fell.

2. "When Papa took me out to play
Where all the men were making hay,
He put me on old Dobbin's back;
And when they gave the whip a crack,
And off he threw me, Papa said,
(When I got up and rubbed my head,
And shut my lips, and winked my eyes)
'Papa's brave boy. He never cries!'

3. "And when I go to Grandma s—well,
You'd be surprised if I could tell
Of all the pies and ginger-cakes
And doughnuts that she always makes,
And all the jam and tarts and such,
And *never* says, 'Don't take too much;
'Because,' she says, 'he must enjoy
His visit, for he's Grandma's boy!'

4. "And Grandpa says: 'I'll give him soon
A little pony for his own,
He'll learn to ride it well, I know,
Because he's Grandpa's boy. Ho! ho!'
And plenty other people say:
'Well, how are you, my boy, to-day?'
Now, can you tell me, if you try,
How many little boys *am I?*"

LESSON TALK.

This selection is in a lighter vein than the others that have gone before. It is adapted to a boy eight or ten years old. While the humor is not of a boisterous character, the piece is very pleasing when recited by a boy who knows how to take in the situation and can put on a look of natural surprise.

Recitations by little people are always interesting to older persons. The young should be taught to recite in public. While this need not make them bold, it does give them confidence, which is very desirable for them to have.

Moreover, it helps them to become graceful in manner if they are properly trained, and takes away the awkwardness which makes many young persons appear to a disadvantage. Added to all this the cultivation of the memory derived from learning recitations, and learning them so thoroughly that they cannot be forgotten through any temporary embarrassment, and you will readily see that the noble art of elocution is an essential part of every young person's education.

The selection before us is not a difficult one to recite. In the first verse emphasis should be placed on the word "am," and the question should be asked in a tone of surprise. Put your hand to your head in speaking of that "awful bump."

In the next verse lift your right hand with a sudden motion and use any gesture with which you can best indicate the cracking of the whip. When you come to the words "off he threw me," use the gesture in Figure 24 of Typical Gestures. Emphasize the word "he" in the last line.

In verse three open your eyes in half wonder and put on an expressive smile as you speak of grandma's pies, cakes, doughnuts, tarts, etc. Make it plain that you enjoy your visit to grandma's.

With elevated voice and accents of delight refer to the gift of the little pony in the last verse. Speak the first "ho!" rather quickly; then prolong the sound on the second "ho!" In the last line the words "am I?" are emphatic. You are puzzled to know how many little boys you are. Pause a moment and look as if expecting an answer.

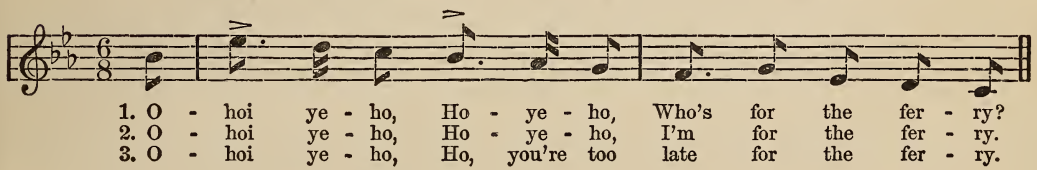
RECITATIONS WITH MUSIC.

Nothing renders a recitation more acceptable to any audience than snatches of music, some of the words being sung, if the reader has a voice for singing. The change from reciting to singing should be made easily, and you should be fully confident that you can carry through the part to be expressed by the notes of music, and sing the words effectively.

This will require practice, but will repay you for the time spent in preparation. Selections for song and recital combined are here presented, which cannot fail to captivate your audience if they are skillfully rendered.

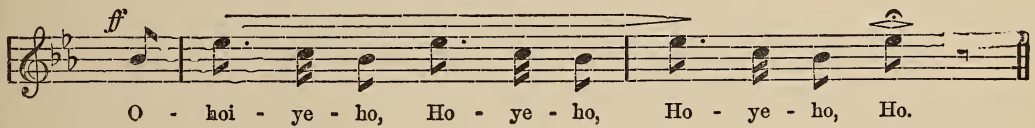
TWICKENHAM FERRY.

The words to be sung, or that should receive the prolonged sound indicated by the notes, are printed in italics. Remember you are calling to some one in the distance.



"*O-HOI ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Who's for the ferry?*
The briars in bud, the sun is going down,
And I'll row ye so quick and I'll row ye so steady,
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham Town."

The ferryman's slim and the ferryman's young,
And he's just a soft twang in the turn of his tongue,
And he's fresh as a pippin and brown as a berry,
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham Town.
O-hoi ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho.



2. "*O-hoi ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, I'm for the ferry,*
The briars in bud, the sun going down,
And it's late as it is, and I haven't a penny,
And how shall I get me to Twickenham Town?"
She'd a rose in her bonnet, and oh! she look'd sweet
As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat,
With her cheeks like a rose and her lips like a cherry,
"And sure and you're welcome to Twickenham Town."
O-hoi ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho.

3. *O-hoi ye-ho, Ho, you're too late for the ferry,*
The briars in bud, the sun going down,
And he's not rowing quick and he's not rowing steady,
You'd think 'twas a journey to Twickenham Town.

"*O hoi, and O ho,*" you may call as you will,
The moon is a rising on Peterham Hill,
And with love like a rose in the stern of the wherry,
There's danger in crossing to Twickenham Town.
O-hoi ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho.

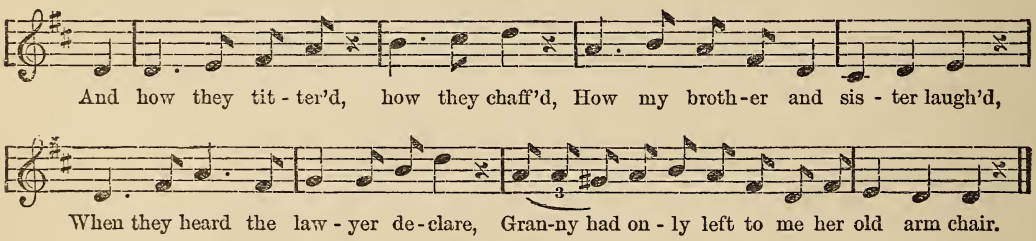
GRANDMOTHER'S CHAIR.

The words to be sung are printed in italics.

MY grandmother she, at the age of eighty-three,
One day in May was taken ill and died;
And after she was dead, the will of course was read,
By a lawyer as we all stood by his side.
Five hundred dollars to my brother did she leave,
The same unto my sister, I declare;
But when it came to me, the lawyer said, 'I see
She has left to you her old arm chair."
And how they tittered, how they chaffed,
How my brother and sister laughed,
When they heard the lawyer declare
Granny had only left to me her old arm chair.

I thought it hardly fair, still I said I did not care,
And in the evening took the chair away;
The neighbors they me chaffed, my brother at me laughed,
And said it will be useful, John, some day:
When you settle down in life, find some girl to be your wife,
You'll find it very handy, I declare;
On a cold and frosty night, when the fire is burning bright,
You can then sit in your old arm chair.

What my brother said was true, for in a year or two,



Strange to say, I settled down in married life;
I first a girl did court, and then the ring I bought,
Took her to the church, and when she was my wife,
The girl and I were just as happy as could be,
For when my work was over, I declare,
I ne'er abroad would roam, but each night would stay at home,
And be seated in my old arm chair.

One night the chair fell down; when I picked it up I found

The seat had fallen out upon the floor;
And there to my surprise I saw before my eyes,
Ten thousand dollars tucked away, or more.
When my brother heard of this, the fellow, I confess,
Went nearly mad with rage, and tore his hair;
But I only laughed at him, then said unto him, "Jem,
Don't you wish you had the old arm chair?"

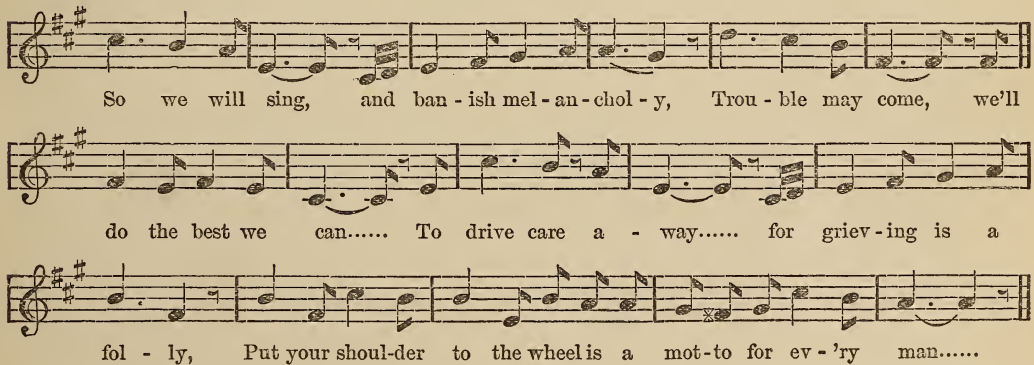
JOHN READ.

[*Repeat words with music.*]

PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.

The words to be sung are in italics.

SOME people you've met in your time, no doubt,
Who never look happy or gay;
I'll tell you the way to get jolly and stout,
If you'll listen awhile to my lay.
I've come here to tell you a bit of my mind,
And please with the same, if I can;
For there's room in this world for us all.
"Credit refuse," if you've money to pay,
You'll find it the wiser plan;
And "a dollar laid by for a rainy day,"
Is a motto for every man.
A coward gives in at the first repulse;
A brave man struggles again,



Advice is my song, you will certainly find,
And a motto for every man.

So we will sing, and banish melancholy;
Trouble may come, we'll do the best we can
To drive care away, for grieving is a folly;
Put your shoulder to the wheel is a motto for ev'ry man.

We cannot all fight in this battle of life,
The weak must go to the wall;
So do to each other the thing that is right,
With a resolute eye and a bounding pulse,
To battle his way amongst men;
For he knows he has only one chance in his time
To better himself, if he can;
"So make your hay while the sun doth shine,"
That's a motto for every man.

HARRY CLIFTON.

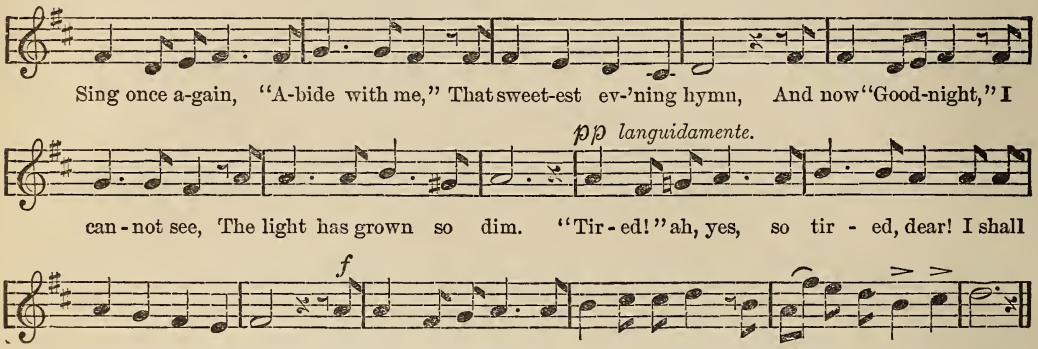
[*Repeat the part to be sung.*]

A BRIGHTER DAY IS COMING.

The words in italics are to be sung.

"TIRED," ah, yes, so tired, dear, the day
has been very long,
But shadowy gloaming draweth near,
'tis time for the even song.
I'm ready to go to rest at last, ready to say,
"Good night;"
The sunset glory darkens fast, to-morrow
will bring me light.

"Tired," ah, yes, so tired, dear, I shall soundly
sleep to-night,
With never a dream, and never a fear, to wake
in the morning's light.
It has seemed so long since morning tide,
and I have been left so lone,
Young, smiling faces thronged my side when
the early sunlight shone,



Sing once again, "Abide with me," that sweetest
evening hymn,
And now "Good night," I cannot see, the
light has grown so dim.

But they grew tire long ago, and I saw them
sink to rest,
With folded hands and brows of snow, on the
green earth's mother breast.

HELEN BURNSIDE.

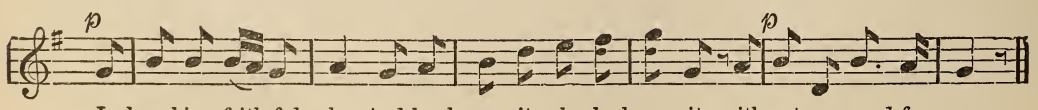
[*Repeat the words with music.*]

KATY'S LOVE LETTER.

Sing the words printed in italics.

ECH, girls dear, did you ever hear, I
wrote my love a letter,
And although he cannot read, sure I
thought 'twas all the better;
For why should he be puzzled with hard
spelling in the matter,
When the meaning was so plain that I love
him faithfully?

I love him faithfully,
And he knows it, oh, he knows it, without one
word from me.

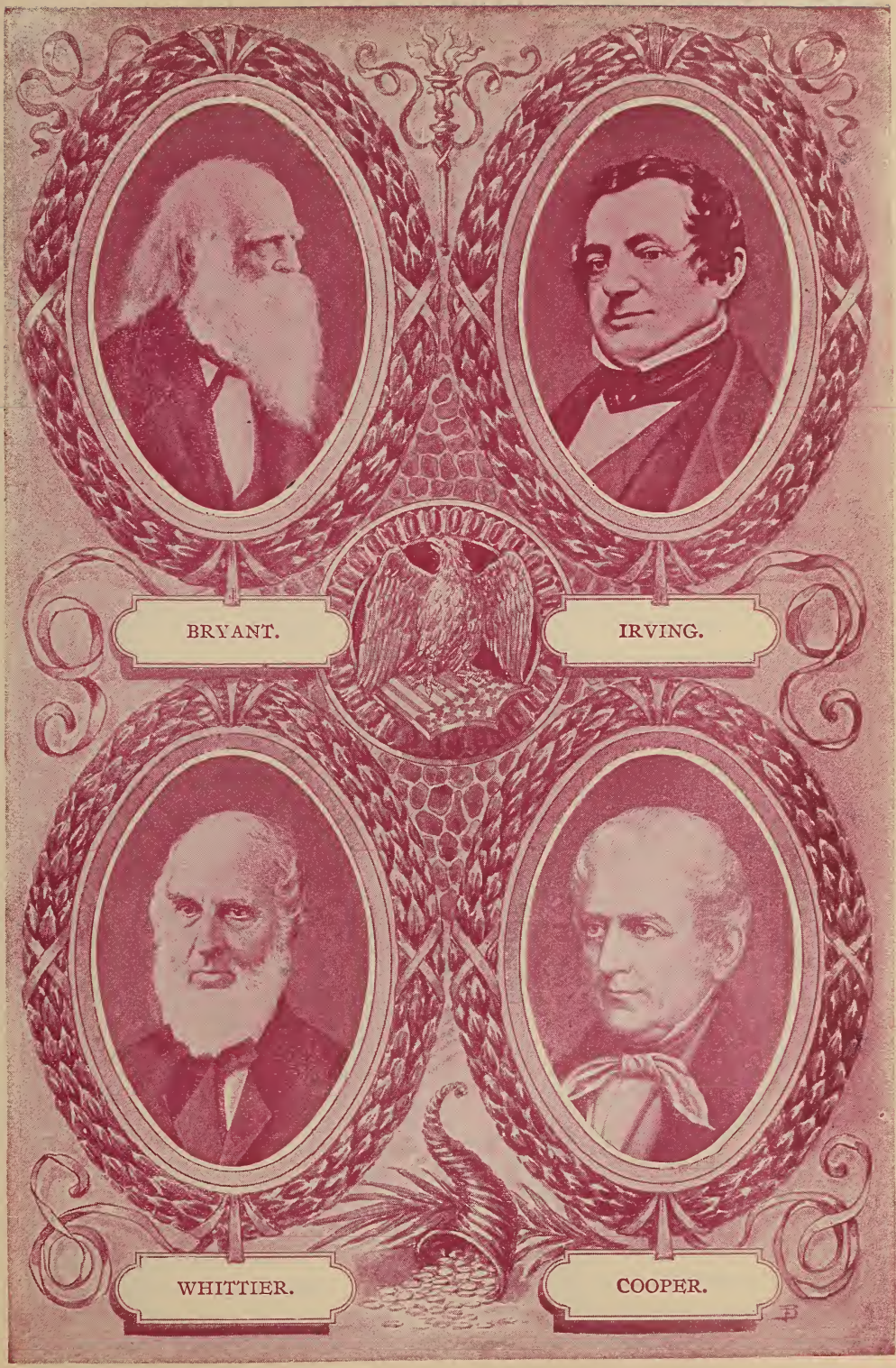


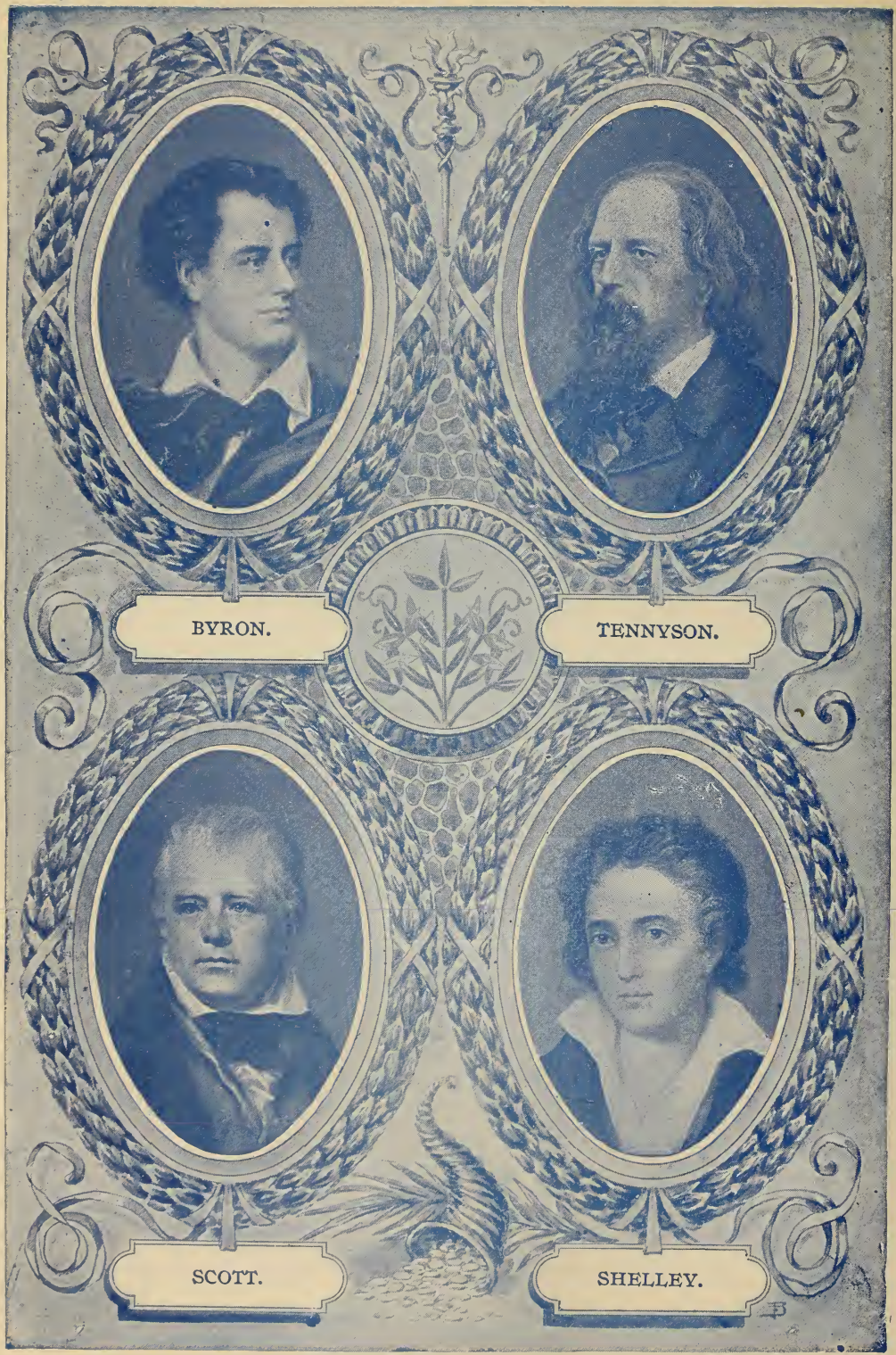


THE BOY THAT LAUGHS



THREE FISHERS WENT SAILING


BRYANT.
IRVING.
WHITTIER.
COOPER.


BYRON.
TENNYSON.
SCOTT.
SHELLEY.

I wrote it, and I folded it, and put a seal upon it;
'Twas a seal almost as big as the crown of my best bonnet;
For I would not have the Postmaster make his remarks upon it,
As I said inside the letter that I loved him faithfully,

I love him faithfully,
And he knows it, oh, he knows it! without one word from me.

My heart was full, but when I wrote, I dared not put the half in,
The neighbors know I love him, and they're mighty fond of chaffing;
And I dared not write his name outside, for fear they would be laughing,
So I wrote, "From little Kate to one whom she loves faithfully."

I love him faithfully,
And he knows it, oh, he knows it! without one word from me.

Now, girls, would you believe it, that Postman, so consaited,
No answer will he bring me, so long as I have waited;
But maybe there isn't one for the raison that I stated,
That my love can neither read nor write, but he loves me faithfully.

He loves me faithfully,
And I know where'er my love is, that he is true to me.

LADY DUFFERIN.

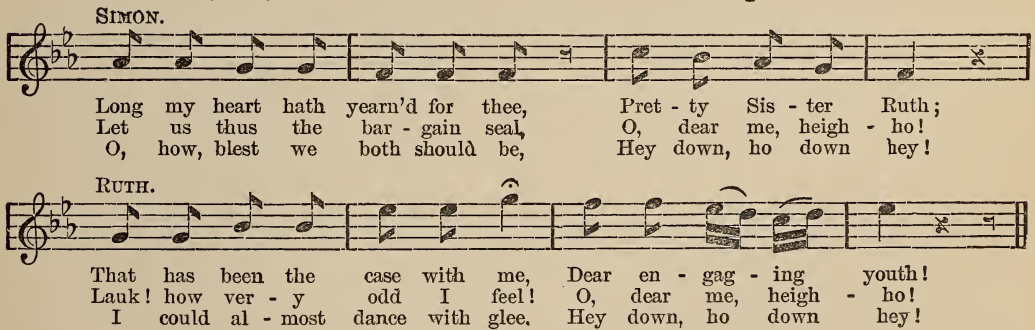
DOST THOU LOVE ME, SISTER RUTH?

A COMIC DUET.

The persons who present this recital should appear in Quaker costume and stand near each other, face to face. It can be made very amusing. The change from reciting to singing adds greatly to the effect. Sing the words in italics, and make appropriate gestures.

1. SIMON.—Dost thou love me, Sister Ruth?
Say, say, say!
RUTH.—As I fain would speak the truth,
Yea, yea, yea.

2. SIMON.—Wilt thou promise to be mine,
Maiden fair?
RUTH.—Take my hand, my heart is thine,
There, there, there. [*Salutes her.*]



SIMON.—*Long my heart hath yearned for thee,*
Pretty Sister Ruth;
RUTH.—*That has been the case with me,*
Dear engaging youth.

SIMON.—*Let us thus the bargain seal.*
O, dear me, heigh-ho!
RUTH.—*Lauk! how very odd I feel!*
O, dear me, heigh-ho!

3. SIMON.—Love like ours can never cloy,
Humph! humph! humph!
RUTH.—While no jealous fears annoy,
Humph! humph! humph!

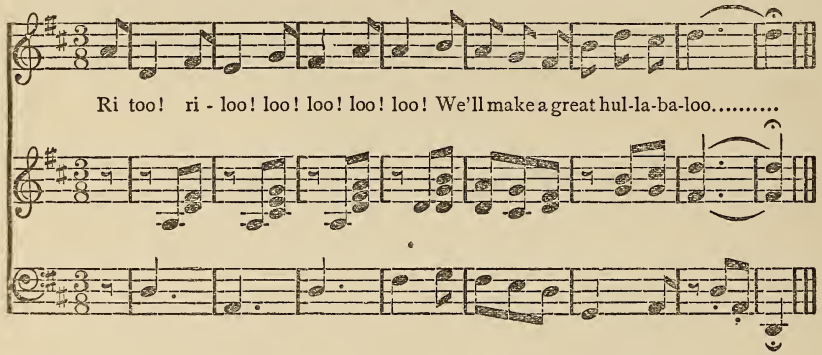
SIMON.—*O, how blessed we both should be,*
Hey down, ho down, hey!
RUTH.—*I could almost dance with glee,*
Hey down, ho down, hey!

JOHN PARRY.

TWO LITTLE ROGUES.

SAYS Sammy to Dick,
"Come, hurry! come quick!
And we'll do, and we'll do, and we'll do!
Our mammy's away,
She's gone for to stay,
And we'll make a great hullabaloo!
Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo! loo!
We'll make a great hullabaloo!

"Slide down the front stairs!
Tip over the chairs!
Now into the pantry break through!
Pull down all the tin-ware,
And pretty things in there!
All aboard for a hullabaloo!
Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo! loo!
All aboard for a hullabaloo!



Says Dick to Sam,
"All weddy I am
To do, and to do, and to do,
But how doesth it go?
I so 'ittle to know,
That, what be a hullabawoo?
Ri too! ri loo! woo! woo! woo! woo!
Thay, what be a hullabawoo?"

"Oh, slammings and bangings,
And whingings and whangings;
And very bad mischief we'll do!
We'll clatter and shout,
And knock things about,
And that's what's a hullabaloo!
Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo! loo!
And that's what's a hullabaloo!

"Now roll up the table,
Far up as you are able,
Chairs, sofa, big easy-chair too!
Put the lamps and the vases
In funny old places.
How's this for a hullabaloo?
Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo! loo!
How's this for a hullabaloo?

"Let the dishes and pans
Be the womans and mans;
Everybody keep still in their pew;
Mammy's gown I'll get next,
And preach you a text.
Dick! hush with your hullabaloo!
Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo! loo!
Dicky! hush with your hullabaloo!"

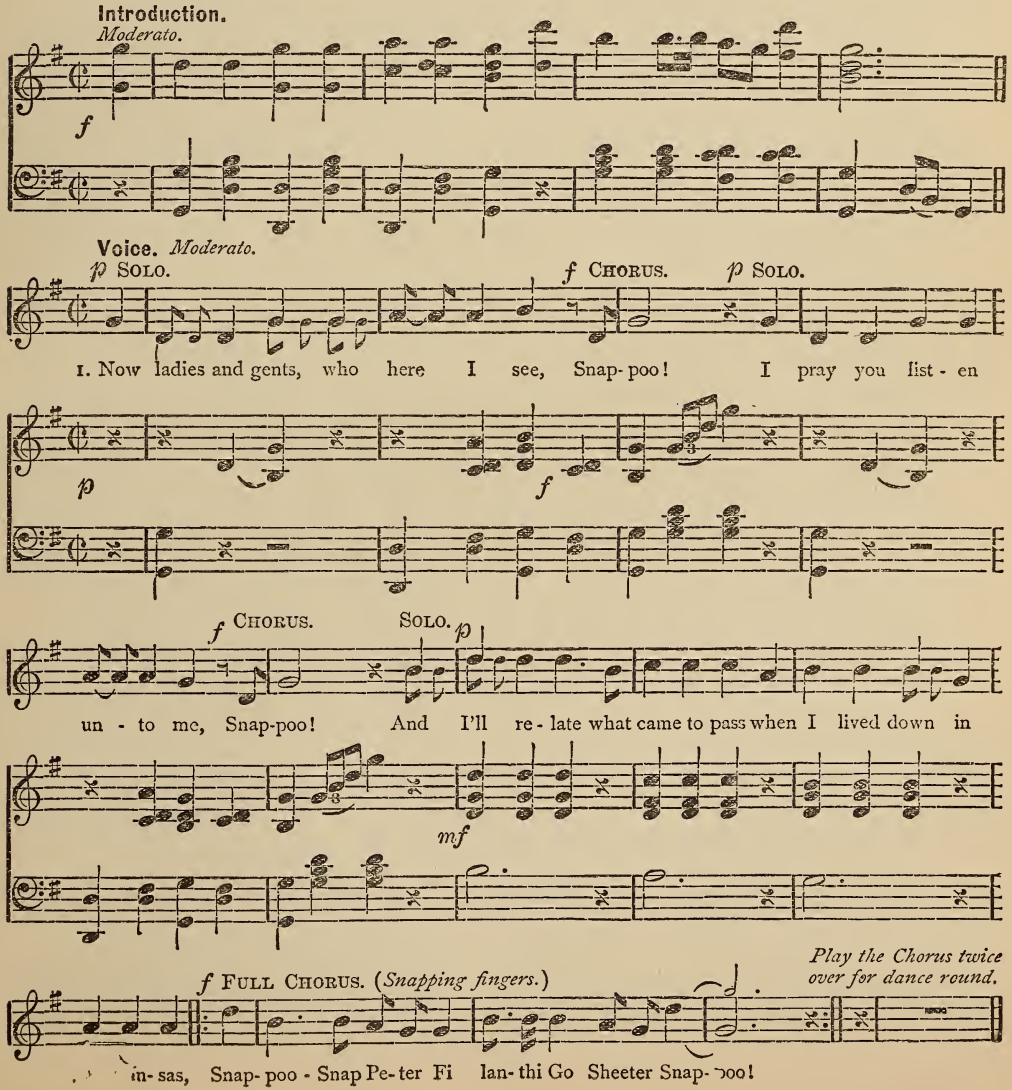
As the preacher in gown
Climbed up and looked down,
His queer congregation to view,
Said Dicky to Sammy,
"Oh, dere comes our mammy!
She'll 'pank for dis hullubawoo!
Ri too! ri loo! woo! woo! woo! woo!
She'll 'pank for dis hullabawoo!
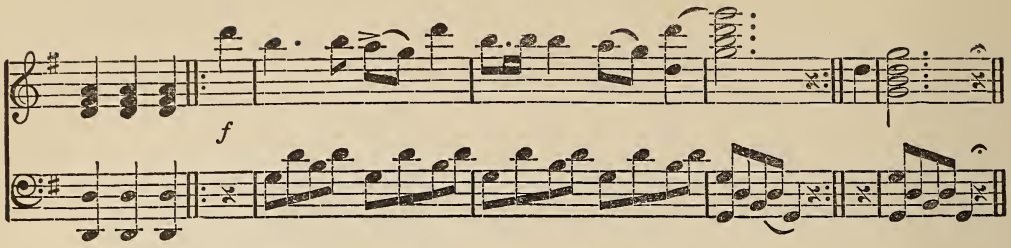
"O mammy! O mammy!"
Cried Dicky and Sammy,
"We'll never again, certain true!"
But with firm step she trod
To take down the rod—
Oh, then came a hullabaloo!
Bo hoo! bo hoo! woo! woo! woo! woo!
Oh, then came a hullabaloo!

MRS. A. M. DIAZ.

ARKANSAW PETE'S ADVENTURE;

ARKANSAW PETE, a frontier-backwoodsman, who sings the solo. CHORUS, three lively city gentlemen.





2. While riding home one Saturday night,
Snap-poo!
I passed Miss Smith's and thought I'd light,
Snap-poo!
So I hitch'd my hoss and in did go,
Just for to spend an hour or so.

CHORUS (*marching up and down, and snapping fingers at* PETE).
Snap-poo! Snap-Peter!
Fi-lan-thi-go-shee-ter!
Snap-poo! (*Repeat chorus.*)

3. When to the door I had safely got,
Snap-poo!
She came and pok'd her sweet head out,
Snap-poo!
Said she right out, "Why, Mister Pete!
Oh, do walk in and have a seat!"
(CHORUS.)

4. With easy step and a jolly heart,
Snap-poo!
I bounded in just like a dart,
Snap-poo!
And, oh, you may bet, I felt all hunk
When into a chair by her I sunk. (CHORUS.)

5. Our chairs got closer as we two rock'd,
Snap-poo!
My throat swell'd up till I most chok'd,
Snap-poo!
At length they struck, and came to a stop—
Now, now, thinks I, 's the time to "pop!"
(CHORUS.)

6. I tried to look in her love-lit eyes,
Snap-poo!
They were clear and blue as summer skies,
Snap-poo!
Not a word could I speak—alas! poor Pete!
Though she look'd good enough to eat.
(CHORUS.)

7. I look'd at her, and she look'd at me,
Snap-poo!
I heard my heart say pee-dee-dee,
Snap-poo!
I twisted my chair, and cross'd my feet—
I'd never seen anything half so sweet.
(CHORUS.)

8. My tongue grew thick, and my eyes stuck out,
Snap-poo!
My hands flew nervously about,
Snap-poo!
And, before I could their motion check,
They grabb'd that gal right 'round the neck! (CHORUS.)

9. She haul'd away with her pretty fist,
Snap-poo!
She gave my jaw an awful twist,
Snap-poo!
It seem'd an hour before I spoke—
I thought by gum, my head was broke!
(CHORUS.)

10. The racket we made brought her ma-ma,
Snap-poo!
Who straightway call'd her great pa-pa,
Snap-poo!
He kicked me out—and, you bet, I fled.
That gal won't do, thinks I, to wed!
(CHORUS.)

PATRIOTIC RECITATIONS.

THE BEAT OF THE DRUM AT DAYBREAK.

Speak the words in italics with full, earnest tones of command. Then change easily to a manner suited to animated description. An excellent selection for one who can make these changes effectively.

THE morning is cheery, my boys, arouse!
The dew shines bright on the chestnut boughs,
And the sleepy mist on the river lies,
Though the east is flushing with crimson dyes.
Awake! awake! awake!
O'er field and wood and brake,
With glories newly born,
Comes on the blushing morn.
Awake! awake!

You have dreamed of your homes and your friends all night;
You have basked in your sweethearts' smiles so bright:
Come, part with them all for a while again—
Be lovers in dreams; when awake, be men.
Turn out! turn out! turn out!
You have dreamed full long I know,
Turn out! turn out! turn out!
The east is all aglow.
Turn out! turn out!

From every valley and hill there come
The clamoring voices of fife and drum;
And out on the fresh, cool morning air
The soldiers are swarming everywhere.
Fall in! fall in! fall in!
Every man in his place.
Fall in! fall in! fall in!
Each with a cheerful face.
Fall in! fall in!

MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

Admirably suited to rapid utterance, vivid description and full tones on an elevated key. Hurrah in the last lines as you would if you saw the enemy routed on the field of battle.

WITH bray of the trumpet
And roll of the drum,
And keen ring of bugles,
The cavalry come,
Sharp clank the steel scabbards,
The bridle-chains ring,
And foam from red nostrils
The wild chargers fling.

Tramp! tramp! o'er the green sward
That quivers below,
Scarce held by the curb-bit,
The fierce horses go!
And the grim-visaged colonel
With ear-rending shout,
Peals forth to the squadrons,
The order—"Trot out."

One hand on the sabre,
And one on the rein,
The troopers move forward
In line on the plain.
As rings the word "Gallop!"
The steel scabbards clank,
And each rowel is pressed
To a horse's hot flank:
And swift is their rush
As the wild torrent's flow,
When it pours from the crag
On the valley below.

"Charge!" thunders the leader.
Like shaft from the bow
Each mad horse is hurled
On the wavering foe.
A thousand bright sabres
Are gleaming in air;
A thousand dark horses
Are dashed on the square.

Resistless and reckless
Of aught may betide,
Like demons, not mortals,
The wild troopers ride.
Cut right! and cut left!
For the parry who needs?
The bayonets shiver
Like wind-shattered reeds!

Vain—vain the red volley
That bursts from the square—
The random-shot bullets
Are wasted in air.
Triumphant, remorseless,
Unerring as death,—
No sabre that's stainless
Returns to its sheath.

The wounds that are dealt
By that murderous steel
Will never yield case
For the surgeons to heal
Hurrah! they are broken—
Hurrah! boys, they fly—
None linger save those
Who but linger to die.

THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE OF SANTIAGO.

Hold your body erect, but not awkwardly stiff, let every nerve be tense, your voice full and round, and let your manner indicate that you have a grand story to relate, as you recite Admiral Schley's thrilling description of the great naval battle at Santiago. You are depicting the scene as though you were there and yourself won the brilliant victory.

ONE hour before the Spaniards appeared my quartermaster on the Brooklyn reported to me that Cervera's fleet was coaling up. This was just what I expected, and we prepared everything for a hot reception. Away over the hills great clouds of smoke could be faintly seen rising up to the sky. A little later and the smoke began to move towards the mouth of the harbor. The black cloud wound in and out along the narrow channel, and every eye on board the vessels in our fleet strained with expectation.

The sailor boys were silent for a full hour and the grim old vessels lay back like tigers waiting to pounce upon their prey. Suddenly the whole Spanish fleet shot out of the mouth of the channel. It was the grandest spectacle I ever witnessed. The flames were pouring out of the funnels, and as it left the channel the fleet opened fire with every gun on board. Their guns were worked as rapidly as possible, and shells were raining around like hail.

It was a grand charge. My first impression was that of a lot of maddened bulls, goaded to desperation, dashing at their tormentors. The storm of projectiles and shells was the hottest imaginable. I wondered where they all came from. Just as the vessels swung around the Brooklyn opened up with three shells, and almost simultaneously the rest of the fleet fired. Our volley was a terrible shock to the Spaniards, and so surprised them that they must have been badly rattled.

When our fleet swung around and gave chase, we not only had to face the fire from the vessels, but were bothered by a cross-fire from the forts on either side, which opened on our fleet as soon as the Spaniards shot out of the harbor. The engage-

ment lasted three hours, but I hardly knew what time was. I remember crashing holes through the Spanish Admiral's flagship, the Maria Teresa, and giving chase to the Colon.

I was on the bridge of the Brooklyn during the whole engagement, and at times the smoke was so dense that I could not see three yards ahead of me. The shells from the enemy's fleet were whistling around and bursting everywhere, except where they could do some damage. I seemed to be the only thing on the vessel not protected by heavy armor, and oh! how I would have liked to get behind some of that armor!

I don't know how I kept my head, but I do know that I surprised myself by seeing and knowing all that was going on, and I could hear my voice giving orders to do just what my head thought was right, while my heart was trying to get beneath the shelter of the armored deck. How do I account for such a victory with so little loss? That would mean how do I account for the rain of Spanish shell not doing more execution? They fought nobly and desperately, but they were not a match for our Yankee officers and sailors.

I was proud of the boys in our fleet during that engagement. They knew just what their guns could do, and not one shot was wasted. Their conduct was wonderful. It was inspiring. It was magnificent. Men who can stand behind big guns and face a black storm of shells and projectiles as coolly as though nothing was occurring; men who could laugh because a shell had missed hitting them; men who could bet one another on shots and lay odds in the midst of the horrible crashing; men who could not realize that they were in danger—such men are wonders, and we have a whole navy of wonders. ADMIRAL W. S. SCHLEY.

HOBSON'S DARING DEED.

Let your tones of voice be strong and bold, not boisterous, and give to the most spirited lines full force. You are depicting a daring deed, and it must not be done in a weak, timid, hesitating way, but with strong utterance and emphasis. The sinking of the steam collier Merrimac was a famous exploit.

THUNDER peal and roar and rattle of the ships in line of battle,
Rumbling noise of steel volcanoes hurling metal from the shore,
Drowned the sound of quiet speaking and the creaking, creaking, creaking
Of the steering-gear that turned her toward the narrow harbor door.

On the hulk was calm and quiet, deeper for the shoreward riot;
Dumb they watched the fountain streaming; mute they heard the waters hiss,
Till one laughed and murmured, "Surely it was worth while rising early
For a fireworks exhibition of such character as this."

Down the channel the propeller drove her as they tried to shell her
From the drizzy heights of Morro and Socapa parapet;
She was torn and she was battered, and her upper works were shattered
By the bursting of the missiles that in air above her met.

Parallels of belching cannon marked the winding course she ran on,
And they flashed through morning darkness like a giant's flaming teeth;
Waters steaming, boiling, churning; rows of muzzles at each turning;
Mines like geysers spouting after and before her and beneath.

Not a man was there who faltered; not a theory was altered
Of the detailed plan agreed on—not a doubt was there expressed;
This was not a time for changing, deviating, re-arranging;
Let the great God help the wounded, and their courage save the rest.

And they won. But greater glory than the winning is the story
Of the foeman's friendly greeting of that valiant captive band;
Speech of his they understood not, talk to him in words they could not;
But their courage spoke a language that all men might understand.

GENERAL WHEELER AT SANTIAGO.

"Fighting Joe," as he was familiarly called, was one of the most conspicuous and heroic figures in the battles fought around Santiago. Recite this tribute to the hero with feeling, and show by looks, tones and gestures that you appreciate the patriotism and valor of the famous commander of cavalry.

INTO the thick of the fight he went, pallid and sick and wan,
Borne in an ambulance to the front, a ghostly wisp of a man;
But the fighting soul of a fighting man, approved in the long ago,
Went to the front in that ambulance, and the body of Fighting Joe.

Out from the front they were coming back, smitten of Spanish shells—
Wounded boys from the Vermont Hills and the Alabama dells;
"Put them into this ambulance; I'll ride to the front," he said,
And he climbed to the saddle and rode right on, that little old ex-Confed.

From end to end of the long blue ranks rose up the ringing cheers,
And many a powder-blackened face was furrowed with sudden tears,
As with flashing eyes and gleaming sword, and hair and beard of snow,
Into the hell of shot and shell rode little old Fighting Joe!

Sick with fever and racked with pain, he could not stay away,
For he heard the song of the yester-years in the deep-mouthed cannon's bay—
He heard in the calling song of the guns there was work for him to do,
Where his country's best blood splashed and flowed 'round the old Red, White and Blue.

Fevered body and hero heart! This Union's heart to you
Beats out in love and reverence—and to each dear boy in blue
Who stood or fell 'mid the shot and shell, and cheered in the face of the foe,
As, wan and white, to the heart of the fight rode little old Fighting Joe!

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON

THE FLAG GOES BY.

HATS off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!
Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines,
Hats off!
The colors before us fly!
But more than the flag is passing by,
Sea-fights and land-fights grim and great
Fought to make and to save the state;
Cheers of victory on dying lips


EDWARD EVERETT
BRET HARTE
H.W. LONGFELLOW
J.G. HOLLAND
R.H. STODDARD



THE NEW COOK.

"'Will you iver be done wid your graneness,' she axed me wid a loud scrame."

Weary marches and sinking ships;
Days of plenty and years of peace
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;
Sign of a nation great and strong,
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor, all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.
Hats off!

IN MANILA BAY.

A graphic description of the great naval battle of Manila and Admiral Dewey's overwhelming victory. Unless this recital is delivered in an animated, exultant manner, and with great oratorical force, the grand power of the description will be weakened, if not entirely lost. Put your whole soul into it.

ON the broad Manila Bay
The Spanish cruisers lay,
In the shelter of their forts upon the shore;
And they dared their foes to sail
Through the crashing iron hail
Which the guns from decks and battlements would pour.

All the harbor ways were missed,
And along the channel blind
Slept the wild torpedoes, dreaming dreams of wrath.
Yea! the fiery hates of hell
Lay beneath the ocean's swell,
Like a thousand demons ambushed in the path.

Breasting fierce Pacific gales,
Lo! a little squadron sails,
And the Stars and Stripes are noating from its spars.
It is friendless and alone,
Aids and allies it has none,
But a dauntless chorus sings its dauntless tars:

"We're ten thousand miles from home;
Ocean's wastes and wave and foam
Shut us from the land we love so far away.
We have ne'er a friendly port
For retreat as last resort,
But we'll beard the ships of Spain in their own bay.

"They have mines beneath the sea,
They have forts upon their lee,
They have everything to aid them in the fray;
But we'll brave their hidden mines,
And we'll face their blazing lines;
Yes! We'll beard the ships of Spain in their own bay.

"If we're worsted in the fight,
We shall perish in the right—
No hand will wipe the dews of death away.
The wounded none will tend,
For we've not a single friend;
But we'll beard the ships of Spain in their own bay.

"No ironclads we sail,
Only cruisers light and frail,
With no armor plates to turn the shells away.
All the battleships now steer
In another hemisphere,
But we'll beard the ships of Spain in their own bay.

"Ho! Remember now the Maine!
Up! And smite the ships of Spain!
Let them not forget for years this first of May!
Though hell blaze up from beneath,
Forward through the cannon's breath,
When Dewey leads into Manila Bay."

There, half-way round the world,
Swift and straight the shots were hurled,
And a handful of bold sailors won the day.
Never since earth was begun
Has a braver deed been done
Than when Dewey sailed into Manila Bay.

God made for him a path
Through the mad torpedoes' wrath,
From their slumbers never wakened into play.
When dawn smote the east with gold,
Spaniards started to behold
Dewey and his gallant fleet within ther bay.

Then from forts and warships first
Iron maledictions burst,
And the guns with tongues of flame began to pray;
Like demons out of hell
The batteries roar and yell,
While Dewey answers back across the bay.

O Gods! it was a sight,
Till the smoke, as black as night,
Hid the fire-belching ships from light of day.
When it lifted from the tide,
Smitten low was Spanish pride,
And Dewey was the master of their bay.

Where the awful conflict roared,
And red blood in torrents poured,
There the Stars and Stripes are waving high to-day.
Dewey! Hero strong and grand!
Shout his name through every land!
For he sunk the ships of Spain in their own bay. CHARLES WADSWORTH, JR.

MY SOLDIER BOY.

WHEN night comes on, when morning breaks, they rise,
Those earnest prayers by faithful lips oft said,
And pierce the blue which shrouds the inner skies:
"God guard my boy; God grant he is not dead!"
"My soldier boy—where is he camped to-night?"
"God guard him waking, sleeping or in fight!"

Far, far away where tropic suns cast down
Their scorching rays, where sultry damp airs rise
And haunting breath of sickness holds its own,
A homesick boy, sore wounded, suffering lies.
"Mother! Mother!" is his ceaseless cry.
"Come, mother, come, and see me ere I die!"

Where is war's glory? Ask the trumpet's blare,
The marching columns run to bitter strife;
Ask of the raw recruit who knows as yet
Naught of its horrors, naught of its loss of life;
Ask not the mother; weeping for her son,
She knows the heart-aches following victories won.

THE YANKEES IN BATTLE.

FOR courage and dash there is no parallel in history to this action of the Spanish Admiral. He came, as he knew, to absolute destruction. There was one single hope. That was that the Spanish ship Cristobal Colon would steam faster than the American ship Brooklyn. The spectacle of two torpedo-boat destroyers, paper shells at best, deliberately steaming out in broad daylight in the face of the fire of battleships can only be described in one way. It was Spanish, and it was ordered by the Spanish General Blanco. The same may be said of the entire movement.

In contrast to the Spanish fashion was the cool, deliberate Yankee work. The American squadron was without sentiment apparently. The ships went at their Spanish opponents and literally tore them to pieces. Admiral Cervera was taken aboard the Iowa from the Gloucester, which had rescued him, and he was received with a full Admiral's guard. The crew of the Iowa crowded aft over the turrets, half naked and black with

powder, as Cervera stepped over the side bareheaded. The crew cheered vociferously. The Admiral submitted to the fortunes of war with a grace that proclaimed him a thoroughbred.

The officers of the Spanish ship Vizcaya said they simply could not hold their crews at the guns on account of the rapid fire poured upon them. The decks were flooded with water from the fire hose, and the blood from the wounded made this a dark red. Fragments of bodies floated in this along the gun deck. Every instant the crack of exploding shells told of new havoc.

The torpedo boat Ericsson was sent by the flagship to the help of the Iowa in the rescue of the Vizcaya's crew. Her men saw a terrible sight. The flames, leaping out from the huge shot holes in the Vizcaya's sides, licked up the decks, sizzling the flesh of the wounded who were lying there shrieking for help. Between the frequent explosions there came awful cries and groans from the men pinned in below. This carnage was chiefly due to the rapidity of the American fire.

From two 6-pounders 400 shells were fired in fifty minutes. Up in the tops the marines banged away with 1-pounders, too excited to step back to duck as the shells whistled over them. One gunner of a secondary battery under a 12-inch gun was blinded by smoke and saltpetre from the turret, and his crew were driven off, but sticking a wet handkerchief over his face, with holes cut for his eyes, he stuck to his gun.

Finally, as the 6-pounders were so close to the 8-inch turret as to make it impossible to stay there with safety, the men were ordered away before the big gun was fired, but they refused to leave. When the 3-inch gun was fired, the concussion blew two men of the smaller gun's crew ten feet from their guns and threw them to the deck as deaf as posts. Back they went again, however, and were again blown away, and finally had to be dragged away from their stations. Such bravery and such dogged determination under the heavy fire were of frequent occurrence on all the ships engaged. CAPTAIN R. D. EVANS.

THE BANNER BETSEY MADE.

The first American flag, including the thirteen stars and stripes, was made by Mrs. Betsey Ross, a Quaker lady of Philadelphia. Recite these lines in an easy, conversational manner, yet with animation. In this and similar recitations never let your voice sink down into your throat, as if you were just ready to faint away. Your delivery should never be dull, least of all in patriotic pieces.

WE have nicknamed it "Old Glory"
As it floats upon the breeze,
Rich in legend, song and story
On the land and on the seas;
Far above the shining river,
Over mountain, glen and glade
With a fame that lives forever
Streams the banner Betsey made.

Once it went from her, its maker,
To the glory of the wars,
Once the modest little Quaker
Deftly studded it with stars;
And her fingers, swiftly flying
Through the sunshine and the shade,
Welded colors bright, undying,
In the banner Betsey made.

When at last her needle rested
And her cherished work was done
Went the banner, love invested,
To the camps of Washington;

And the glorious continentals
In the morning light arrayed
Stood in ragged regimentals
'Neath the banner Betsey made.

How they cheered it and its maker,
They the gallant sons of Mars,
How they blessed the little Quaker
And her flag of stripes and stars;
'Neath its folds, the foemen scorning,
Glinted bayonets and blade,
And the breezes of the morning
Kissed the banner Betsey made.

Years have passed, but still in glory
With a pride we love to see,
Laureled with a nation's glory
Waves the emblem of the free;
From the rugged pines of Northland
To the deep'ning everglade,
In the sunny heart of Southland
Floats the banner Betsey made.

A protector all have found it
And beneath it stands no slave,
Freemen brave have died around it
On the land and on the wave;
In the foremost front of battle
Borne by heroes not afraid,
'Mid the musket's rapid rattle,
Soared the banner Betsey made.

Now she sleeps whose fingers flying
With a heart to freedom true
Mingled colors bright, undying—
Fashioned stars and field of blue;
It will lack for no defenders
When the nation's foes invade,
For our country ose to splendor
'Neath the banner Betsey made.

T. C. HARBAUGH.

OUR FLAG.

NOW can the world once more the glory see
Of this our flag, emblem of liberty.
Now can the tyrant quake with direst fear
As o'er his land our banners shall appear.

No selfish aim shall lead our flag astray,
No base desire shall point our banner's way;
Each star has told a tale of noble deed,
Each stripe shall mean from strife a nation free.

Our glorious past when first with thirteen stars
On field of blue with white and bright red bars,
Our flag led on in battle's fierce array,
And freed the land from mighty Britain's sway.

And since this time when first it was unfurled,
Our flag has proved the noblest in the world.
From Cuba's shore out to Manila Bay
Its mighty folds protecting fly to-day.

Beneath this flag with patriotic pride
For freedom's cause great men have gladly died
Our noblest sons beneath its folds so free
In conflict died for Cuba's liberty.

Float on, dear flag, our nation's greatest joy,
Thy starry folds no despot shall destroy;
Stretch out thy arms till war forever cease,
And all the world is universal peace.

CHAS. F. ALSOP.

THAT STARRY FLAG OF OURS.

UNFURL the starry banner,
Till with loving eyes we view
The stars and stripes we honor
And the folds of azure blue.

'Tis the pride of all our nation
And the emblem of its powers—
The gem of all creation
Is that starry flag of ours.

Then raise aloft "Old Glory,"
And its colors bright surround,
In battle fierce and gory,
Or in peace with honor bound.

Let it float from spire and steeple,
And from house-tops, masts and towers,
For the banner of the people
Is that starry flag of ours.

Now, behold it, bright and peerless,
In the light of freedom's sky;
See its colors floating, fearless
As the eagle soaring high.

And amid the cannon's rattle
And the bullets' deadly showers,
Ten million men will battle
For that starry flag of ours.

THE NEGRO SOLDIER.

In reciting this piece give stress and emphasis to the words, "the Tenth at La Quasina." You are praising the valor of this regiment, and should not do it in a doubtful or hesitating manner.

WE used to think the negro didn't count for very much—
Light-fingered in the melon patch, and chicken yard, and such;
Much mixed in point of morals and absurd in point of dress,
The butt of droll cartoonists and the target of the press;
But we've got to reconstruct our views on color, more or less,
Now we know about the Tenth at La Quasina!

When a rain of shot was falling, with a song upon his lips,
In the horror where such gallant lives went out in death's eclipse,
Face to face with Spanish bullets, on the slope of San Juan,
The negro soldier showed himself another type of man;
Read the story of his courage, coldly, carelessly, who can—
The story of the Tenth at La Quasina!

We have heaped the Cuban soil above their bodies, black and white—
The strangely sorted comrades of that grand and glorious fight—
And many a fair-skinned volunteer goes whole and sound to-day
For the succor of the colored troops, the battle records say,
And the feud is done forever, of the blue coat and the gray—
All honor to the Tenth at La Quasina!

B. M. CHANNING.

DEEDS OF VALOR AT SANTIAGO.

To be delivered with full, ringing tones. You are an exultant patriot, picturing the glorious deeds of our American army. This selection affords opportunity for very effective gestures.

WHO cries that the days of daring are those that are faded far,
That never a light burns planet-bright to be hailed as the hero's star?
Let the deeds of the dead be laureled, the brave of the elder years,
But a song, we say, for the men of to-day who have proved themselves their peers!

High in the vault of the tropic sky is the garish eye of the sun,
And down with its crown of guns a-frown looks the hill-top to be won;
There is the trench where the Spaniard lurks, his hold and his hiding-place,
And he who would cross the space between must meet death face to face.

The black mouths belch and thunder, and the shrapnel shrieks and flies;
Where are the fain and the fearless, the lads with the dauntless eyes?

Will the moment find them wanting! Nay, but with valor stirred!
Like the leashed hound on the coursing-ground they wait but the warning word.

"Charge!" and the line moves forward, moves with a shout and a swing,
While sharper far than the cactus-thorn is the spiteful bullet's sting.
Now they are out in the open, and now they are breasting the slope,
While into the eyes of death they gaze as into the eyes of hope.

Never they wait nor waver, but on they clamber and on,
With "Up with the flag of the stripes and stars, and down with the flag of the Don!"
What should they bear through the shot-rent air but rout to the ranks of Spain,
For the blood that throbs in their hearts is the blood of the boys of Anthony Wayne!

See, they have taken the trenches! Where are the foemen? Gone!
And now "Old Glory" waves in the breeze from the heights of San Juan!
And so, while the dead are laureled, the brave of the elder years,
A song, we say, for the men of to-day who have proved themselves their peers!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

A RACE FOR DEAR LIFE.

THE battleships Brooklyn, Oregon and Texas pushed ahead after the Spanish ships Colon and Almirante Oquendo, which were now running the race of their lives along the coast. When Admiral Cervera's flagship, the Almirante Oquendo, suddenly headed in shore, she had the Brooklyn and Oregon abeam and the Texas astern. The Brooklyn and Oregon pushed on after the Cristobal Colon, which was making fine time, and which looked as if she might escape, leaving the Texas to finish the Almirante Oquendo. This work did not take long. The Spanish ship was already burning. Just as the Texas got abeam of her she was shaken by a loud and mighty explosion.

The crew of the Texas started to cheer. "Don't cheer, because the poor devils are dying!" called Captain Philip, and the Texas left the Almirante Oquendo to her fate to join in the chase of the Cristobal Colon.

That ship, in desperation, was ploughing the waters at a rate that caused the fast Brooklyn trouble. The Oregon made great speed for a battleship, and the Texas made the effort of her life. Never since her trial trip had she made such time. The Brooklyn might have proved a match to the Cristobal Colon in speed, but was not supposed to be her match in strength.

It would never do to allow even one of the Spanish ships to get away. Straight into the west the strongest chase of modern times took place. The Brooklyn headed the pursuers. She stood well out from the shore in order to try to cut off the Cristobal Colon at a point jutting out into the sea far ahead. The Oregon kept a middle course about a mile from the cruiser. The Desperate Don ran close along the shore, and now and then he threw a shell of defiance. The old Texas kept well up in the chase under forced draught for over two hours.

The fleet Spaniard led the Americans a merry chase, but she had no chance. The Brooklyn gradually forged ahead, so that the escape of the Cristobal Colon was cut off. The Oregon was abeam of the Colon then, and the gallant Don gave it up. He headed for the shore, and five minutes later down came the Spanish flag. None of our ships

were then within a mile of her, but her escape was cut off. The Texas, Oregon and Brooklyn closed in on her, and stopped their engines a few hundred yards away.

With the capture of the Cristobal Colon the battle was ended, and there was great rejoicing on all our ships. Meantime the New York, with Admiral Sampson on board, and the Vixen were coming up on the run. Commodore Schley signalled to Admiral Sampson: "We have won a great victory."

PATRIOTISM OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

THE maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Though heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory!

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

There is a strain of gladness, a tone of rejoicing in this selection, which requires a spirited delivery and full volume of voice. Patriotic emotions should always be expressed in an exultant, joyous manner by voice, attitude and gestures.

THE clouds grew dark as the people paused,
A people of peace and toil,
And there came a cry from all the sky:
"Come, children of mart and soil,
Your mother needs you—hear her voice;
Though she has not a son to spare,
She has spoken the word that ye all have heard,
Come, answer ye everywhere!"

They need no urging to stir them on.
They yearn for no battle cry;
At the word that their country calls for men
They throw down hammer and scythe and pen,
And are ready to serve and die!
From the North, from the South, from East, from West,
Hear the thrill of the rumbling drum!

Under one flag they march along,
With their voices swelling a single song,
Here they come, they come, they come!
List! the North men cheer the men from the South
And the South returns the cheer;
There is no question of East or West,
For hearts are a-tune in every breast,
'Tis a nation answering here.

It is elbow to elbow and knee to knee,
One land for each and for all,
And the veterans' eyes see their children rise
To answer their country's call.
They have not forgotten—God grant not so!
(Ah, we know of the graves on the hill.)
But these eager feet make the old hearts beat,
And the old eyes dim and fill!

The Past sweeps out, and the Present comes—
A Present that all have wrought!
And the sons of these sires, at the same camp-fires,
Cheer one flag where their fathers fought!
Yes, we know of the graves on the Southern hills
That are filled with the Blue and the Gray.

We know how they fought and how they died,
We honor them both there side by side,
And they're brothers again to-day.
Brothers again—thank God on high!
(Here's a hand-clasp all around.)
The sons of one race now take their place
On one common and holy ground.

RICHARD BARRY.

THE STORY OF SEVENTY-SIX.

WHAT heroes from the woodland sprung,
When, through the fresh awakened land,
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,
And to the work of warfare strung
The yeoman's iron hand!

Hills flung the cry to hills around,
And ocean-mart replied to mart,
And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,
Pealed far away the startling sound
Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain river swift and cold;
The borders of the stormy deep,
The vales where gathered waters sleep,
Sent up the strong and bold—

As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's creating breath,
And, from the sods of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
To battle to the death.

The wife, whose babe first smiled that day,
The fair fond bride of yestereve,
And aged sire and matron gray,
Saw the loved warriors haste away,
And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun;
Already blood on Concord's plain
Along the springing grass had run,
And blood had flowed at Lexington,
Like brooks of April rain.

That death-stain on the vernal sward
Hallowed to freedom all the shore;
In fragments fell the yoke abhorred—
The footstep of a foreign lord
Profaned the soil no more.

W. C. BRYANT.

THE ROLL CALL.

Speak the names of persons in this recitation, exactly as you would if you were the orderly calling the roll, or the private in the ranks who is answering. The general character of the selection is pathetic; recite it with subdued and tender force.

"CORPORAL GREEN!" the orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,
From the lips of a soldier who stood near,
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell—
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear man had seen him fall,
Killed or wounded he could not tell.

There they stood in the falling light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hill-side was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn where the poppies grew,

Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side,
That day in the face of a murderous fire,
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Kline!" At the call, there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,
Wounded and bleeding to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied.
They were brothers, these two, the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke;
"Deane carried our Regiment's colors," he said;
"Where our Ensign was shot, I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies.
I paused a moment and gave him a drink.
He murmured his mother's name I think,
And death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory; yes, but it cost us dear—
For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of A HUNDRED men who went into the fight
The number was few that answered "Here!"

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

This striking poem is an American classic. Two lines alone, if there were no others, are enough to give it immortal fame:

"Truth crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers."

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encountered in the battle cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave,
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they sought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still,
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who mightiest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year.
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may front—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

W. C. BRYANT.

THE SINKING OF THE MERRIMAC.

The sinking of the ship Merrimac at the mouth of Santiago harbor, by Lieutenant Hobson, was one of the most daring exploits on record. It is here told in his own words. Although this selection is simple narrative, you should recite it in a spirited manner, with strong tones of voice, and show by your demeanor and expression that your are relating an event worthy of admiration.

The figures printed in the text refer you to the corresponding numbers in "Typical Gestures," near the beginning of Part II. of this volume. Use other gestures that are appropriate, not in a stiff awkward way, but gracefully, making them appear, not forced, but natural.

I DID not miss the entrance to the harbor. I turned east until I got my bearings and then made [6] for it, straight in. Then came the firing. It was grand, [11] flashing out first from one side of the harbor and then from the other, from those big guns [2] on the hills, the Spanish ship Vizcaya, lying inside the harbor, joining in.

Troops from Santiago had rushed down when the news of the Merrimac's coming was telegraphed and soon lined the foot of the cliff, firing wildly across and killing each other with the cross fire. The Merrimac's steering gear broke as she got to Estrella Point. Only three of the torpedoes on her side exploded when I touched the button. A huge submarine mine caught her full amidships, hurling the water high in the air and tearing [25] a great rent in the Merrimac's side.

Her stern ran upon Estrella Point. Chiefly owing to the work done by the mine she began to sink slowly. At that time she was across the channel, but before she settled the tide drifted her around. We were all aft, lying on the deck. Shells [13] and bullets whistled around. Six-inch shells from the Vizcaya came tearing into the Merrimac, crashing into wood and iron and passing clear through while the plunging shots from the fort broke through her decks.

"Not a man [3] must move," I said, and it was only owing to the splendid discipline of the men that we all were not killed, as the shells rained over us and minutes became hours of suspense. The men's mouths grew parched, but we must lie there till daylight, I told them. Now and again one or the other of the men lying with his face glued to the deck and wondering whether the next shell would not come our way would say: "Hadn't [3] we better drop off now, sir?" but I said: "Wait [12] till daylight."

It would have been impossible to get the catamaran or raft anywhere but to the shore, where the soldiers stood shooting, and I hoped that by daylight we might be recognized and saved. The grand old Merrimac kept sinking. I wanted to go forward and see the damage done there, where nearly all the fire was directed, but one man said that if I rose it would draw all the fire on the rest. So I lay motionless. It was splendid [11] the way these men behaved. The fire [6] of the soldiers, the batteries and the Vizcaya was awful.

When the water came up on the Merrimac's decks the raft floated amid the wreckage, but she was still made fast to the boom, and we caught hold [23] of the edge and clung on, our heads only being above water. One man thought we were safer right [6] there; it was quite light; the firing had ceased, except that on the launch which followed to rescue us, and I feared [20] Ensign Powell and his men had been killed.

A Spanish launch [2] came toward the Merrimac. We agreed to capture her and run. Just as she came close the Spaniards saw us, and a half-dozen marines jumped up and pointed [2] their rifles at our heads. "Is there any officer in that boat to receive a surrender of prisoners of war?" I shouted. An old man leaned out under the awning and held out [6] his hand. It was the Spanish Admiral Cervera.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

The following glowing tributes to our American Flag afford excellent selections for any patriotic occasion. They make suitable recitations for children at celebrations on the Fourth of July, Washington's birthday, etc.

NOTHING BUT FLAGS.

NOTHING but flags! but simple flags!
Tattered and torn, and hanging in rags;
And we walk beneath them with careless tread,
Nor think of the hosts of the mighty dead
Who have marched beneath them in days gone by
With a burning cheek and a kindling eye,
And have bathed their folds with their young life's tide,
And dying blessed them, and blessing died.

OUR BANNER.

Hail to our banner brave
All o'er the land and wave
To-day unfurled.
No folds to us so fair
Thrown on the summer air;
None with thee compare
In all the world.

W. P. TILDEN.

STAINED BY THE BLOOD OF HEROES.

Around the globe, through every clime,
Where commerce wafts or man hath trod,
It floats aloft, unstained with crime,
But hallowed by heroic blood.

THE TATTERED ENSIGN.

We seek not strife, but when our outraged laws
Cry for protection in so just a cause,
Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of States none can sever;
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the flag of our Union forever.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

FLAG OF THE FREE.

When freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there.

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.

Flag of the free hearts' hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.

Forever float that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

STAND BY THE FLAG.

Stand by the flag! on land and ocean billow;
By it your fathers stood, unmoved and true;
Living, defended; dying, from their pillow,
With their last blessing, passed it on to you.
The lines that divide us are written in water,
The love that unite us is cut deep as rock.

Thus by friendship's ties united,
We will change the bloody past
Into golden links of union,
Blending all in love at last.

Thus beneath the one broad banner,
Flag of the true, the brave, the free,
We will build anew the Union,
Fortress of our Liberty.

FREEDOM'S STANDARD.

God bless our star-gemmed banner;
Shake its folds out to the breeze;
From church, from fort, from house-top,
Over the city, on the seas;

The die is cast, the storm at last
Has broken in its might;
Unfurl the starry banner,
And may God defend the right.

Then bless our banner, God of hosts!
Watch o'er each starry fold;
'Tis Freedom's standard, tried and proved
On many a field of old;

And Thou, who long has blessed us,
Now bless us yet again,
And crown our cause with victory,
And keep our flag from stain.

RODNEY'S RIDE.

On the third day of July, 1776, Cæsar Rodney rode on horseback from St. James's Neck, below Dover, Delaware, to Philadelphia, in a driving rain storm, for the purpose of voting for the Declaration of Independence.

This is an excellent reading for quick changes of voice and manner. To render it well will prove that you have genuine dramatic ability. You should study this selection carefully and practice it until you are the complete master of it. It requires a great deal of life and spirit, with changes of voice from the low tone to the loud call. For the most part your utterance should be rapid, yet distinct.

IN that soft mid-land where the breezes bear
The North and South on the genial air,
Through the county of Kent, on affairs of State,
Rode Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Burly and big, and bold and bluff,
In his three-cornered hat and coat of snuff,
A foe to King George and the English State,
Was Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Into Dover village he rode apace,
And his kinsfolk knew from his anxious face,
It was matter grave that brought him there,
To the counties three upon the Delaware.

"Money and men we must have," he said,
"Or the Congress fails and our cause is dead,
Give us both and the King shall not work his will,
We are men, since the blood of Bunker Hill."

Comes a rider swift on a panting bay;
"Ho, Rodney, ho! you must save the day,
For the Congress halts at a deed so great,
And your vote alone may decide its fate."

Answered Rodney then: "I will ride with speed;
It is Liberty's stress; it is Freedom's need."
"When stands it?" "To-night." "Not a moment to spare,
But ride like the wind from the Delaware."

"Ho, saddle the black! I've but half a day,
And the Congress sits eighty miles away—
But I'll be in time, if God grants me grace,
To shake my fist in King George's face."

He is up; he is off! and the black horse flies
On the northward road ere the "God-speed" dies,
It is gallop and spur, as the leagues they clear,
And the clustering mile-stones move a-rear.

It is two of the clock; and the fleet hoofs fling
The Fieldsboro' dust with a clang and a cling,
It is three; and he gallops with slack rein where
The road winds down to the Delaware.

Four; and he spurs into New Castle town,
From his panting steed he gets him down—
"A fresh one quick! and not a moment's wait!"
And off speeds Rodney, the delegate.

It is five; and the beams of the western sun
Tinge the spires of Wilmington, gold and dun;
Six; and the dust of Chester street
Flies back in a cloud from his courser's feet.

It is seven; the horse-boat, broad of beam,
At the Schuylkill ferry crawls over the stream—
And at seven fifteen by the Rittenhouse clock,
He flings his rein to the tavern jock.

The Congress is met; the debate's begun,
And Liberty lags for the vote of one—
When into the hall, not a moment late,
Walks Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Not a moment late! and that half day's ride
Forwards the world with a mighty stride;
For the act was passed; ere the midnight stroke
O'er the Quaker City its echoes woke.

At Tyranny's feet was the gauntlet flung;
"We are free!" all the bells through the colonies rung,
And the sons of the free may recall with pride,
The day of Delegate Rodney's ride.

A SPOOL OF THREAD.

The last battle of the Civil War was at Brazos, Texas, May 13, 1865, resulting in the surrender of the Texan army. Recite this in a conversational tone, as you would tell any story.

WELL, yes, I've lived in Texas, since the spring of '61;
And I'll relate the story, though I fear, sir, when 'tis done,
'Twill be little worth your hearing, it was such a simple thing,
Unheralded in verses that the grander poets sing.

There had come a guest unbidden, at the opening of the year,
To find a lodgment in our hearts, and the tenant's name was fear;
For secession's drawing mandate was a call for men and arms,
And each recurring eventide but brought us fresh alarms.

They had notified the General that he must yield to fate,
And all the muniments of war surrender to the State,
But he sent from San Antonio an order to the sea
To convey on board the steamer all the fort's artillery.

Right royal was his purpose, but the foe divined his plan,
And the wily Texans set a guard to intercept the man
Detailed to bear the message; they placed their watch with care
That neither scout nor citizen should pass it unaware.

Well, this was rather awkward, sir, as doubtless you will say,
But the Major who was chief of staff resolved to have his way,
Despite the watchful provost guard; so he asked his wife to send,
With a little box of knick-knacks, a letter to her friend;
And the missive held one sentence I remember to this day:
"The thread is for your neighbor, Mr. French, across the way."

He dispatched a youthful courier. Of course, as you will know,
The Texans searched him thoroughly and ordered him to show
The contents of the letter. They read it o'er and o'er,
But failed to find the message they had hindered once before.

So it reached the English lady, and she wondered at the word,

But gave the thread to Major French, explaining that she heard
He wished a spool of cotton. And great was his surprise
At such a trifle sent, unasked, through leagues of hostile spies.

"There's some hidden purpose, doubtless, in the curious gift," he said.
Then he tore away the label, and inside the spool of thread
Was Major Nichols' order, bidding him convey to sea
All the arms and ammunition from Fort Duncan's battery.

"Down to Brazon speed your horses," thus the Major's letter ran,
"Shift equipments and munitions, and embark them if you can."

Yes, the transfer was effected, for the ships lay close at hand,
Ere the Texans guessed their purpose they had vanished from the land.
Do I know it for a fact, sir? 'Tis no story that I've read—
I was but a boy in war time, and I carried him the thread.

SOPHIE E. EASTMAN.

THE YOUNG PATRIOT, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ONE Fourth of July, when Abraham Lincoln was a boy, he heard an oration by old 'Squire Godfrey. As in the olden days, the 'Squire's oration was full of Washington; inspiring in the heart of young Lincoln an enthusiasm that sent him home burning with a desire to know more of the great man who heretofore had seemed more of a dream than a reality. Learning that a man some six miles up the creek owned a copy of Washington's life, Abraham did not rest that night until he had footed the whole distance and begged the loan of the book.

"Sartin, sartin," said the owner. "The book is fairly well worn, but no leaves are missin', and a lad keen enough to read as to walk six miles to get a book, ought to be encouraged."

It was a much-worn copy of Weem's "Life of Washington," and Abe, thanking the stranger for his kindness, walked back under the stars, stopping every little while to catch a glimpse of the features of the "Father of his Country" as shown in the frontispiece.

After reaching home, tired as he was, he could not close his eyes until, by the light of a pine knot, he had found out all that was recorded regarding the boyhood of the man who had so suddenly sprung into prominence in his mind. In that busy harvest season he had no time to read or study during the day, but every night, long after the other members of the family were sleeping peacefully, Abe lay, stretched upon the floor with his book on the hearth, reading, reading, reading, the pine knot in the fireplace furnishing all the light he needed, the fire within burning with such intense heat as to kindle a blaze that grew and increased until it placed him in the highest seat of his countrymen.

What a marvelous insight into the human heart did Abraham Lincoln get between the covers of that wonderful book. The little cabin grew to be a paradise as he learned from the printed pages the story of one great man's life. The barefooted boy in buckskin breeches, so shrunken that they reached only halfway between the knee and ankle, actually asked himself whether there might not be some place—great and honorable, awaiting him in th future.

Before this treasured "Life of Washington" was returned to its owner, it met with such a mishap as almost to ruin it. The

book, which was lying on a board upheld by two pegs, was soaked by the rain that dashed between the logs one night, when a storm beat with unusual force against the north end of the cabin. Abraham was heartbroken over the catastrophe, and sadly carried the book back to its owner, offering to work to pay for the damage done. The man consented, and the borrower worked for three days at seventy-five cents a day, and thus himself became the possessor of the old, faded, stained book—a book that had more to do with shaping his life, perhaps, than any one other thing.

Abe had not expected to take the book back with him, but merely to pay for the damage done, and was surprised when the man handed it to him when starting. He was very grateful, however, and when he gave expression to his feelings the old man said, patting him on the shoulder: "You have earned it, my boy, and are welcome to it. It's a mighty fine thing to have a head for books, just as fine to have a heart for honesty, and if you keep agoin' as you have started, maybe some day you'll git to be President yourself. President Abraham Lincoln! That would sound fust rate, fust rate, now, wouldn't it, sonny?"

"It's not a very handsome name, to be sure," Abe replied, looking as though he thought such an event possible, away off, in the future. "No, it's not a very very handsome name, but I guess it's about as handsome as its owner," he added, glancing at the reflection of his homely features in the little old-fashioned, cracked mirror hanging opposite where he sat.

"Handsome is that handsome does," said the old farmer, nodding his gray head in an approving style. "Yes, indeedy; handsome deeds make handsome men. We hain't a nation of royal idiots, with one generation of kings passin' away to make room for another. No, sir-ee. In this free country of ourn, the rich and poor stand equal chances, and a boy without money is just as likely to work up to the Presidential chair as the one who inherits from his parents lands and stocks and money and influence. It's brains that counts in this land of liberty, and Abraham Lincoln has just as much right to sit in the highest seat in the land as Washington's son himself, if he had had a son, which he hadn't."

Who knows but the future War President of this great Republic received his first aspirations from this kindly neighbor's words?

COLUMBIA.

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory arise;
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies;
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom, and science, and virtue, thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire,
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm—for a world be thy laws—
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause;
On freedom's broad basis thy empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;

Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold.
As the day-spring, unbounded, thy splendor shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurled,
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion, I pensively strayed,
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired;
The winds ceased to murmur; the thunder expired;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise;
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

JOEL BARLOW.

CAPTAIN MOLLY AT MONMOUTH.

One of the famous battles of the Revolution was that of Monmouth, New Jersey, which was fought on the 28th of June, 1778. General Washington was in command on the American side, and General Sir Henry Clinton was commander-in-chief of the British forces. The British troops met with a decisive defeat. The wife of an Irish gunner on the American side who went by the name of Molly had followed her husband to the battle. During the engagement he was shot down. With the most undaunted heroism Molly rushed forward and took his place at the gun and remained there throughout the thickest of the fight. In reciting this graphic account of her courageous deed you should show great spirit and animation, pointing her out as she takes her husband's place, and in glowing manner describe her patriotism.

ON the bloody field of Monmouth flashed the guns of Greene and Wayne;
Fiercely roared the tide of battle, thick the sward was heaped with slain.
Foremest, facing death and danger, Hessian horse and grenadier,
In the vanguard, fiercely fighting, stood an Irish cannoneer.

Loudly roared his iron cannon, mingling ever in the strife,
And beside him, firm and daring, stood his faithful Irish wife;
Of her bold contempt of danger, Greene and Lee's brigade could tell,
Every one knew "Captain Molly," and the army loved her well.

Surged the roar of battle round them, swiftly flew the iron hail;
Forward dashed a thousand bayonets that lone battery to assail;
From the foeman's foremost columns swept a furious fusilade,
Mowing down the massed battalions in the ranks of Greene's brigade.

Faster and faster worked the gunner, soiled with powder, blood and dust;
English bayonets shone before him, shot and shell around him burst;
Still he fought with reckless daring, stood and manned her long and well,
Till at last the gallant fellow dead beside his cannon fell.

With a bitter cry of sorrow, and a dark and angry frown,
Looked that band of gallant patriots at their gunner stricken down.
"Fall back, comrades! It is folly thus to strive against the foe."
"Not so!" cried Irish Molly, "we can strike another blow!"

Quickly leaped she to the cannon in her fallen husband's place,
Sponged and rammed it fast and steady, fired it in the foeman's face.
Flashed another ringing volley, roared another from the gun;
"Boys, hurrah!" cried gallant Molly, "for the flag of Washington!"

Greene's brigade, though shorn and shattered,
slain and bleeding half their men,
When they heard that Irish slogan, turned and
charged the foe again;
Knox and Wayne and Morgan rally, to the front
they forward wheel,
And before their rushing onset Clinton's Eng-
lish columns reel.

Still the cannon's voice in anger rolled and
rattled o'er the plain,
Till they lay in swarms around it mingled heaps
of Hessian slain.
"Forward! charge them with the bayonet!"
'twas the voice of Washington;
And there burst a fiery greeting from the Irish-
woman's gun.

Monckton falls; against his columns leap the
troops of Wayne and Lee,
And before their reeking bayonets Clinton's red
battalions flee;
Morgan's rifles, fiercely flashing, thin the foe's
retreating ranks,
And behind them, onward dashing, Ogden hovers
on their flanks.

Fast they fly, those boasting Britons, who in all
their glory came,
With their brutal Hessian hirelings to wipe out
our country's name.
Proudly floats the starry banner; Monmouth's
glorious field is won;
And, in triumph, Irish Molly stands besides her
smoking gun. WILLIAM COLLINS.

DOUGLAS TO THE POPULACE OF STIRLING.

HEAR, gentle friends! ere yet, for me,
Ye break the bands of fealty.
My life, my honor, and my cause,
I tender free to Scotland's laws.
Are these so weak as must require
The aid of your misguided ire?
Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,
Is then my selfish rage so strong,
My sense of public weal so low,
That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
Those cords of love I should unbind
Which knit my country and my kind?
Oh no! believe, in yonder tower
It will not soothe my captive hour,
To know those spears our foes should dread
For me in kindred gore are red;
To know, in fruitless brawl begun,
For me, that mother wails her son;
For me that widow's mate expires,
For me, that orphans weep their sires,
That patriots mourn insulted laws,
And curse the Douglas for the cause.
O let your patience ward such ill,
And keep your right to love me still.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

OUR COUNTRY.

OUR country!—'tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretched from
shore to shore,
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar;
And, nurtured on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies
In Nature's wildest grandeur drest,
Enamelled with her loveliest dyes.
Rich prairies, decked with flowers of
gold,
Like sunlit oceans roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star,
And mighty rivers, mountain-born,
Go sweeping onward dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And, cradled mid her clustering hills,
Sweet vales in dreamlike beauty hide,
Where love the air with music fills;
And calm content and peace abide;
For plenty here her fulness pours
In rich profusion o'er the land,
And sent to seize her generous stores,
There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

Great God! we thank thee for this home—
This bounteous birthland of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty!—
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,
Remain Earth's loveliest paradise!

W. G. PEABODIE.

M'ILRATH OF MALATE.

Acting Sergeant J. A. McIlrath, Battery H, Third Artillery, Regulars; enlisted from New York; fifteen years' service. The heroism of our brave Regulars in the War with Spain was the theme of universal admiration. Throw plenty of life and fire into this reading, and avoid a sing-song tone.

YES, yes, my boy, there's no mistake,
You put the contract through!
You lads with Shafter, I'll allow,
Were heroes, tried and true;

But don't forget the men who fought
About Manila Bay,
And don't forget brave McIlrath
Who died at Malaté.

The night was black, save where the forks
Of tropic lightning ran,
When, with a long deep thunder-roar,
The typhoon storm began.

Then, suddenly above the din,
We heard the steady bay
Of volleys from the trenches where
The Pennsylvanians lay.

The Tenth, we thought, could hold their own
Against the feigned attack,
And, if the Spaniards dared advance,
Would pay them doubly back.

But soon we marked the volleys sink
Into a scattered fire—
And, now we heard the Spanish gun
Boom nigher yet and nigher!

Then, like a ghost, a courier
Seemed past our picket tossed
With wild hair streaming in his face—
"We're lost—we're lost—we're lost."

"Front, front—in God's name—front!" he cried:
"Our ammunition's gone!"
He turned a face of dazed dismay—
And through the night sped on!

"Men, follow me!" cried McIlrath,
Our acting Sergeant then;
And when he gave the word he knew
He gave the word to men!

Twenty there—not one man more—
But down the sunken road
We dragged the guns of Battery H,
Nor even stopped to load!

Sudden, from the darkness poured
A storm of Mauser hail—
But not a man there thought to pause,
Nor any man to quail!

Ahead, the Pennsylvanians' guns
In scattered firing broke;
The Spanish trenches, red with flame,
In fiercer volleys spoke!

Down with a rush our twenty came—
The open field we passed—
And in among the hard-pressed Tenth
We set our feet at last!

Up, with a leap, sprang McIlrath,
Mud-spattered, worn and wet,
And, in an instant, there he stood
High on the parapet!

"Steady, boys! we've got 'em now—
Only a minute late!
It's all right, lads—we've got 'em whipped.
Just give 'em volleys straight!"

Then, up and down the parapet
With head erect he went,
As cool as when he sat with us
Beside our evening tent!

Not one of us, close sheltered there
Down in the trench's pen,
But felt that he would rather die
Than shame or grieve him then!

The fire, so close to being quenched
In panic and defeat,
Leaped forth, by rapid volleys sped,
In one long deadly sheet!

A cheer went up along the line
As breaks the thunder-call—
But, as it rose, great God! we saw
Our gallant Sergeant fall!

He sank into our outstretched arms
Dead—but immortal grown;
And Glory brightened where he fell,
And valor claimed her own!

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

If you should read or recite this tragic selection in a dull monotone, as most persons read poetry, the effect would be ludicrous. The brave captain is dying. With gasping utterance, signs of weakness and appealing looks, his words should be delivered. Some of the sentences should be whispered. Do not attempt to recite this piece until you have mastered it and can render it with telling effect. It demands the trained powers of a competent elocutionist.

BRAVE captain! canst thou speak?
What is it thou dost see?
A wondrous glory lingers on thy face,
The night is past; I've watched the night with thee.
Knowest thou the place?"

"*The place?* 'Tis San Juan, comrade.
Is the battle over?
The victory—the victory—is it won?
My wound is mortal; I know I cannot recover—
The battle for me is done!

"I never thought it would come to this!
Does it rain?
The musketry! Give me a drink; ah, that is glorious!
Now if it were not for this pain—this pain—
Didst thou say victorious?

"It would not be strange, would it, if I do wander?
A man can't remember with a bullet in his brain.
I wish when at home I had been a little fonder—
Shall I ever be well again?

"It can make no difference whether I go from here or there.
Thou'lt write to father and tell him when I am dead?—
The eye that sees the sparrow fall numbers every hair
Even of this poor head.

"Tarry awhile, comrade, the battle can wait for thee;
I will try to keep thee but a few brief moments longer;
Thou'lt say good-bye to the friends at home for me?—
If only I were a little stronger!

"I must not think of it. Thou art sorry for me?
The glory—is it the glory?—makes me blind;
Strange, for the light, comrade, the light I cannot see—
Thou hast been very kind!

"I do not think I have done so very much evil—
I did not mean it. 'I lay me down to sleep,

I pray the Lord my soul'—just a little rude and uncivil—
Comrade, why dost thou weep?

"Oh! if human pity is so gentle and tender—
Good-night, good friends! 'I lay me down to sleep!'—
Who from a Heavenly Father's love needs a defender?
'My soul to keep!'

"'If I should die before I wake'—comrade, tell mother,
Remember—'I pray the Lord my soul to take!'
My musket thou'lt carry back to my little brother
For my dear sake!

"Attention, company! Reverse arms! Very well, men; my thanks.
Where am I? Do I wander, comrade,—wander again?—
Parade is over. Company E, break ranks! break ranks!
I know it is the pain.

"Give me thy strong hand; fain would I cling, comrade to thee;
I feel a chill air blown from a far-off shore;
My sight revives; Death stands and looks at me.
What waits he for?

"Keep back my ebbing pulse till I be bolder grown;
I would know something of the Silent Land;
It's hard to struggle to the front alone—
Comrade, thy hand.

"The *reveille* calls! be strong, my soul, and peaceful;
The Eternal City bursts upon my sight!
The ringing air with ravishing melody is full—
I've won the fight!

"Nay, comrade, let me go; hold not my hand so steadfast;
I am commissioned—under marching orders—
I know the Future—let the Past be past—
I cross the borders."

THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE OF MANILA.

WITH the United States flag flying at all their mastheads, our ships moved to the attack in line ahead, with a speed of eight knots, first passing in front of Manila, where the action was begun by three batteries mounting guns powerful enough to send a shell over us at a distance of five miles. The Concord's guns boomed out a reply to these batteries with two shots. No more were fired, because Admiral Dewey could not engage with these batteries without sending death and destruction into the crowded city.

As we neared Cavite two very powerful submarine mines were exploded ahead of the flagship. The Spaniards had misjudged our position. Immense volumes of water were thrown high in air by these destroyers, but no harm was done to our ships.

Admiral Dewey had fought with Farragut at New Orleans and Mobile Bay, where he had his first experience with torpedoes. Not knowing how many more mines there might be ahead, he still kept on without faltering. No other mines exploded, however, and it is believed that the Spaniards had only these two in place.

Only a few minutes later the shore battery at Cavite Point sent over the flagship a shot that nearly hit the battery in Manila, but soon the guns got a better range, and the shells began to strike near us, or burst close aboard from both the batteries and the Spanish vessels. The heat was intense. Men stripped off all clothing except their trousers.

As the Admiral's flagship, the Olympia, drew nearer all was as silent on board as if the ship had been empty, except for the whirr of blowers and the throb of the en-

gines. Suddenly a shell burst directly over us. From the boatswain's mate at the after 5-inch gun came a hoarse cry. "Remember the Maine!" arose from the throats of five hundred men at the guns. This watchword was caught up in turrets and fire-rooms, wherever seaman or fireman stood at his post

"Remember the Maine!" had rung out for defiance and revenge. Its utterance seemed unpremeditated, but was evidently in every man's mind, and, now that the moment had come to make adequate reply to the murder of the Maine's crew, every man shouted what was in his heart.

The Olympia was now ready to begin the fight. "You may fire when ready, Captain Gridley," said the Admiral, and at nineteen minutes of six o'clock, at a distance of 5,500 yards, the starboard 8-inch gun in the forward turret roared forth a compliment to the Spanish forts. Presently similar guns from the Baltimore and the Boston sent 250-pound shells hurtling toward the Spanish ships Castilla and the Reina Christina for accuracy. The Spaniards seemed encouraged to fire faster, knowing exactly our distance, while we had to guess theirs. Their ship and shore guns were making things hot for us.

The piercing scream of shot was varied often by the bursting of time fuse shells, fragments of which would lash the water like shrapnel or cut our hull and rigging. One large shell that was coming straight at the Olympia's forward bridge fortunately fell within less than one hundred feet away. One fragment cut the rigging exactly over the heads of some of the officers. Another struck the bridge gratings in line with it. A third passed just under Dewey and gouged a hole in the deck. Incidents like these were plentiful.

"Capture and destroy Spanish squadron," were Dewey's orders. Never were instructions more effectually carried out. Within seven hours after arriving on the scene of action nothing remained to be done. The Admiral closed the day by anchoring off the city of Manila and sending word to the Governor General that if a shot was fired from the city at the fleet he would lay Manila in ashes.

What was Dewey's achievement? He steamed into Manila Bay at the dead hour of the night, through the narrower of the two channels, and as soon as there was daylight enough to grope his way about he put his ships in line of battle and brought on an engagement, the greatest in many respects in ancient or modern warfare. The results are known the world over—every ship in the Spanish fleet destroyed, the harbor Dewey's own, his own ships safe from the shore batteries, owing to the strategic position he occupied, and Manila his whenever he cared to take it.

Henceforth, so long as ships sail and flags wave, high on the scroll that bears the names of the world's greatest naval heroes will be written that of George Dewey.

THE SINKING OF THE SHIPS.

This is an excellent selection for any one who can put dramatic force into its recital. Picture to your imagination the "Sinking of the Ships," and then describe it to your hearers as though the actual scene were before you. You have command in these words, "Now, sailors, stand by," etc.; rapid utterance in these words, "And the Oregon flew," etc.; subdued tenderness in the words, "Giving mercy to all," etc. In short, the whole piece affords an excellent opportunity for intense dramatic description.

DARK, dark is the night; not a star in the sky,
And the Maine rides serenely; what danger is nigh?
Our nation's at peace with the Kingdom of Spain,
So calmly they rest in the battleship Maine.
But, hark to that roar! See, the water is red!
And the sailor sleeps now with the slime for his bed.

Havana then shook, like the leaves of the trees,
When the tornado rides on the breast of the breeze;
Then people sprang up from their beds in the gloom,

As they'll spring from their graves at the thunder of doom;
And they rushed through the streets, in their terror and fear,
Crying out as they ran, "Have the rebels come here?"

"Oh, see how the flame lights the shores of the bay,
Like the red rising sun at the coming of day;
'Tis a ship in a blaze! 'Tis the battleship Maine!
What means this to us and the Kingdom of Spain?
The eagle will come at that loud sounding roar,
And our flag will fly free over Cuba no more."

Dark, dark is the night on the face of the deep,
In the forts all is still; are the soldiers asleep?
Oh, see how that ship glides along through the night;
'Tis the ghost of the Maine—she has come to the fight;
A flash, and a roar, and a cry of despair;
The eagle has come, for brave Dewey is there.

Oh, Spaniards, come out, for the daylight has fled,
And look on those ships—look with terror and dread;
The eagle has come, and he swoops to his prey;
Oh, fly, Spaniards, fly, to that creek in the bay!
The eagle has come—"Remember the Maine!"
And the water is red with the blood of the slain.

They rest for a time—now they sail in again!
Oh, woe, doom and woe, to the kingdom of Spain.
Their ships are ablaze, they are battered and rent,
By the death-dealing shells which our sailors have sent.
Not a man have we lost; yet the battle is o'er,
And their ships ride the bay of Manila no more.

Dark, silent and dark, on the face of the deep,
A ship glides in there; are the Spaniards asleep?
The channel is mined! Oh, rash sailors betware!
Or that death dealing fiend will spring up from his lair;
He will tear you, and rend you, with wild fiendish roar,
And cast you afar on the bay and the shore!

They laugh at the danger; what care they for death?
'Tis only a shock and the ceasing of breath;
Their souls to their Maker, their forms to the wave,
What nation has sons like the home of the brave?
That ship they would steer to the pit of despair,
If duty cried "Onward!" and glory were there.

The shore is ablaze, but the channel they gain;
A word of command, and the rattle of chain;
A flash—and the Merrimac's sunk in the bay,
And the Spaniard must leave in the light of the day.
Santiago and Hobson remembered shall be,
While waves the proud flag of the brave and the free.

The Spaniards sail out—what a glorious sight!
Now, sailors, stand by and prepare for the fight;
O, Glo'ster, in there, pelt the Dons as they fly,
Make us glorious news for the Fourth of July!
And Wainwright remembered the Maine with a roar,
And that shell-battered hulk is a terror no more.

Then Schley and the Brooklyn were right in the way,
But Sampson had gone to see Shafter, they say;
And the Oregon flew like a fury from hell,
Spreading wreckage and death with the might of her shell;
Then Evans stood out, like a chivalrous knight,
Giving mercy to all at the end of the fight.

The Colon still flies, but a shell cleaves the air,
Its number is fatal—a cry of despair—
She turns to the shore, she bursts into flame,
And down comes the flag of the kingdom of Spain;
Men float all around, the battle is done,
And their ships are all sunk for the sinking of one.

Not ours is the hand that would strike in the night,
With the fiendish intention to mangle and slay;
We strike at obstruction to freedom and right,
And strike when we strike in the light of the day.

W. B. COLLISON.

PERRY'S CELEBRATED VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.

PERRY'S famous battle on Lake Erie raised the spirits of the Americans. The British had six ships, with sixty-three guns. The Americans had nine ships, with fifty-four guns, and the American ships were much smaller than the English. At this time Perry, the American commander, was but twenty-six years of age. His flagship was the Lawrence. The ship's watchword was the last charge of the Chesapeake's dying Commander—"Don't give up the ship." The battle was witnessed by thousands of people on shore.

At first the advantage seemed to be with the English. Perry's flagship was riddled by English shots, her guns were dismounted and the battle seemed lost. At the supreme crisis Perry embarked in a small boat with some of his officers, and under the fire of many cannon passed to the Niagara, another ship of the fleet, of which he took command.

After he had left the Lawrence she hauled down her flag and surrendered, but the other American ships carried on the battle with such fierce impetuosity that the English battle-ship in turn surrendered, the Lawrence was retaken and all the English ships yielded with the exception of one, which took flight. The Americans pursued her, took her and came back with the entire British squadron. In the Capitol at Washington is a historical picture showing this famous victory.

In Perry's great battle on Lake Erie was shown the true stuff of which American sailors are made. Perry was young, bold and dashing, but withal, he had the coolness and intrepidity of the veteran. History records few braver acts than his passage in an open boat from one ship to another under the galling fire of the enemy.

The grand achievements of the American navy are brilliant chapters in our country's history. When the time comes for daring deeds, our gallant tars are equal to the occasion. Coolness in battle, splendid discipline, perfect marksmanship and a patriotism that glories in the victory of the Stars and Stripes, combine to place the officers and men of our navy in the front rank of the world's greatest heroes.

THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC.

GENERAL WOLFE, the English commander, saw that he must take Quebec by his own efforts or not at all. He attempted several diversions above the city in the hope of drawing Montcalm, the French commander, from his intrenchments into the open field, but Montcalm merely sent De Bougainville with fifteen hundred men to watch the shore above Quebec and prevent a landing. Wolfe fell into a fever, caused by his anxiety, and his despatches to his government created the gravest uneasiness in England for the success of his enterprise.

Though ill, Wolfe examined the river with eagle eyes to detect some place at which a

landing could be attempted. His energy was rewarded by his discovery of the cove which now bears his name. From the shore at the head of this cove a steep and difficult pathway, along which two men could scarcely march abreast, wound up to the summit of the heights and was guarded by a small force of Canadians.

Wolfe at once resolved to effect a landing here and ascend the heights by this path. The greatest secrecy was necessary to the success of the undertaking, and in order to deceive the French as to his real design, Captain Cook, afterwards famous as a great navigator, was sent to take soundings and place buoys opposite Montcalm's camp, as if that were to be the real point of attack. The morning of the thirteenth of September was chosen for the movement, and the day and night of the twelfth were spent in preparations for it.

At one o'clock on the morning of the thirteenth a force of about five thousand men under Wolfe, with Monckton and Murray, set off in boats from the fleet, which had ascended the river several days before, and dropped down to the point designated for the landing. Each officer was thoroughly informed of the duties required of him, and each shared the resolution of the gallant young commander, to conquer or to die. As the boats floated down the stream, in the clear, cool starlight, Wolfe spoke to his officers of the poet Gray, and of his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." "I would prefer," said he, "being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow." Then in a musing voice he repeated the lines:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inexorable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

In a short while the landing-place was reached, and the fleet, following silently, took position to cover the landing if necessary. Wolfe and his immediate command leaped ashore and secured the pathway. The light infantry, who were carried by the tide a little below the path, climbed up the side of the heights, sustaining themselves by clinging to the roots and shrubs which lined the precipitous face of the hill. They reached the summit and drove off the picket-guard after a light skirmish. The rest of the troops ascended in safety by the pathway. Having gained the heights, Wolfe moved forward rapidly to clear the forest, and by daybreak his army was drawn up on the Heights of Abraham, in the rear of the city.

Montcalm was speedily informed of the presence of the English. "It can be but a small party come to burn a few houses and retire," he answered incredulously. A brief examination satisfied him of his danger, and he exclaimed in amazement: "Then they have at last got to the weak side of this miserable garrison. We must give battle and crush them before mid-day."

He at once despatched a messenger for De Bougainville, who was fifteen miles up the river, and marched from his camp opposite the city to the Heights of Abraham to drive the English from them. The opposing forces were about equal in numbers, though the English troops were superior to their adversaries in discipline, steadiness and determination.

The battle began about ten o'clock and was stubbornly contested. It was at length decided in favor of the English. Wolfe though wounded several times, continued to direct his army until, as he was leading them to a final charge, he received a musket ball in the breast. He tottered and called to an officer near him: "Support me; let not my brave fellows see me drop." He

was borne tenderly to the rear, and water was brought him to quench his thirst.

At this moment the officer upon whom he was leaning cried out: "They run! they run!" "Who run?" asked the dying hero, eagerly. "The French," said the officer, "give way everywhere." "What," said Wolfe, summoning up his remaining strength, "do they run already? Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton; bid him march Webb's regiment with all speed to Charles River to cut off the fugitives." Then a smile of contentment overspreading his pale features, he murmured: "Now, God be praised, I die happy," and expired. He had done his whole duty, and with his life had purchased an empire for his country.

JAMES D. MCCABE.

LITTLE JEAN.

At the battle of the Pyramids, July 21st, A. D. *1798.*

BURNING sands, and isles of palm, and the Mamelukes' fierce array,
Under the solemn Pyramids, Napoleon saw that day;
"Comrades," he cried, "from those old heights,
Fame watches the deeds you do,
The eyes of forty centuries are fixed this day on you!"

They answered him with ringing shouts, they were eager for the fray,
Napoleon held their central square, in front was bold Desaix;
They gave one glance to the Pyramids, one glance to the rich Cairo,
And then they poured a rain of fire upon their charging foe.

Only a little drummer boy, from the column of Dufarge,
Tottered to where the "Forty-third" stood waiting for their "charge,"
Bleeding—but beating still his call—he said, with tear-dimmed eye:
"I'm but a baby, Forty-third, so teach me how to die!"

Then Regnier gnawed his long gray beard, and Joubert turned away,
The lad had been the pet of all, they knew not what to say;
"I will not shame you, 'Forty-third,' though I am but a child!"
Then Regnier stooped and kissed his face, and shouted loud and wild:

"Forward! Why are we waiting here? Shall Mamelukes stop our way?
Come, little Jean, and beat the 'charge,' and ours shall be the day;
And we will show thee how to die, good boy! good boy! Be brave!
It is not every 'nine years' old' can fill a soldier's grave!"

It was as though a spirit spoke, the men to battle flew;
Yet each in passing, cried aloud: "My little Jean, Adieu!"
"Adieu, brave Forty-third, Adieu!" Then proudly beat his drum—
"You've showed me how a soldier dies—and little Jean will come!"

They found him 'mid the slain next day, amid the brave who fell,
Said Regnier, proudly, "My brave Jean, thou learned thy lesson well!"
They hung the medal round his neck, and crossed his childish hands,
And dug for him a little grave in Egypt's lonely sands.
But, still, the corps his memory keep, and name with flashing eye,
The hero whom the "Forty-third," in Egypt, taught to die.

LILLIE E. BARR.

THE DEFEAT OF GENERAL BRADDOCK.

WASHINGTON, who, at this time, was a subordinate officer, was well convinced that the French and Indians were informed of the movements of the army and would seek to interfere with it before its arrival at Fort Duquesne, which was only ten miles distant, and urged Braddock to throw in advance the Virginia Rangers, three hundred strong, as they were experienced Indian fighters.

Braddock angrily rebuked his aide, and as if to make the rebuke more pointed, ordered the Virginia troops and other provincials to take position in the rear of the regulars.

In the meantime the French at Fort Duquesne had been informed by their scouts of Braddock's movements, and had resolved to ambuscade him on his march. Early on the morning of the ninth a force of about two hundred and thirty French and Canadians and six hundred and thirty-seven Indians, under De Beaujeu, the commandant at Fort Duquesne, was despatched with orders to occupy a designated spot and attack the enemy upon their approach. Before reaching it, about two o'clock in the afternoon, they encountered the advanced force of the English army, under Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Gage, and at once attacked them with spirit.

The English army at this moment was moving along a narrow road, about twelve feet in width, with scarcely a scout thrown out in advance or upon the flanks. The engineer who was locating the road was the first to discover the enemy, and called out: "French and Indians!" Instantly a heavy fire was opened upon Gage's force, and his indecision allowed the French and Indians to seize a commanding ridge, from which they maintained their attack with spirit.

The regulars were quickly thrown into confusion by the heavy fire and the fierce yells of the Indians, who could nowhere be seen, and their losses were so severe and sudden that they became panic-stricken.

The only semblance of resistance maintained by the English was by the Virginia Rangers, whom Braddock had insulted at the beginning of the day's march. Immediately upon the commencement of the battle, they had adopted the tactics of the Indians, and had thrown themselves behind trees, from which shelter they were rapidly picking off the Indians. Washington entreated Braddock to follow the example of the Virginians, but he refused, and stubbornly endeavored to form them in platoons under the fatal fire that was being poured upon them by their hidden assailants. Thus through his obstinacy many useful lives were lost.

The officers did not share the panic of the men, but behaved with the greatest gallantry. They were the especial marks of the Indian sharpshooters, and many of them were killed or wounded. Two of Braddock's aides were seriously wounded, and their duties devolved upon Washington in addition to his own. He passed repeatedly over the field, carrying the orders of the commander and encouraging the men. When sent to bring up the artillery, he found it surrounded by Indians, its commander, Sir Peter Halket, killed, and the men standing helpless from fear.

Springing from his horse, he appealed to the men to save the guns, pointed a field-piece and discharged it at the savages and entreated the gunners to rally. He could accomplish nothing by either his words or example. The men deserted the guns and fled. In a letter to his brother, Washington wrote: "I had four bullets through my coat, two horses shot under me, yet escaped unhurt, though death was levelling my companions on every side around me."

JAMES D. MCCABE.

DESCRIPTIVE AND DRAMATIC RECITATIONS

QUICK! MAN THE LIFE-BOAT!

This selection demands great vivacity and intense dramatic expression. Each reference to the life-boat requires rapid utterance, elevated pitch and strong tones of command. Point to the life-boat; you are to see it, and make your audience see it. They will see it in imagination if you do; that is, if you speak and act as if you stood on the shore and actually saw the life-boat hurrying to the rescue.

QUICK! man the life-boat! See yon bark
That drives before the blast?
There s a rock ahead, the fog is dark,
And the storm comes thick and fast.
Can human power, in such an hour,
Avert the doom that's o'er her?
Her mainmast's gone, but she still drives on
To the fatal reef before.
The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Quick! man the life-boat! hark! the gun
Booms through the vapory air;
And see! the signal flags are on,
And speak the ship's despair.
That forked flash, that pealing crash,
Seemed from the wave to sweep her:
She's on the rock, with a terrible shock—
And the wail comes louder and deeper.
The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Quick! man the life-boat! See—the crew
Gaze on their watery grave:
Already, some, a gallant few,
Are battling with the wave;
And one there stands, and wrings his hand
As thoughts of home come o'er him;
For his wife and child, through the tempest wild,
He sees on the heights before him.
The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Speed, speed the life-boat! Off she goes!
And, as they pulled the oar,
From shore and ship a cheer arose,
That startled ship and shore.
Life-saving ark! yon fated bark
Has human lives within her;
And dearer than gold is the wealth untold,
Thou'lt save if thou canst win her.
On, life-boat! Speed thee, life-boat!

Hurrah! the life-boat dashes on,
Though darkly the reef may frown;
The rock is there—the ship is gone
Full twenty fathoms down.
But cheered by hope, the seamen cope
With the billows single-handed;
They are all in the boat!—hurrah! they're afloat!
And now they are safely landed
By the life-boat! Cheer the life-boat!

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

AS I remember the first fair touch
Of those beautiful hands that I love so much,
I seem to thrill as I then was thrilled
Kissing the glove that I found unfilled—
When I met your gaze and the queenly bow
As you said to me laughingly, "Keep it now!"
And dazed and alone in a dream I stand
Kissing the ghost of your beautiful hand.

When first I loved in the long ago,
And held your hand as I told you so—
Pressed and caressed it and gave it a kiss,
And said, "I could die for a hand like this!"

Little I dreamed love's fullness yet
Had I to ripen when eyes were wet,
And prayers were vain in their wild demands
For one warm touch of your beautiful hands.

Beautiful hands! O, beautiful hands!
Could you reach out of the alien lands
Where you are lingering, and give me to-night
Only a touch—were it ever so light—
My heart were soothed, and my weary brain
Would lull itself into rest again;
For there is no solace the world commands
Like the caress of your beautiful hands.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE BURNING SHIP.

The general character of this selection is intensely dramatic. It is a most excellent piece for any one who has the ability and training to do it full justice. The emotions of agony, horror and exultation are here, and should be made prominent. Let the cry of "Fire!" ring out in startling tones, and let your whole manner correspond with the danger and the excitement of the scene. The rate throughout should be rapid.

The figures in the text refer you to the corresponding numbers of Typical Gestures, at the beginning of Part II of this volume. Insert other gestures of your own.

THE storm o'er the ocean flew furious and fast,
And the waves rose in foam at the voice of the blast,
And heavily[2] labored the gale-beaten ship,
Like a stout-hearted swimmer, the spray at his lip;
And dark[21] was the sky o'er the mariner's path,
Save when the wild lightning illumined in wrath,
A young mother knelt in the cabin below,
And pressing her babe to her bosom of snow,
She prayed to her God,[20] 'mid the hurricane wild,
"O Father, have mercy, look down on my child!"

It passed—the fierce whirlwind careered on its way,
And the ship like an arrow[25] divided the spray;
Her sails glimmered white in the beams of the moon,
And the wind up aloft seemed to whistle a tune
—to whistle a tune.

There was joy[16] in the ship as she furrowed the foam,
For fond hearts within her were dreaming of home.
The young mother pressed her fond babe to her breast,
And the husband sat cheerily down by her side,
And looked with delight on the face of his bride.

"Oh,[16] happy," said he, "when our roaming is o'er,
We'll dwell in our cottage that stands by the shore.
Already in fancy its roof I descry,
And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky;
Its garden so green, and its vine-covered wall;
The kind friends[9] awaiting to welcome us all,
And the children that sport by the old oaken tree."

Ah gently the ship glided over the sea!
Hark![13] what was that? Hark! Hark to the shout!
"Fire!"[10] Then a tramp and a rout, and a tumult of voices uprose on the air;—
And the mother knelt[8] down, and the half-spoken prayer,
That she offered to God in her agony wild,
Was, "Father, have mercy, look down on my child!"
She flew to her husband,[1] she clung to his side,
Oh there was her refuge whate'er might betide

"Fire!"[10] "Fire!" It was raging above and below—
And the cheeks of the sailors grew pale at the sight,
And their eyes glistened wild in the glare of the light,
'Twas vain o'er the ravage the waters to drip;
The pitiless flame was the lord of the ship,

And the smoke in thick wreaths mounted higher and higher.
"O God, [20] it is fearful to perish by fire."
Alone with destruction, alone on the sea,
"Great Father of mercy, our hope is in thee."

Sad at heart and resigned, yet undaunted and brave,
They lowered the boat,[2] a mere speck on the wave.
First entered the mother, enfolding her child:
It knew she caressed it, looked[16] upward and smiled.

Cold, cold was the night as they drifted away,
And mistily dawned o'er the pathway the day—
And they prayed for the light, and at noontide about,
The sun[16] o'er the waters shone joyously out.

"Ho! a sail![7] Ho! a sail!" cried the man at the lee,
"Ho! a sail!"[7] and they turned their glad eyes o'er the sea.
"They see us, they see us,[11] the signal is waved!
They bear down upon us, they bear down upon us: Huzza! we are saved."

THE UNKNOWN SPEAKER.

IT is the Fourth day of July, 1776.

In the old State House in the city of Philadelphia are gathered half a hundred men to strike from their limbs the shackles of British despotism. There is silence in the hall—every face is turned toward the door where the committee of three, who have been out all night penning a parchment, are soon to enter. The door opens, the committee appears. The tall man with the sharp features, the bold brow, and the sand-hued hair, holding the parchment in his hand, is a Virginia farmer, Thomas Jefferson. That stout-built man with stern look and flashing eye, is a Boston man, one John Adams. And that calm-faced man with hair drooping in thick curls to his shoulders, that is the Philadelphia printer, Benjamin Franklin.

The three advance to the table.

The parchment is laid there.

Shall it be signed or not? A fierce debate ensues, Jefferson speaks a few bold words. Adams pours out his whole soul. The deep-toned voice of Lee is heard, swelling in syllables of thunder like music. But still there is doubt, and one pale-faced man whispers something about axes, scaffolds and a gibbet

"Gibbet?" echoed a fierce, bold voice through the hall. "Gibbet? They may stretch our necks on all the gibbets in the land; they may turn every rock into a scaffold; every tree into a gallows; every home into a grave, and yet the words of that parchment there can never die! They may pour our blood on a thousand scaffolds, and yet from every drop that dyes the axe a new champion of freedom will spring into birth. The British King may blot out the stars of God from the sky, but he cannot blot out His words written on that parchment there. The works of God may perish. His words never!

"The words of this declaration will live in the world long after our bones are dust. To the mechanic in his workshop they will speak hope; to the slave in the mines, freedom; but to the coward-kings, these words will speak in tones of warning they cannot choose but hear.

"They will be terrible as the flaming syllables on Belshazzar's wall! They will speak in language startling as the trump of the Archangel, saying: 'You have trampled on mankind long enough! At last the voice of human woe has pierced the ear of God, and

called His judgment down! You have waded to thrones through rivers of blood; you have trampled on the necks of millions of fellow-beings. Now kings, now purple hangmen, for *you* come the days of axes and gibbets and scaffolds.'

"Such is the message of that declaration to mankind, to the kings of earth. And shall we falter now? And shall we start back appalled when our feet touch the very threshold of Freedom?

"Sign that parchment! Sign, if the next moment the gibbet's rope is about your neck! Sign, if the next minute this hall rings with the clash of the falling axes! Sign by all your hopes in life or death as men, as husbands, as fathers, brothers, sign your names to the parchment, or be accursed forever!

"Sign, and not only for yourselves, but for all ages, for that parchment will be the text-book of freedom—the Bible of the rights of men forever. Nay, do not start and whisper with surprise! It is truth, your own hearts witness it; God proclaims it. Look at this strange history of a band of exiles and outcasts, suddenly transformed into a people—a handful of men weak in arms—but mighty in God-like faith; nay, look at your recent achievements, your Bunker Hill, your Lexington, and then tell me, if you can, that God has not given America to be free!

"It is not given to our poor human intellect to climb to the skies, and to pierce the councils of the Almighty One. But methinks I stand among the awful clouds which veil the brightness of Jehovah's throne.

"Methinks I see the recording angel come trembling up to that throne to speak his dread message. 'Father, the old world is baptized in blood. Father, look with one glance of thine eternal eye, and behold evermore that terrible sight, man trodden beneath the oppressor's feet, nations lost in blood, murder and superstition walking hand in hand over the graves of their victims, and not a single voice to whisper hope to man!'

"He stands there, the angel, trembling with the record of human guilt. But hark! The voice of Jehovah speaks out from the awful cloud: 'Let there be light again! Tell my people, the poor and oppressed, to go out from the old world, from oppression and blood, and build my altar in the new!'

"As I live, my friends, I believe that to be His voice! Yes, were my soul trembling on the verge of eternity, were this hand freezing in death, were this voice choking in the last struggle, I would still with the last impulse of that soul, with the last wave of that hand, with the last gasp of that voice, implore you to remember this truth—God has given America to be free! Yes, as I sank into the gloomy shadows of the grave, with my last faint whisper I would beg you to sign that parchment for the sake of the millions whose very breath is now hushed in intense expectation as they look up to you for the awful words, 'You are free!'"

The unknown speaker fell exhausted in his seat; but the work was done.

A wild murmur runs through the hall. "Sign!" There is no doubt now. Look how they rush forward! Stout-hearted John Hancock has scarcely time to sign his bold name before the pen is grasped by another—another and another. Look how the names blaze on the parchment! Adams and Lee, Jefferson and Carroll, Franklin and Sherman.

And now the parchment is signed.

Now, old man in the steeple, now bare your arm and let the bell speak! Hark to the music of that bell! Is there not a poetry in that sound, a poetry more sublime than that of Shakespeare and Milton? Is there not a music in that sound that reminds you of those

sublime tones which broke from angel lips when the news of the child Jesus burst on the hill-tops of Bethlehem? For the tones of that bell now come pealing, pealing, pealing, "Independence now and Independence forever."

CHILD LOST.

It used to be a custom to have a man go through the town ringing a bell and "crying" any thing was lost. You should imitate the crier, at the same time swinging your hand as if ringing a bell. This selection requires a great variety in the manner, pitch of the voice and gestures of the reader.

"NINE," by the Cathedral clock!
Chill the air with rising damps;
Drearily from block to block
In the gloom the bellman tramps—
"Child lost! Child lost!
Blue eyes, curly hair,
Pink dress—child lost!"

Something in the doleful strain
Makes the dullest listener start;
And a sympathetic pain
Shoot to every feeling heart.
Anxious fathers homeward haste,
Musing with paternal pride
Of their daughters, happy-faced,
Silken-haired and sparkling-eyed.
Many a tender mother sees
Younglings playing round her chair,
Thinking, "If 'twere one of these,
How could I the anguish bear?"

"Ten," the old Cathedral sounds;
Dark and gloomy are the streets;
Still the bellman goes his rounds,
Still his doleful cry repeats—
"Oh, yes! oh, yes!
Child lost! Blue eyes,
Curly hair, pink dress—
Child lost! Child lost!"

"Can't my little one be found?
Are there any tidings, friend?"
Cries the mother, "Is she drowned?
Is she stolen? God forfend!
Search the commons, search the parks,
Search the doorway and the halls,
Search the alleys, foul and dark,
Search the empty market stalls.
Here is gold and silver—see!
Take it all and welcome, man;
Only bring my child to me,
Let me have my child again."

Hark! the old Cathedral bell
Peals "eleven," and it sounds
To the mother like a knell;
Still the bellman goes his rounds.
"Child lost! Child lost!
Blue eyes, curly hair,
Pink dress—child lost!"

Half aroused from dreams of peace,
Many hear the lonesome call,
Then into their beds of ease
Into deeper slumber fall;
But the anxious mother cries,
"Oh, my darling's curly hair!
Oh, her sweetly-smiling eyes!
Have you sought her everywhere?
Long and agonizing dread
Chills my heart and drives me wild—
What if Minnie should be dead?
God, in mercy, find my child!"

"Twelve" by the Cathedral clock;
Dimly shine the midnight lamps;
Drearily from block to block,
In the rain the bellman tramps.
"Child lost! Child lost!
Blue eyes, curly hair,
Pink dress—child lost!"

THE CAPTAIN AND THE FIREMAN.

SPIN us a yarn of the sea, old man,
About some captain bold,
Who steered his ship and made her slip
When the sea and the thunder rolled;
Some tale that will stir the blood, you know,
Like the pirate tales of old.

"It was the old 'tramp' Malabar,
With coal for Singapore;
'The captain stood upon the bridge'
And loud the wind did roar,
And far upon the starboard bow
We saw the stormy shore.

"The night came down as black as pitch;
More loud the wind did blow;
The waves made wreck around the deck
And washed us to and fro;
But half the crew, though wild it blew,
Were sleeping down below.

"'The captain stood upon the bridge,'
And I was at the wheel;
The waves were piling all around,
Which made the old 'tank' reel,
When—smash! there came an awful crash
That shook the ribs of steel.

"'We've struck a wreck!' 'Stand by the pumps!'
Her plates were gaping wide;
And out her blood streamed in the flood,
The wreck had bruised her side;
Her coal poured out—her inky blood—
And stained the foaming tide.

"'The captain stood upon the bridge,'
The firemen down below;
He saw and knew what he could do,
While they but heard the blow.
The bravest man is he that stands
Against an unseen foe.

"'All hands on deck!' was now the cry,
'For we are sinking fast;
Our boats were stove by that last wave—
This night will be our last;
There's not a plank on board the tank,'
She's steel, from keel to mast.'

"'The captain stood upon the bridge;'
All hands were now on deck;
The waves went down, the sun came up,
We saw the drifting wreck,
And there, upon the starboard bow,
The land—a distant speck.

"'Who'll go below and fire her up?"
The captain loud did roar.
'We're dumping coal with every roll,
But, see! the storm is o'er;
And I will stand upon the bridge,
And guide her to the shore.'

"'I'll go for one,' said old 'Tramp Jim,'
'And shovel in the coal.
I'll go,' said Jim, all black and grim,
'Though death be down that hole;
I've heard a man who dies for men
Is sure to save his soul.

"'So turn the steam into that mill,
And let it spin around,
And I will feed the old thing coal
Till you be hard aground;
I'll go alone, there's none to moan,
If old 'Tramp Jim' be drowned!'

"He went below and fired her up,
The steam began to roar;
'The captain stood upon the bridge'
And steered her for the shore;
The ship was sinking by the bow,
Her race was nearly o'er.

"The water rose around poor Jim,
Down in the fire-room there.
'I'll shovel in the coal,' he gasped,
''Till the water wets me hair—
The Lord must take me as I am,
I have no time for prayer.'

"'The captain stood upon the bridge.'
(Oh, hang that phrase, I say!
'The firemen bravely stood below,'
Suits more this time of day,)
Old Jim kept shovelling in the coal,
Though it was time to pray.

"And every soul was saved, my lads,
Why do I speak it low?
The Lord took Jim, all black and grim,
And made him white as snow.
Some say, 'the captain on the bridge,'
But I say, 'Jim below!'"

W. B. COLLISON.

THE FACE ON THE FLOOR.

This is one of many recitations in this volume that have proved their popularity by actual test. "The Face on the Floor," when well recited, holds the hearers spell-bound.

'TWAS a balmy summer evening, and a goodly crowd was there
That well nigh filled Joe's barroom on the corner of the square,
And as songs and witty stories came through the open door;
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.

"Where did it come from?" some one said;
"The wind has blown it in."
"What does it want?" another cried, "Some whiskey, beer or gin?"
"Here, Toby, seek him, if your stomach's equal to the work,
I wouldn't touch him with a fork, he's as filthy as a Turk."

This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical good grace,
In fact, he smiled as if he thought he'd struck the proper place;
"Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so good a crowd;
To be in such good company would make a deacon proud.

"Give me a drink! That's what I want, I'm out of funds, you know,
When I had cash to treat the gang, this hand was never slow;
What? You laugh as if you thought this pocket never held a sou;
I once was fixed as well, my boys, as any one of you.

"There, thanks, that braced me nicely, God bless you, one and all,
Next time I pass this good saloon I'll make another call;
Give you a song? No, I can't do that, my singing days are past,
My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out and my lungs are going fast.

"Say, give me another whiskey and I'll tell you what I'll do—
I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise, too;
That I was ever a decent man, not one of you would think,
But I was, some four or five years back, say, give us another drink.

"Fill her up, Joe, I want to put some life into my frame—
Such little drinks to a bum like me are miserably tame;
Five fingers—there, that's the scheme—and corking whiskey, too,
Well, boys, here's luck, and landlord, my best regards to you.

"You've treated me pretty kindly and I'd like to tell you how
I came to be the dirty sot you see before you now;
As I told you, once I was a man, with muscle, frame and health,
And, but for a blunder, ought to have made considerable wealth.
"I was a painter—not one that daubed on bricks and wood,

But an artist, and, for my age, was rated pretty good;
I worked hard at my canvas, and was bidding fair to rise;
For gradually I saw the star of fame before my eyes.

"I made a picture, perhaps you've seen, 'tis called the Chase of Fame;
It brought me fifteen hundred pounds, and added to my name;
And then, I met a woman—now comes the funny part—
With eyes that petrified my brain, and sunk into my heart.

"Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that the vagabond you see
Could ever love a woman and expect her love for me;
But 'twas so, and for a month or two her smile was freely given;
And when her loving lips touched mine, it carried me to heaven.

"Boys, did you ever see a girl for whom your soul you'd give,
With a form like the Milo Venus, too beautiful to live,
With eyes that would beat the Kohinoor and a wealth of chestnut hair?
If so, 'twas she, for there never was another half so fair.

"I was working on a portrait one afternoon in May,
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine who lived across the way,
And Madeline admired it, and much to my surprise,
Said that she'd like to know the man that had such dreamy eyes.

"It didn't take long to know him, and before the month had flown,
My friend had stole my darling, and I was left alone;
And ere a year of misery had passed above my head,
The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished and was dead.

"That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you smile,
I thought you'd be amused and laughing all the while;
Why, what's the matter, friend? There's a tear-drop in your eye,
Come, laugh like me, 'tis only babes and women that should cry.

"Say, boys, if you'll give me another whiskey, I'll be glad,
And I'll draw right here, the picture of the face that drove me mad;
Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the base-ball score—
And you shall see the lovely Madeline upon the bar-room floor."

Another drink, and with chalk in hand, the vagabond began
To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man,
Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head,
With a fearful shriek he leaped and fell across the picture—*dead.*

H. Antoine D'Arcy.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

HAN'SOM, stranger? Yes, she's purty an' ez peart ez she can be.
Clever? Wy! she ain't no chicken, but she's good enough fur me.
What's her name? 'Tis kind o' common, yit I ain't ashamed to tell,
She's ole "Fiddler" Filkin's daughter, an' her dad he calls her "Nell."

I wuz drivin' on the "Central" jist about a year ago
On the run from Winnemucca up to Reno in Washoe.
There's no end o' skeery places. 'Taint a road fur one who dreams,
With its curves an' awful tres'les over rocks an' mountain streams.

'Twuz an afternoon in August, we hed got behind an hour
An' wuz tearin' up the mountain like a summer thunder-shower,
Round the bends an' by the hedges 'bout ez fast ez we could go,
With the mountain-peaks above us an' the river down below.

Ez we come nigh to a tres'le 'cros't a holler, deep an' wild,
Suddenly I saw a baby, 'twuz the stationkeeper's child,
Toddlin' right along the timbers with a bold and fearless tread
Right afore the locomotive, not a hundred rods ahead.

I jist jumped an' grabbed the throttle an' I fa'rly held my breath,
Fur I felt I couldn't stop her till the child wuz crushed to death,
When a woman sprang afore me like a sudden streak o' light,
Caught the boy and twixt the timbers in a second sank from sight.

I jist whis'l'd all the brakes on. An' we worked with might an' main
Till the fire flew from the drivers, but we couldn't stop the train,
An' it rumbled on above her. How she screamed ez we rolled by
An' the river roared below us—I shall hear her till I die!

Then we stop't; the sun was shinin'; I ran back along the ridge
An' I found her—dead? No! livin'! She wuz hangin' to the bridge
Wher she drop't down thro' the cross-ties with one arm about a sill
An' the other round the baby, who wuz yellin' fur to kill!

So we saved 'em. She wuz gritty. She's ez peart ez she kin be—
Now we're married; she's no chicken, but she's good enough fur me,
An' ef eny ask who owns her, wy! I ain't ashamed to tell—
She's my wife. Ther' ain't none better than ole Filkin's daughter "Nell."

EUGENE J. HALL.

JIM.

He was jes' a plain, ever'-day, all-round kind of a jour.,
Consumpted lookin'—but la!
The jokeyest, wittyest, story-tellin', song-singin', laughin'est, jolliest
Feller you ever saw!
Worked at jes' coarse work, but you kin bet he was fine enough in his talk,
And his feelin's, too!
Lordy! ef he was on'y back on his bench again to-day, a carryin' on
Like he ust to do!

Any shop-mate'll tell you they never was on top o'dirt
A better feller'n Jim!
You want a favor, and couldn't git it anywheres else—
You could git it o' him!

Most free-heartedest man thataway in the world, I guess!
Give ever' nickel he's worth—
And, ef you'd a-wanted it, and named it to him, and it was his,
He'd a-give you the earth!

Allus a-reachin' out, Jim was and a-helpin' some
Poor feller onto his feet—
He'd a-never a-keered how hungry he was his se'f.
So's the feller got somepin to eat!
Didn't make no difference at all to him how he was dressed,
He used to say to me:
"You tog out a tramp purty comfortable in winter-time,
And he'll git along!" says he.

Jim didn't have, nor never could git ahead, so overly much
O' this world's goods at a time—
'Fore now I've saw him, more'n onc't lend a dollar and ha'f to
Turn 'round and borry a dime!
Mebby laugh and joke about hisse'f fer awhile—then jerk his coat,
And kind o' square his chin,
Tie his apern, and squat hisse'f on his old shoe bench
And go peggin' agin.

Patientest feller, too, I reckon, at every jes' naturally
Coughed hisse'f to death!
Long enough after his voice was lost he'd laugh and say,
He could git ever'thing but his breath—
"You fellers," he'd sort o' twinkle his eyes and say,
"Is pilin' onto me
A mighty big debt for that air little weak-chested ghost o' mine to pack
Through all eternity!"

Now there was a man 'at jes' 'peared like to me,
'At ortn't a-never died!
"But death hain't a-showin no favors," the old boss said,
"On'y to Jim," and cried:
And Wigger, 'at put up the best sewed work in the shop,
Er the whole blamed neighborhood,
He says, "When God made Jim, I bet you He didn't do anything else that day,
But jes' set around and feel good."

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

QUEEN VASHTI'S LAMENT.

IS this all the love that he bore me, my husband, to publish my face
To the nobles of Media and Persia, whose hearts are besotted and base?
Did he think me a slave, me, Vashti, the Beautiful, me, Queen of queens,
To summon me thus for a show to the midst of his bacchanal scenes?

I stand like an image of brass, I, Vashti, in sight of such men!
No, sooner, a thousand times sooner, the mouth of the lioness' den,
When she's fiercest with hunger and love for the hungry young lions that tear
Her teats with sharp, innocent teeth, I would enter, far rather than here!

Did he love me, or is he, too, though the King, but a brute like the rest!
I have seen him in wine, and I fancied 'twas then that he loved me the best;
Though I think I would rather have one sweet, passionate word from the heart
Than a year of caresses that may with the wine that creates them depart.

But ever before, in his wine, toward me he showed honor and grace;
He was King, I was Queen, and those nobles, he made them remember their place.
But now all is changed; I am vile, they are honored, they push me aside,
A butt for Memucan and Shethar and Meres, gone mad in their pride!

Shall I faint, shall I pine, shall I sicken and die for the loss of his love?
Not I; I am queen of myself, though the stars fall from heaven above.
The stars! ha! the torment is there, for my light is put out by a star,
That has dazzled the eyes of the King and his court and his captains of war.

He was lonely, they say, and he looked, as he sat like a ghost at his wine,
On the couch by his side, where, of yore his Beautiful used to recline.
But the King is a slave to his pride, to his oath and the laws of the Medes,
And he cannot call Vashti again though his poor heart is wounded and bleeds.

So they sought through the land for a wife, while the King thought of me all the while—
I can see him, this moment, with eyes that are lost for the loss of a smile,
Gazing dreamily on while each maiden is temptingly passed in review,
While the love in his heart is awake with the thought of a face that he knew!

Then she came when his heart was grown weary with loving the dream of the past!
She is fair—I could curse her for that, if I thought that this passion would last!
But e'en if it last, all the love is for me, and, through good and through ill,
The King shall remember his Vashti, shall think of his Beautiful still.

Oh! the day is a weary burden, the night is a restless strife,—
I am sick to the very heart of my soul, with this life—this death in life!
Oh! that the glorious, changeless sun would draw me up in his might,
And quench my dreariness in the flood of his everlasting light!

What is it? Oft as I lie awake and my pillow is wet with tears,
There comes—it came to me just now—a flash, then disappears;
A flash of thought that makes this life a re-enacted scene,
That makes me dream what was, will be, and what is now, has been.

And I, when age on age has rolled, shall sit on the royal throne,
And the King shall love his Vashti, his Beautiful, his own,
And for the joy of what has been and what again will be,
I'll try to bear this awful weight of lonely misery!

The star! Queen Esther! blazing light that burns into my soul!
The star! the star! Oh! flickering light of life beyond control!
O King! remember Vashti, thy Beautiful, thy own,
Who loved thee and shall love thee still, when Esther's light has flown!

JOHN READE.

THE SKELETON'S STORY.

It will require all the dramatic power of which you are capable to recite this selection and do it full justice. Be wide-awake, quick in tone and gesture, shouting at one time, whispering at another, speaking with your whole body. The emotions of fear and horror are especially prominent.

IT is two miles ahead to the foot-hills—two miles of parched turf and rocky space. To the right—the left—behind, is the rolling prairie. This broad valley strikes the Sierra Nevadas and stops as if a wall had been built across it.

Ride closer! What is this on the grass? A skull here—a rib there—bones scattered about as the wild beasts left them after the horrible feast. The clean-picked skull grins and stares—every bone and scattered lock of hair has its story of a tragedy. And what besides these relics? More bones—not scattered, but lying in heaps—a vertebra with ribs attached—a fleshless skull bleaching under the summer sun. Wolves! Yes. Count the heaps of bones and you will find nearly a score. Open boats are picked up at sea with neither life nor sign to betray their secret. Skeletons are found upon the prairie, but they tell a plain story to those who halt beside them. Let us listen:

Away off to the right you can see tree-tops. Away off to the left you can see the same sight. The skeleton is in line between the two points. He left one grove to ride to the other. To ride! Certainly; a mile

away is the skeleton of a horse or mule. The beast fell and was left there.

It is months since that ride, and the trail has been obliterated. Were it otherwise, and you took it up from the spot where the skeleton horse now lies, you would find the last three or four miles made at a tremendous pace.

"Step! step! step!"

What is it? Darkness has gathered over mountain and prairie as the hunter jogs along over the broken ground. Overhead the countless stars look down upon him—around him is the pall of night. There was a patter of footsteps on the dry grass. He halts and peers around him, but the darkness is too deep for him to discover any cause for alarm.

"Patter! patter! patter!"

There it is again! It is not fifty yards from where he last halted. The steps are too light for those of an Indian.

"Wolves!" whispers the hunter, as a howl suddenly breaks upon his ear.

Wolves! The gaunt, grizzly wolves of the foot-hills—thin and poor and hungry and savage—the legs tireless—the mouth full of teeth which can crack the shoulder-bone of a buffalo. He can see their dark forms flitting from point to point—the patter of their feet upon the parched grass proves that he is surrounded.

Now the race begins. A line of wolves spread out to the right and left, and gallops after—tongues out—eyes flashing—great flakes of foam flying back to blotch stone and grass and leave a trail to be followed by the cowardly coyotes.

Men ride thus only when life is the stake. A horse puts forth such speed only when terror follows close behind and causes every nerve to tighten like a wire drawn until the scratch of a finger makes it chord with a wail of despair. The line is there—aye! it is gaining! Inch by inch it creeps up, and the red eye takes on a more savage gleam as the hunter cries out to his horse and opens fire from his revolvers. A wolf falls on the right—a second on the left. Does the wind cease blowing because it meets a forest! The fall of one man in a mad mob increases the determination of the rest.

With a cry so full of the despair that wells up from the heart of the strong man when he gives up his struggle for life that the hunter almost believes a companion rides beside him, the horse staggers—recovers—plunges forward—falls to the earth. It was a glorious struggle; but he has lost.

There is a confused heap of snarling, fighting, maddened beasts, and the line rushes forward again. Saddle, bridle, and blanket are in shreds—the horse a skeleton. And now the chase is after the hunter. He has half a mile the start, and as he runs the veins stand out, the muscles tighten, and he wonders at his own speed. Behind him are the gaunt bodies and the tireless legs. Closer, closer, and now he is going to face fate like a brave man should. He has halted. In an instant a circle is formed about him—a circle of red eyes, foaming mouths, and yellow fangs which are to meet in his flesh.

There is an interval—a breathing spell. He looks up at the stars—out upon the night. It is his last hour, but there is no quaking—no crying out to the night to send him aid. As the wolves rest, a flash blinds their eyes—a second—a third—and a fourth, and they give before the man they had looked upon as their certain prey. But it is only for a moment. He sees them gathering for the rush, and firing his remaining bullets among them he seizes his long rifle by the barrel and braces to meet the shock. Even a savage would have admired the heroic fight he made for life. He sounds the war-cry and whirls his weapon around him, and wolf after wolf falls disabled. He feels a strange exultation over the desperate combat, and as the pack give way before his mighty blows a gleam of hope springs up in his heart.

It is only for a moment; then the circle narrows. Each disabled beast is replaced by three which hunger for blood. There is a rush—a swirl—and the cry of despair is drowned in the chorus of snarls as the pack fight over the feast.

The gray of morning—the sunlight of noonday—the stars of evening will look down upon grinning skull and whitening bones, and the wolf will return to crunch them again. Men will not bury them. They will look down upon them as we look, and ride away with a feeling that 'tis but another dark secret of the wonderful prairie.

THE LADY AND THE EARL.

The figures in the text of this piece indicate the gestures to be made, as shown in Typical Gestures, at the beginning of Part II. of this volume.

I SAW her in the festive halls, in scenes of pride and[16] glee,
'Mongst many beautiful and fair, but none so fair as she;
Her's was the most attractive[2] form that mingled in the scene,
And all who saw her said she moved a goddess and a queen.

The diamond blazed in her dark hair and bound her polished brow,
And precious gems were clasped around her swan-like neck of snow;
And Indian looms had lent their stores to form her sumptuous dress,
And art with nature joined to grace her passing loveliness.

I looked upon her and I said, who[6] is so blessed as she?
A creature she all light and life, all beauty and all glee;
Sure,[5] sweet content blooms on her cheek and on her brow a pearl,
And she was[1] young and innocent, the Lady of the Earl.

But as I looked more carefully, I saw that radiant smile
Was but assumed in mockery, the unthinking to to beguile.
Thus have I seen a summer rose in all its beauty bloom,
When it has[24] shed its sweetness o'er a cold and lonely tomb.

She struck the harp, and when they praised her skill she turned aside,
A rebel tear of conscious woe[20] and memory to hide;
But when she raised her head she looked so[13] lovely, so serene,
To gaze in her proud eyes you'd think a tear had seldom been.

The humblest maid in rural life can[5] boast a happier fate
Than she, the beautiful and good, in all her rank and state;
For she was sacrificed,[20] alas! to cold and selfish pride
When her young lips had breathed the vow to be a soldier's bride.

Of late I viewed her move along,[2] the idol of the crowd;
A few short months elapsed, and then,[12] I kissed her in her shroud!
And o'er her splendid monument I saw the hatchment wave,
But there was one proud heart[5] which did more honor to her grave.

A warrior dropped his plumed head upon her place of rest,
And with his feverish lips the name of Ephilinda pressed;
Then breathed a prayer, and checked the groan of parting pain,
And as he left the tomb he said,[11] "Yet we shall meet again."

MY VESPER SONG.

FILLED with weariness and pain,
Scarcely strong enough to pray,
In this twilight hour I sit,
Sit and sing my doubts away.
O'er my broken purposes,
Ere the coming shadows roll,
Let me build a bridge of song:
"Jesus, lover of my soul."

"Let me to Thy bosom fly!"
How the words my thoughts repeat:
To Thy bosom, Lord, I come,
Though unfit to kiss Thy feet.
Once I gathered sheaves for Thee,
Dreaming I could hold them fast:
Now I can but faintly sing,
"Oh! receive my soul at last."

I am weary of my fears,
Like a child when night comes on:
In the shadow, Lord, I sing,
"Leave, oh, leave me not alone."
Through the tears I still must shed,
Through the evil yet to be,
Though I falter while I sing,
"Still support and comfort me."

"All my trust on Thee is stayed;"
Does the rhythm of the song
Softly falling on my heart,
Make its pulses firm and strong?
Or is this Thy perfect peace,
Now descending while I sing,
That my soul may sleep to-night
"'Neath the shadow of Thy wing?"

"Thou of life the fountain art;"
If I slumber on Thy breast,
If I sing myself to sleep,
Sleep and death alike are rest.
Not impatiently I sing,
Though I lift my hands and cry
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

With distinct enunciation give the dialect in this piece, and assume the character of a countryman who is telling this story. Guard against being vulgar or too commonplace.

THE gret big church wuz crowded full uv broadcloth an' of silk,
An' satins rich as cream thet grows on our ol' brindle's milk;
Shined boots, biled shirts, stiff dickeys, an' stove-pipe hats were there,
An' dudes 'ith trouserloons so tight they couldn't kneel down in prayer.
The elder in his poolpit high said, as he slowly riz:
"Our organist is kep' to hum, laid up 'ith roomatiz,
An' as we hev no substitoot, as brother Moore ain't here,
Will some 'un in the congregation be so kind 's to volunteer?"

An' then a red-nosed, blear-eyed tramp, of low-toned, rowdy style,
Give an interductory hiccup, an' then swaggered up the aisle.
Then thro' that holy atmosphere there crep' a sense er sin,
An' thro' thet air of sanctity the odor uv ol' gin.

Then Deacon Purington he yelled, his teeth all set on edge:
"This man perfanes the house er God! W'y, this is sacrilege!"
The tramp didn' hear a word he said, but slouched 'ith stumblin' feet,
An' stalked an' swaggered up the steps, an' gained the organ seat.

He then went pawin' thro' the keys, an' soon there rose a strain
Thet seemed to jest bulge out the heart, an' 'lectrify the brain;

An' then he slapped down on the thing 'ith hands an' head an' knees,
He slam-dashed his hull body down kerflop upon the keys.

The organ roared, the music flood went sweepin' high an' dry,
It swelled into the rafters, an' bulged out into the sky;
The ol' church shook and staggered, an' seemed to reel an' sway,
An' the elder shouted "Glory!" an' I yelled out "Hooray!"

An' then he tried a tender strain thet melted in our ears,
Thet brought up blessed memories and drenched 'em down 'ith tears;
An' we dreamed uv ol' time kitchens, 'ith Tabby on the mat,
Tu home an' luv an' baby days, an' mother, an' all that!

An' then he struck a streak uv hope—a song from souls forgiven—
Thet burst from prison bars uv sin, an' stormed the gates uv heaven;
The morning stars together sung—no soul wuz left alone—
We felt the universe wuz safe, an' God was on His throne!

An' then a wail of deep despair an' darkness come again,
An' long, black crape hung on the doors uv all the homes uv men;
No luv, no light, no joy, no hope, no songs of glad delight,
An' then—the tramp, he swaggered down an' reeled out into the night!

But we knew he'd tol' his story, tho' he never spoke a word,
An' it was the saddest story thet our ears had ever heard;
He hed tol' his own life history, an' no eye was dry thet day,
W'en the elder rose an' simply said: "My brethren, let us pray."

S. W. Foss.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

IF a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye,
If a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say ha'e I,
Yet all the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

If a body meet a body,
Comin' frae the town;
If a body meet a body,
Need a body frown?
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say ha'e I,
Yet all the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Amang the train there is a swain,
I dearly love mysel',
But what's his name, or where's his hame
I dinna choose to tell.
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say ha'e I,
Yet all the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Robert Burns.

JOAN OF ARC.

'TWAS in the days of chivalry, when steel-clad warriors swore
To bear their ladies' favors amidst the battle's roar,
To right the wrongs of injured maids, the lance in rest to lay,
And nobly fall in honor's cause or triumph in the fray.

But not to-day a lance is couched, no waving plume is there,
No war-horse sniffs the trumpet's breath, no banner woos the air;
No crowding chiefs the tilt-yard throng to quench the thirst of fame,
Though chiefs are met, intent to leave their names eternal shame!

A still and solemn silence reigned, deep darkness veiled the skies,
And Nature, shuddering, shook to see the impious sacrifice!
Full in the centre of the lists a dreadful pile is reared,
Awaiting one whose noble soul death's terrors never feared,
Gaul's young Minerva, who had led her countrymen to fame,
And foremost in the battle rent that conquered country's chain;
Who, when the sun of fame had set that on its armies shone,
Its broken ranks in order set, inspired and led them on;
The low-born maid that, clad in steel, restored a fallen king,
Who taught the vanquished o'er their foes triumphal songs to sing;
Whose banner in the battle's front the badge of conquest streamed,
And built again a tottering throne, a forfeit crown redeemed!

But when her glorious deeds were done, Fate sent a darker day,
The blaze of brightness faded in murkiest clouds away;
And France stood looking idly on, nor dared to strike a blow,
Her guardian angel's life to save, but gave it to the foe!
Ungrateful France her saviour's fate beheld with careless smile,
While Superstition, hiding hate and vengeance, fired the pile!

What holy horror of her crime is looked by yonder priest,
Like that grim bird that hovers nigh, and scents the funeral feast!
Is this the maiden's triumph, won in battle's dreadful scenes,
Whose banner so triumphant flew before thy walls, Orleans!

Hark to the trumpet's solemn sound! Low roll the muffled drums
As slowly through the silent throng the sad procession comes;
Wrapp'd in the garments of the grave, the corselet laid aside,
Still with Bellona's step she treads, through all her woes descried.

As beautiful her features now as when inspired she spoke
Those oracles that slumbering France to life and action woke:
The majesty yet haunts her looks, that late so dreadful beamed
In war, when o'er her burnished arms the long rich tresses streamed,
She gazes on the ghastly pile, tho' pale as marble stone;
'Twas not with fear, for from her lips escaped no sigh nor groan;
But she, her country's saviour, thus to render up her breath—
That was a pang far worse than all the bitterness of death!

'Twas done; the blazing pile is fired, the flames have wrapped her round;
The owlet shrieked, and circling flew with dull, foreboding sound;
Fate shuddered at the ghastly sight, and smiled a ghostly smile;
And fame and honor spread their wings above the funeral pile.
But, phœnix-like, her spirit rose from out the burning flame,
More beautiful and bright by far than in her days of fame.
Peace to her spirit! Let us give her memory to renown,
Nor on her faults or failings dwell, but draw the curtain down. CLARE S. MCKINLEY.

THE VULTURE OF THE ALPS.

This selection is narrative, yet it is narrative intensely dramatic. Imagine the feelings of a parent who sees the "youngest of his babes" torn away from his embrace by a vulture and carried away in mid-air. Let your tones, attitudes and gestures all be strong. Picture the flight of a mountain eagle with uplifted arm, and depict with an expression of agony the grief of the parent.

I'VE been among the mighty Alps, and wandered through their vales,
And heard the honest mountaineers relate their dismal tales,
As round the cottage blazing hearth, when their daily work was o'er,
They spake of those who disappeared, and ne'er were heard of more.

And there I from a shepherd heard a narrative of fear,
A tale to rend a mortal heart, which mothers might not hear:
The tears were standing in his eyes, his voice was tremulous.
But, wiping all those tears away he told his story thus:—

"It is among these barren cliffs the ravenous vulture dwells,
Who never fattens on the prey which from afar he smells;
But, patient, watching hour on hour upon a lofty rock,
He singles out some truant lamb, a victim, from the flock.

"One cloudless Sabbath summer morn, the sun was rising high,
When from my children on the green, I heard a fearful cry,
As if some awful deed were done, a shriek of grief and pain,
A cry, I humbly trust in God, I ne'er may hear again.

"I hurried out to learn the cause; but, overwhelmed with fright,
The children never ceased to shriek, and from my frenzied sight
I missed the youngest of my babes, the darling of my care,
But something caught my searching eyes, slow sailing through the air.

"Oh! what an awful spectacle to meet a father's eye!
His infant made a vulture's prey, with terror to descry!
And know, with agonizing breast, and with a maniac rave,
That earthly power could not avail, that innocent to save!

"My infant stretched his little hands imploringly to me,
And struggled with the ravenous bird, all vainly to get free,
At intervals, I heard his cries, as loud he shrieked and screamed:
Until, upon the azure sky, a lessening spot he seemed.

"The vulture flapped his sail-like wings, though heavily he flew,
A mote upon the sun's broad face he seemed unto my view:
But once I thought I saw him stoop, as if he would alight;
'Twas only a delusive thought, for all had vanished quite.

"All search was vain, and years had passed; that child was ne'er forgot,
When once a daring hunter climbed unto a lofty spot,
From whence, upon a rugged crag the chamois never reached,
He saw an infant's fleshless bones the elements had bleached!

"I clambered up that rugged cliff; I could not stay away;
I knew they were my infant's bones thus hastening to decay;
A tattered garment yet remained, though torn to many a shred,
The crimson cap he wore that morn was still upon the head."

That dreary spot is pointed out to travelers passing by,
Who often stand, and, musing, gaze, nor go without a sigh.

And as I journeyed, the next morn, along my sunny way,
The precipice was shown to me, whereon the infant lay.

THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

THERE'S an old-fashioned girl in an old-fashioned street,
Dressed in old-fashioned clothes from her head to her feet,
And she spends all her time in the old-fashioned way,
Of caring for poor people's children all day.

She never has been to cotillion or ball,
And she knows not the styles of the spring or the fall.
Two hundred a year will suffice for her needs,
And an old-fashioned Bible is all that she reads.

And she has an old-fashioned heart that is true
To a fellow who died in an old coat of blue,
With its buttons all brass—who is waiting above
For the woman who loved him with old-fashioned love.

TOM HALL.

NATHAN HALE, THE MARTYR SPY.

After the disastrous defeat of the Americans on Long Island, Washington desired information respecting the British position and movements. Captain Nathan Hale, but twenty-one years old, volunteered to procure the information. He was taken and hanged as a spy the day after his capture, September 22, 1776. His patriotic devotion, and the brutal treatment he received at the hands of his captors, have suggested the following. Put your whole soul into this piece, especially Hale's last speech. It rises to the sublime.

'TWAS in the year that gave the nation birth;
A time when men esteemed the common good
As greater weal than private gain. A battle fierce
And obstinate had laid a thousand patriots low,
And filled the people's hearts with gloom.

Pursued like hunted deer,
The crippled army fled; and, yet, amid
Disaster and defeat, the Nation's chosen chief
Resolved his losses to retrieve. But not
With armies disciplined and trained by years
Of martial service, could he, this Fabian chief,
Now hope to check the hosts of Howe's victorious legions—
These had he not.

In stratagem the shrewder general
Ofttimes o'ercomes his strong antagonist.
To Washington a knowledge of the plans,
Position, strength of England's force,
Must compensate for lack of numbers.

He casts about for one who'd take his life
In hand. Lo! he stands before the chief. In face,
A boy—in form, a man on whom the eye could rest
In search of God's perfected handiwork.
In culture, grace and speech, reflecting all
A mother's love could lavish on an only son.

The chieftain's keen discerning eye
Appraised the youth at his full worth, and saw
In him those blending qualities that make
The hero and the sage. He fain would save
For nobler deeds a man whose presence marked
A spirit born to lead.

"Young man," he said with kindly air,
"Your country and commander feel grateful that

Such talents are offered in this darkening hour.
Have you in reaching this resolve considered well
Your fitness, courage, strength—the act, the risk,
You undertake?"
The young man said: "The hour demands a
duty rare—
Perhaps a sacrifice. If God and training in
The schools have given me capacities
This duty to perform, the danger of the enter-
prise
Should not deter me from the act
Whose issue makes our country free. In times
Like these a Nation's life sometimes upon
A single life depends. If mine be deemed
A fitting sacrifice, God grant a quick
Deliverance"

"Enough, go then, at once," the great
Commander said. "May Heaven's guardian
angels give
You safe return. Adieu."

Disguised with care, the hopeful captain
crossed
The bay, and moved through British camp
Without discovery by troops or refugees.
The enemy's full strength, in men, in stores,
Munitions, guns—all military accoutrements
Were noted with exact precision; while
With graphic sketch, each trench and parapet,
Casemated battery, magazine and every point
Strategic, was drawn with artist's skill.

The task complete, the spy with heart
Elate, now sought an exit through the lines.
Well might he feel a soldier's pride. An hour
hence
A waiting steed would bear him to his friends.
His plans he'd lay before his honored chief;
His single hand might turn the tide of war,
His country yet be free.

"Halt!" a British musket leveled at
His head dimmed all the visions of his soul.
A dash—an aimless shot; the spy bore down
Upon the picket with a blow that else
Had freed him from his clutch, but for a score
Of troopers stationed near. In vain the struggle
fierce
And desperate—in vain demands to be released.
A tory relative, for safety quartered in
The British camp, would prove his truckling
loyalty
With kinsman's blood, a word—a look—
A motion of the head, and he who'd dared
So much in freedom's name was free no more.

Before Lord Howe the captive youth
Was led. "Base dog!" the haughty general
said,
"Ignoble son of loyal sires! you've played the
spy
Quite well I ween. The cunning skill where-
with
You wrought these plans and charts might well
adorn
An honest man; but in a rebel's hands they're
vile
And mischievous. If ought may palliate
A traitor's act, attempted in his sovereign's
camp,
I bid you speak ere I pronounce your sentence."

With tone and mien that hushed
The buzzing noise of idle lackeys in the hall,
The patriot thus replied: "You know my name—
My rank;—my treach'rous kinsman made
My purpose plain. I've nothing further of my-
self
To tell beyond the charge of traitor to deny.
The brand of spy I do accept without reproach;
But never since I've known the base ingratitude
Of king to loyal subjects of his realm
Has British rule been aught to me than barbarous
Despotism which God and man abhor, and none
But dastards fear to overthrow.
For tyrant loyalty your lordship represents
I never breathed a loyal breath; and he
Who calls me traitor seeks a pretext for a crime
His trembling soul might well condemn."

"I'll hear no more such prating cant,"
Said Howe, "your crime's enough to hang a
dozen men.
Before to-morrow's sun goes down you'll swing
'Twixt earth and heaven, that your countrymen
May know a British camp is dangerous ground
For prowling spies. Away!"

Securely bound upon a cart, amid
A speechless crowd, he stands beneath a strong
Projecting limb, to which a rope with noose attached,
Portends a tragic scene. He casts his eyes
Upon the surging multitude. Clearly now
His tones ring out as victors shout in triumph:

"Men, I do not die in vain,
My humble death upon this tree will light anew
The Torch of liberty. A hundred hands to one
Before will strike for country, home and God,
And fill our ranks with men of faith in His
Eternal plan to make this people free.
A million prayers go up this day to free
The land from blighting curse of tyrant's rule.
Oppression's wrongs have reached Jehovah's throne;
The God of vengeance smites the foe! This land,—
This glorious land,—is free—is free!

"My friends, farewell! In dying thus
I feel but one regret; it is the one poor life
I have to give in Freedom's cause."

I. H. BROWN.

THE FUTURE.

WHEN Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of all Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame!
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things as They Are!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE POWER OF HABIT.

Adapted to the development of transition in pitch, and a very spirited utterance. When you are able to deliver this as Mr. Gough did, you may consider yourself a graduate in the art of elocution.

I REMEMBER once riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?"

"That," said he, "is Niagara River."

"Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright and fair and glassy. How far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

"Is it *possible* that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near the Falls?"

"You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget.

Now, launch your bark on that Niagara River; it is bright, smooth, beautiful and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion.

Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids; but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm, and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed, there is no danger."

"Young men, ahoy there!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future? No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may, will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"Beware! beware! The rapids are below you!"

"Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! Quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whip cords upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail! Ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, blaspheming, over they go."

Thousands go over the rapids of intemperance every year, through the power of habit, crying all the while, "When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up!"

JOHN B. GOUGH.

DIED ON DUTY.

The following lines were written by a comrade, on the death of Engineer Billy Ruffin, who lost his life by an accident that occurred on the Illinois Central Railroad, in Mississippi.

BILL RUFFIN to some wouldn't rank very high, being only an engineer;
But he opened the throttle with a steady grip, and didn't know nothin' like fear;
For doin' his duty and doin' it right, he was known all along the line,
And with him in the box of 258, you might figger "you'd be thar on time."

Bill was comin' down the run, one Monday night, a pullin' of No. 3,
Just jogging along at a 30 gait, and a darker night you never see.
They had struck the trestle twenty rod north of old Tallahatchie bridge,
Where the water backs up under the track, with here and there a ridge.

Bill had come down that run a hundred times, and supposed that all was right;
But the devil's own had been at work, and loosened a rail that night;
When, gods of mercy! what a shock and crash! then all so quiet and still.
And old 258 lay dead in the pond, and the train piled up on the fill.

The crew showed up one by one, looking all white and chill,
Anxious to see if all were on deck, but whar on airth wuz Bill?
But it wasn't long before they knew, for there in the pond was the tank,
Stickin' clus to her engine pard, and holdin' Bill down by the shank.

When the boys saw what orter be done, they went to work with a vim,
But willin' hands doin' all they would, couldn't rize tons offen him;

Bill stood thar, brave man that he was, as the hours went slowly by,
Seemin' to feel, if the rest wur scared, he was perfectly willin' to die.

Just before daylight looked over the trees, they brought poor Bill to the fire,
And done the best they could for him in a place that was all mud and mire;
But they done no good, 'twant no use; he had seen his last of wrecks;
And thar by the fire that lit up his brave face, poor Bill passed in his checks.

When they raised old 258 again, the story she did tell
Was that the hero in her cab had done his duty well;
They found her lever thrown hard, her throttle open wide,
Her air applied so close and hard that every wheel must slide.

Thar's a wife and two kids down the line, whose sole dependence wuz Bill,
Who little thought when he came home he'd be brought cold and still;
But tell them, tho' Bill was rough by natur' and somewhat so by name,
That thar's a better land for men like him, and he died clear grit just the same.

MY FRIEND THE CRICKET AND I.

MY friend the Cricket and I
Once sat by the fireside talking;
"This life," I said, "is such weary work;"
Chirped Cricket, "You're always croaking."
"It's rowing against baith wind an' tide,
And a' for the smallest earning."
"Ah! weel," the merry Cricket replied,
"But the tide will soon be turning."

"And then," I answered, "dark clouds may rise,
And winds with the waters flowing"
"Weel! keep a bit sunshine in your heart,
It's a wonderfu' help in rowing."
"But many a boat goes down at sea:"
"O! friend, but you're unco trying,
Pray how many more come into port,
With a' their colors flying?

"Would ye idly drift with changing tides,
Till lost in a sea of sorrow?"
"Ah! no, good Cricket, I'll take the oars
And cheerfully row to-morrow."
"I would! I would! Yes, I would!" he chirped,
While I watched the bright fire burning,
"I would! I would! Yes, I'd try again,
For the tide must have a turning."

So all the night long through the drowsy hours
I heard, like a cheerful humming—
"I would! I would! Yes, I'd try again,
Ye never ken what is coming."
So I tried again:—now the wind sets fair,
And the tide is shoreward turning,
And Cricket and I chirp pleasantly
While the fire is brightly burning.

LILLIE E. BARR.

THE SNOW STORM.

A FARMER came from the village plain,
But he lost the traveled way;
And for hours he trod with might and main
A path for his horse and sleigh;
But colder still the cold winds blew,
And deeper still the deep drifts grew,
And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,
At last in her struggles, floundered down,
Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain, with a neigh and a frenzied snort,
She plunged in the drifting snow,
While her master urged, till his breath grew short,

With a word and a gentle blow.
But the snow was deep, and the tugs were tight;
His hands were numb and had lost their might;
So he wallowed back to his half-filled sleigh,
And strove to shelter himself till day,
With his coat and the buffalo.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein,
To rouse up his dying steed;
And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain
For help in his master's need.
For a while he strives with a wistful cry
To catch a glance from his drowsy eye,
And wags his tail if the rude winds flap
The skirt of the buffalo over his lap,
And whines when he takes no heed.

The wind goes down and the storm is o'er,
'Tis the hour of midnight, past;
The old trees writhe and bend no more
In the whirl of the rushing blast.
The silent moon with her peaceful light
Looks down on the hills with snow all white,
And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,
The blasted pine and the ghostly stump
Afar on the plain are cast.

But cold and dead by the hidden log
Are they who came from the town:
The man in his sleigh, and his faithful dog,
And his beautiful Morgan brown—
In the wide snow-desert, far and grand,
With his cap on his head and the reins in his hand—
The dog with his nose on his master's feet,
And the mare half seen through the crusted sleet,
Where she lay when she floundered down.

PARRHASIUS AND THE CAPTIVE.

This is a picture of inordinate ambition. It should be represented by a voice of cold indifference to human suffering. The flame of selfish passion is wild and frenzied.

PARRHASIUS stood, gazing forgetfully
Upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay,
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus—
The vulture at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh;
And as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
Rapt mystery, and pluck'd the shadows forth
With its far-reaching fancy, and with form
And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,
Were like the winged god's, breathing from his flight.

"Bring me the captive now!
My hand feels skillful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit airily and swift,
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens—around me play
Colors of such divinity to-day.

"Ha! bind him on his back!
Look!—as Prometheus in my picture here!
Quick—or he faints!—stand with the cordial near!
Now—bend him to the rack!
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh!
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

"So—let him writhe! How long
Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!
What a fine agony works upon his brow!
Ha! gray-haired, and so strong!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

"'Pity' thee! So I do!
I pity the dumb victim at the altar—
But does the robed priest for his *pity* falter?
I'd rack thee, though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine—
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?

"'Hereafter!' Ay—*hereafter!*
A whip to keep a coward to his track!
What gave Death ever from his kingdom back
To check the skeptic's laughter?

Come from the grave to-morrow with that story
And I may take some softer path to glory.

"No, no, old man! we die
Even as the flowers, and we shall breathe away
Our life upon the chance wind, even as they!
Strain well thy fainting eye—
For when that bloodshot quivering is o'er,
The light of heaven will never reach thee more.

"Yet there's a deathless *name!*
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And like a steadfast planet mount and burn—
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,
By all the fiery stars! I'd bind it on!

"Ay—though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst—
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first—
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild—

"All—I would do it all—
Sooner than die, lie a dull worm, to rot—
Thrust foully into earth to be forgot!
O heavens!—but I appall
Your heart, old man! forgive——ha! on your lives
Let him not faint!—rack him till he revives!

"Vain—vain—give o'er! His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—
Stand back! I'll paint the death dew on his brow!
Gods! if he do not die
But for *one* moment—one—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those cold lips!

"Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—
Another? Wilt thou never come, O Death!
Look! how his temple flutters!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
He shudders—gasps—Jove help him!—so—he's dead."

How like a mounting devil in the heart
Rules the unreined *ambition!* Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought
And unthrones peace forever. Putting on
The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns
The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
Left in the bosom for the spirit's lip,
We look upon our splendor and forget
The thirst of which we perish!

N. P. Willis.

THE NINETY-THIRD OFF CAPE VERD.

The figures refer you to the Typical Gestures at the beginning of Part II. of this volume. Use other gestures of your own. A good recital for animated description.

IT is night upon the ocean
Near old Afric's shore;
Loud the wind wails o'er the water,
Loud the waters roar.

Dark o'erhead [21] the storm-clouds gather,
Huge waves mountains form,
As a stout [2] old ship comes struggling
On against the storm.

Hark! [3] e'en now across the billows
On the wind there floats,
Sharp and shrill, the boatswain's whistle
Sounding, [5] "Man the boats!"

At the sound, from cabin doorways,
Rushing out headlong,
Pours a weeping, [10] shrieking, shuddering,
Terror-stricken throng.

Men, and women with their children,
Weak and pale from fright,
Praying, [20] cursing, hurry onward
Out into the night.

But the lightning's [21] frequent flashes
By their ghastly sheen,
Further forward in the vessel,
Show another scene.

From the crowd of trembling women,
And of trembling men,
See![2] a soldier presses forward,
Takes his place, and then—

"Fall in!"[5] Then comes the roll-call.
Every man is at his post,
Although now they hear the breakers
Roaring on the coast.

"Present arms!"[5] And till the life-boats
With their precious freight
Have been lowered safely downward
Thus they stand and wait.

And then, as the staunch old vessel
Slowly sinks at last,
Louder than the ocean's roaring,
Louder than the blast,

O'er the wildly raging water,
Echoing far and near,
Hear[11] the soldiers' dying volley,
Hear their dying cheer.

A FELON'S CELL.

An intensely dramatic reading, requiring rapid changes of voice and gesture.

I'M going to a felon's cell,
To stay there till I die;
They say my hands are stained with blood,
But they who say it—lie.
The court declared I murdered one
I would have died to save;
I know who did the awful deed,
I saw, but could not save.

I saw the knife gleam in his hand,
I heard the victim's shriek;
My feet seem chained, I tried to run,
But terror made me weak.
Reeling, at length I reached the spot
Too late—a quivering sigh—
The pale moon only watched with me
To see a sweet girl die.

The reeking blade lay at my feet,
The murderer had fled;
I stooped to raise the prostrate form,
To lift the sunny head
Of her I loved, from out the pool
Her own sweet blood had made;
That knife was fairly in my way,
I raised the murderous blade.

Unmindful of all else, beside
That lovely, bleeding corse,
Unheeding the approaching steps
Of traveler and horse,
I raised the knife; it caught the gleam
Of the full moon's bright glare,
One instant, and the next strong arms
Pinioned mine firmly there.

They led me forth, mute with a woe
Too deep for word or sign;
The knife within my hand the court
Identified as mine.
My name was graven on the hilt,—
The letters told a lie;
They doomed me to a felon's cell
To stay there till I die.

And yet, I did not do the deed;
The moon, if she could speak,
Would lift this anguish from my brow,
This shame from off my cheek.
I was not born with gold or lands
Nor was I born a slave,
My hands are free from blood,—and yet
I'll fill a felon's grave.

And I, who last year played at ball
Upon the village green,
A stripling, on whose lips the sign
Of manhood scarce is seen,
Whose greatest crime (if crime it be)
Was loving her too well,
Must leave this beautiful, glad world
For a dark prison cell.

I had just begun to learn to live
Since I laid by my books,
And I had grown so strangely fond
Of forest, spring, and brook,
I read a lesson in each drop
That trickled through the grass,
And found a sermon in the flow
Of wavelets, as they pass.

Dear woodland haunts! I leave your shade;
No more at noon's high hour
I'll list the sound of insect life,
Or scent the sweet wild flower.
Dear mossy banks, by murmuring streams,
'Tis hard to say good-bye!
To leave you for a felon's cell,
Where I must stay and die.

Farewell all joy and happiness!
Farewell all earthly bliss!
All human ties must severed be,—
Aye, even a mother's kiss
Must fail me now; in this my need
O God! to Thee I cry!
Oh! take me now, ere yet I find
A grave wherein to lie.

Mother, you here! Mother, the boy
You call your poet child
Is innocent! His hands are clean,
His heart is undefiled.
Oh! tell me, mother, am I weak
To shrink at thought of pain?
To shudder at the sound of bolt,
Grow cold at clank of chain?

Oh! tell me, is it weakness now
To weep upon your breast,—
That faithful pillow, where so oft
You've soothed me to my rest!

Hark! 'tis an officer's firm tread,
O God! Mother, good-bye!
They've come to bear me to my cell
Where I must stay and die.
They're coming now, I will be strong,
No, no. it cannot be.
My giddy brain whirls round in pain,
Your face I cannot see.
But I remember when a child
I shrank at thought of pain,
But, oh, it is a fearful thing
To have this aching brain.

Pardon! heard I the sound aright?
Mine comes from yonder sky;
Hold me! don't let them take me forth
To suffer till I die!
Pardon! pardon! came the sound,
And horsemen galloped fast,
But 'twas too late; the dying man
Was soon to breathe his last.
The crime's confessed, the guilt made known
Quick, lead the guiltless forth.
"Then I am free! mother, your hand,
Now whisper your good-bye,
I'm going where there are no cells
To suffer in and die!"

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

This soul-stirring account of the historic battle where thrones and empires were staked, is from the pen of the great French author whose famous descriptions are unsurpassed by those of any other writer. In reciting this piece every nerve must be tense, and soul and body must be animated by the imaginary sight of the contending armies. Your utterance should be somewhat rapid, the tones of your voice round and full, the words of command given as a general would give them on the field of battle and you must picture to your hearers the thrilling scene in such a way that it may appear to be almost a reality. Otherwise, this very graphic description will fall flat, and the verdict of your audience will be that you were not equal to the occasion.

THE sky had been overcast all day. All at once, at this very moment—it was eight o'clock at night—the clouds in the horizon broke, and through the elms of the Nivelles road streamed the sinister red light of the setting sun.

Arrangements were speedily made for the final effort. Each battalion was commanded by a general. When the tall caps of the Grenadiers of the Guard with their large eagle plates appeared, symmetrical, drawn up in line, calm in the smoke of that conflict, the enemy felt respect for France. They thought they saw twenty victories entering upon the field of battle with wings extended, and those who were conquerors thinking themselves conquered recoiled; but Wellington cried: "Up, Guards, and at them!"

The red regiment of English Guards, lying behind the hedges, rose up; a shower of grape riddled the tricolored flag. All hurled themselves forward, and the final carnage began. The Imperial Guard felt the army slipping away around them in the gloom and the vast overthrow of the rout. There were no weak souls or cowards there. The privates of that band were as heroic as their general. Not a man flinched from the suicide.

The army fell back rapidly from all sides at once. A disbanding army is a thaw. The whole bends, cracks, snaps, floats, rolls, falls, crashes, hurries, plunges. Ney borrows a horse, leaps upon him, and, without hat, cravat, or sword, plants himself in the Brussels road, arresting at once the English and the French. He endeavors to hold the army; he calls them back, he reproaches them, he grapples with the rout. He is swept away. The soldiers flee from him, crying, "Long live Ney!" Durutte's two regiments come and go, frightened and tossed between the sabres of the Uhlans and the fire of the brigades of Kempt. Rout is the worst of all conflicts; friends slay each other in their flight; squadrons and battalions are crushed and dispersed against each other, enormous foam of the battle.

Napoleon gallops among the fugitives, harangues them, urges, threatens, entreats. The mouths which in the morning were crying "Long live the Emperor," are now agape. He is hardly recognized. The Prussian cavalry, just come up, spring forward, fling themselves upon the enemy, sabre, cut, hack, kill, exterminate. Teams rush off; the guns are left to the care of themselves; the soldiers of the train unhitch the caissons and take the horses to escape; wagons upset, with their four wheels in the air, block up the road, and are accessories of massacre.

They crush and they crowd; they trample upon the living and the dead. Arms are broken. A multitude fills roads, paths, bridges, plains, hills, valleys, woods, choked up by this flight of forty thousand men. Cries, despair; knapsacks and muskets cast into the rye; passages forced at the point of the sword; no more comrades, no more officers, no more generals; an inexpressible dismay. Lions become kids. Such was this flight.

A few squares of the Guard, immovable in the flow of the rout as rocks in running water, held out until night. Night approaching and death also, they awaited this double shadow, and yielded unfaltering to its embrace. At every discharge the square grew less, but returned the fire. It replied to grape by bullets, narrowing in its four walls continually. Afar off, the fugitives, stopping for a moment out of breath, heard in the darkness this dismal thunder decreasing.

When this legion was reduced to a handful, when their flag was reduced to a shred, when their muskets, exhausted of ammunition, were reduced to nothing but clubs, when the pile of corpses was larger than the group of the living, there spread among the conquerors a sort of sacred terror about these sublime martyrs, and the English artillery, stopping to take breath, was silent. It was a kind of respite. These combatants had about them a swarm of spectres, the outlines of men on horseback, the black profile of the

cannons, the white sky seen through the wheels and gun-carriages. The colossal death's head, which heroes always see in the smoke of the battle, was advancing upon them and glaring at them.

They could hear in the gloom of the twilight the loading of the pieces. The lighted matches, like tigers' eyes in the night, made a circle about their heads. All the linstocks of the English batteries approached the guns, when, touched by their heroism, holding the death-moment suspended over these men, an English general cried to them:

"Brave Frenchmen, surrender!"

The word "Never!" fierce and desperate, came rolling back.

To this word the English general replied, "Fire!"

The batteries flamed, the hill trembled; from all those brazen throats went forth a final vomiting of grape, terrific. A vast smoke, dusky white in the light of the rising moon, rolled out, and when the smoke was dissipated, there was nothing left. That formidable remnant was annihilated—the Guard was dead! The four walls of the living redoubt had fallen. Hardly could a quivering be distinguished here and there among the corpses; and thus the French legions expired.

VICTOR HUGO.

A PIN.

OH, I know a certain woman who is reckoned with the good,
But she fills me with more terror than a raging lion could.
The little chills run up and down my spine whene'er we meet,
Though she seems a gentle creature, and she's very trim and neat.

And she has a thousand virtues, and not one acknowledged sin,
But she is the sort of person you could liken to a pin.
And she pricks you, and she sticks you in a way that can't be said—
When you ask for what has hurt you, why you cannot find the head.

But she fills you with discomfort and exasperating pain—
If anybody asks you why, you really can't explain.
A pin is such a tiny thing—of that there is no doubt—
Yet when it's sticking in your flesh, you're wretched till it's out.

She is wonderfully observing—when she meets a pretty girl
She is always sure to tell her if her "bang" is out of curl.
And she is so sympathetic to her friend, who's much admired,
She is often heard remarking: "Dear, you look so worn and tired!"

And she is a careful critic; for on yesterday she eyed
The new dress I was airing with a woman's natural pride,
And she said: "Oh, how becoming!" and then softly added to it,
"It is really a misfortune that the basque is such a fit."

Then she said: "If you had heard me yestereve, I'm sure, my friend,
You would say I am a champion who knows how to defend."
And she left me with the feeling—most unpleasant, I aver—
That the whole world would despise me if it had not been for her.

Whenever I encounter her, in such a nameless way,
She gives me the impression I am at my worst that day.

And the hat that was imported (and that cost me half a sonnet),
With just one glance from her round eye, becomes a Bowery bonnet.

She is always bright and smiling, sharp and shining for a thrust—
Use does not seem to blunt her point, nor does she gather rust—
Oh! I wish some hapless specimen of mankind would begin
To tidy up the world for me, by picking up this pin.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A RELENTING MOB.

Translated from the French of Victor Hugo.

THE mob was fierce and furious. They cried: "Kill him!" the while they pressed from every side
Around a man, haughty, unmoved and brave,
Too pitiless himself to pity crave.

"Down with the wretch!" on all sides rose the cry.
The captive found it natural to die,
The game is lost—he's on the weaker side,
Life, too, is lost, and so must fate decide.

From out his home they dragged him to the street,
With fiercely clenching hands and hurrying feet,
And shouts of "Death to him!" The crimson stain
Of recent carnage on his garb showed plain.

This man was one of those who blindly slay
At a king's bidding. He'd shoot men all day,
Killing he knew not whom, scarce knew why,
Now marching forth impassible to die,
Incapable of mercy or of fear,
Letting his powder-blackened hands appear.

A woman clutched his collar with a frown,
"He's a policeman—he has shot us down!"
"That's true," the man said. "Kill him!"
"Shoot him!" "Kill!"
"No, at the Arsenal"—"The Bastile!"—
"Where you will,"
The captive answered. And with fiercest breath,
Loading their guns his captors still cried "Death!"
"We'll shoot him like a wolf!" "A wolf am I?
Then you're the dogs," he calmly made reply.
"Hark, he insults us!" And from every side
Clenched fists were shaken, angry voices cried,
Ferocious threats were muttered, deep and low.
With gall upon his lips, gloom on his brow,
And in his eyes a gleam of baffled hate,
He went, pursued by howlings, to his fate.
Treading with wearied and supreme disdain
'Midst the forms of dead men he perchance had slain.
Dread is that human storm, an angry crowd:
He braved its wrath with head erect and proud.
He was not taken, but walled in with foes,
He hated them with hate the vanquished knows,
He would have shot them all had he the power.

"Kill him—he's fired upon us for an hour!"
"Down with the murderer—down with the spy!"
And suddenly a small voice made reply,
"No—no, he is my father!" And a ray
Like a sunbeam seemed to light the day.
A child appeared, a boy with golden hair,
His arms upraised in menace or in prayer.

All shouted, "Shoot the bandit, fell the spy!"
The little fellow clasped him with a cry
Of "Papa, papa, they'll not hurt you now!"
The light baptismal shone upon his brow.

From out the captive's home had come the child.
Meanwhile the shrieks of "Kill him—Death!" rose wild.
The cannon to the tocsin's voice replied,
Sinister men thronged close on every side,

And in the street ferocious shouts increased
Of "Slay each spy—each minister—each priest—
We'll kill them all!" The little boy replied:
"I tell you this is papa." One girl cried
"A pretty fellow—see his curly head!"
"How old are you, my boy?" another said.
"Do not kill papa!" only he replies.

A soulful lustre lights his streaming eyes,
Some glances from his gaze are turned away,
And the rude hands less fiercely grasp their prey.
Then one of the most pitiless says, "Go—
Get you back home, boy." "Where—why?"
"Don't you know?
Go to your mother." Then the father said,
"He has no mother." "What—his mother's dead?
Then you are all he has." "That matters not,"
The captive answers, losing not a jot
Of his composure as he closely pressed
The little hands to warm them in his breast.
And says, "Our neighbor, Catherine you know,
Go to her." "You'll come too?" "Not yet." "No, no.
Then I'll not leave you." "Why?" "These men, I fear,
Will hurt you, papa, when I am not here."

The father to the chieftain of the band
Says softly, "Loose your grasp and take my hand,
I'll tell the child to-morrow we shall meet,
Then you can shoot me in the nearest street,
Or farther off, just as you like." "'Tis well!"
The words from those rough lips reluctant fell.
And, half unclasped, the hands less fierce appear.
The father says, "You see, we're all friends here,
I'm going with these gentlemen to walk;
Go home. Be good. I have no time to talk."
The little fellow, reassured and gay,
Kisses his father and then runs away.

"Now he is gone and we are at our ease,
And you can kill me where and how you please,"
The father says, "Where is it I must go?"
Then through the crowd a long thrill seems to flow,
The lips, so late with cruel wrath afoam,
Relentingly and roughly cry, "Go home!"

LUCY H. HOOPER.

THE BLACK HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

Slow utterance, rapid utterance, loud tones, subdued tones, quick changes and intense dramatic force are all required in this reading. Lose yourself in your recitation. Never be self-conscious.

IT was the 7th of October, 1777. Horatio Gates stood before his tent gazing steadfastly upon the two armies now arrayed in order of battle. It was a clear, bracing day, mellow with the richness of Autumn. The sky was cloudless; the foliage of the wood scarce tinged with purple and gold; the buckwheat in yonder fields frostened into snowy ripeness. But the tread of legions shook the ground; from every bush shot the glimmer of the rifle barrel; on every hillside blazed the sharpened bayonet. Gates was sad and thoughtful, as he watched the evolutions of the two armies.

But all at once, a smoke arose, a thunder shook the ground, and a chorus of shouts and groans yelled along the darkened air. The play of death had begun. The two flags, this of the stars, that of the red cross, tossed amid the smoke of battle, while the sky was clouded with leaden folds, and the earth throbbed with the pulsations of a mighty heart. Suddenly, Gates and his officers were startled. Along the height on which they stood, came a rider, upon a black horse, rushing toward the distant battle.

There was something in the appearance of this horse and his rider, that struck them

with surprise. Look! he draws his sword, the sharp blade quivers through the air—he points to the distant battle, and lo! he is gone; gone through those clouds, while his shout echoes over the plains. Wherever the fight is the thickest, there through intervals of cannon smoke, you may see riding madly forward that strange soldier, mounted on his steed black as death. Look at him, as with face red with British blood he waves his sword and shouts to his legions. Now you may see him fighting in that cannon's glare, and the next moment he is away off yonder, leading the forlorn hope up that steep cliff.

Is it not a magnificent sight, to see that strange soldier and that noble black horse dashing like a meteor, down the long columns of battle? Let us look for a moment into those dense war-clouds. Over this thick hedge bursts a band of American militia-men, their rude farmer coats stained with blood, while scattering their arms by the way, they flee before that company of redcoat hirelings, who come rushing forward, their solid front of bayonets gleaming in the battle light.

In this moment of their flight, a horse comes crashing over the plains. The unknown rider reins his steed back on his haunches, right in the path of a broad-shouldered militia-man. "Now, cowards! advance another step and I'll strike you to the heart!" shouts the unknown, extending a pistol in either hand. "What! are you Americans, men, and fly before British soldiers? Back again, and face them once more, or I myself will ride you down."

This appeal was not without its effect. The militia-man turns; his comrades, as if by one impulse, follow his example. In one line, but thirty men in all, they confront thirty sharp bayonets. The British advance. "Now upon the rebels, charge!" shouts the red-coat officer. They spring forward at the same bound. Look! their bayonets almost touch the muzzles of their rifles. At this moment the voice of the unknown rider was heard: "Now let them have it! Fire!" A sound is heard, a smoke is seen, twenty Britons are down, some writhing in death, some crawling along the soil, and some speechless as stone. The remaining ten start back. "Club your rifles and charge them home!" shouts the unknown.

That black horse springs forward, followed by the militia-men. Then a confused conflict—a cry for quarter, and a vision of twenty farmers grouped around the rider of the black horse, greeting him with cheers. Thus it was all the day long. Wherever that black horse and his rider went, there followed victory. At last, toward the setting of the sun, the crisis of the conflict came. That fortress yonder, on Bemiss' Heights, must be won, or the American cause is lost! That cliff is too steep—that death is too certain. The officers cannot persuade the men to advance. The Americans have lost the field. Even Morgan, that iron man among iron men, leans on his rifle and despairs of the field.

But look yonder! In this moment when all is dismay and horror, here crashing on, comes the black horse and his rider. That rider bends upon his steed, his frenzied face covered with sweat and dust and blood; he lays his hand upon that brave rifleman's shoulder, and as though living fire had been poured into his veins, he seized his rifle and started toward the rock. And now look! now hold your breath, as that black steed crashes up that steep cliff. That steed quivers! he totters! he falls! No! No! Still on, still up the cliff, still on toward the fortress.

The rider turns his face and shouts, "Come on, men of Quebec! come on!" That call is needless. Already the bold riflemen are on the rock. Now British cannon pour

your fires, and lay your dead in tens and twenties on the rock. Now, red-coat hirelings, shout your battle-cry if you can! For look! there, in the gate of the fortress, as the smoke clears away, stands the Black Horse and his rider. That steed falls dead, pierced by an hundred balls; but his rider, as the British cry for quarter, lifts up his voice and shouts afar to Horatio Gates waiting yonder in his tent, "Saratoga is won!"

As that cry goes up to heaven, he falls with his leg shattered by a cannon ball. Who was the rider of the black horse? Do you not guess his name? Then bend down and gaze on that shattered limb, and you will see that it bears the marks of a former wound. That wound was received in the storming of Quebec. That rider of the Black Horse was Benedict Arnold.

CHARLES SHEPPARD.

THE UNFINISHED LETTER.

"NEAR DEADWOOD.

"DEAR JENNY—

WE reached here this morning,
Tom Baker, Ned Leonard and I,
So you see that, in spite of your warning,
The end of our journey is nigh.

"The redskins—'tis scarce worth a mention,
Don't worry about me, I pray—
Have shown us no little attention—
Confound them?—along on our way.

"Poor Ned's got a ball in the shoulder—
Another one just grazed my side—
But pshaw! ere we're half a day older
We'll be at the end of our ride.

"We've camped here for breakfast. Tom's splitting
Some kindling wood, off of the pines,
And astride a dead cedar I'm sitting
To hastily pen you these lines.

"A courier from Deadwood—we met him
Just now with a mail for the States,
(Ah, Jenny! I'll never forget him)—
For this most obligingly waits.

"He says, too, the miners are earning
Ten dollars a day, every man.
Halloa! here comes Tom—he's returning,
And running as fast as he can.

"It's nothing, I guess; he is only
At one of his practical—" Bang!
And sharp through that solitude lonely
The crack of Sioux rifle shots rang.

And as the dire volley came blended
With echo from canyon and pass,
The letter to Jenny was ended—
Its writer lay dead on the grass.

LEGEND OF THE ORGAN-BUILDER.

DAY by day the Organ-builder in his lonely chamber wrought;
Day by day the soft air trembled to the music of his thought;

Till at last the work was ended; and no organ-voice so grand
Ever yet had soared responsive to the master's magic hand.

Ay, so rarely was it builded that whenever groom and bride,
Who, in God's sight were well-pleasing, in the church stood side by side,

Without touch or breath the organ of itself began to play,
And the very airs of heaven through the soft gloom seemed to stray.

He was young, the Organ-builder, and o'er all the land his fame
Ran with fleet and eager footsteps, like a swiftly rushing flame.

All the maidens heard the story; all the maidens blushed and smiled,
By his youth and wondrous beauty and his great renown beguiled.

So he sought and won the fairest, and the wedding-day was set:
Happy day—the brightest jewel in the glad year's coronet!

But when they the portal entered, he forgot his lovely bride—
Forgot his love, forgot his God, and his heart swelled high with pride.

"Ah!" thought he; "how great a master am I!
When the organ plays,
How the vast cathedral-arches will re-echo with my praise!"

Up the aisle the gay procession moved. The altar shone afar,
With every candle gleaming through soft shadows like a star.

But he listened, listened, listened, with no thought of love or prayer,
For the swelling notes of triumph from his organ standing there.

All was silent. Nothing heard he save the priest's low monotone,
And the bride's robe trailing softly o'er the floor of fretted stone.

Then his lips grew white with anger. Surely God was pleased with him
Who had built the wondrous organ for His temple vast and dim!

Whose the fault, then? Hers—the maiden standing meekly at his side!
Flamed his jealous rage, maintaining she was false to him—his bride.

Vain were all her protestations, vain her innocence and truth;
On that very night he left her to her anguish and her ruth.

For he wandered to a country wherein no man knew his name;
For ten weary years he dwelt there, nursing still his wrath and shame.

Then his haughty heart grew softer, and he thought by night and day
Of the bride he had deserted, till he hardly dared to pray;

Thought of her, a spotless maiden, fair and beautiful and good;
Thought of his relentless anger, that had cursed her womanhood;

Till his yearning grief and penitence at last were all complete,
And he longed, with bitter longing, just to fall down at her feet.

Ah! how throbbed his heart when, after many a weary day and night,
Rose his native towers before him, with the sunset glow alight!

Through the gates into the city on he pressed with eager tread;
There he met a long procession—mourners following the dead.

"Now why weep ye so, good people? and whom bury ye to-day?
Why do yonder sorrowing maidens scatter flowers along the way?

"Has some saint gone up to heaven?" "Yes," they answered, weeping sore;
"For the Organ-builder's saintly wife our eyes shall see no more;

"And because her days were given to the service of God's poor,
From His church we mean to bury her. See! yonder is the door."

No one knew him; no one wondered when he cried out, white with pain;
No one questioned when, with pallid lips, he poured his tears like rain.

"'Tis some one whom she has comforted, who mourns with us," they said,
As he made his way unchallenged, and bore the coffin's head;

Bore it through the open portal, bore it up the echoing aisle,
Let it down before the altar, where the lights burned clear the while;

When, oh, hark! the wondrous organ of itself began to play
Strains of rare, unearthly sweetness never heard until that day!

All the vaulted arches rang with the music sweet and clear!
All the air was filled with glory, as of angels hovering near;

And ere yet the strain was ended, he who bore the coffin's head,
With the smile of one forgiven, gently sank beside it—dead.

They who raised the body knew him, and they laid him by his bride;
Down the aisle and o'er the threshold they were carried, side by side;

While the organ played a dirge that no man ever heard before,
And then softly sank to silence—silence kept for evermore.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

CAUGHT IN THE QUICKSAND.

IT sometimes happens that a man, traveler or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide, far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with some difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick in it; it is sand no longer; it is glue.

The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step he takes, as soon as he lift his foot, the print which it leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change; the immense strand is smooth and tranquil; all the sand has the same appearance; nothing distinguishes the surface which is solid from that which is no longer so; the joyous little crowd of sandflies continue to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines to the land, endeavors to get nearer the upland.

He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only he feels, somehow, as if the weight of his feet increases with every step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in.

He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road; he stops to take his bearings; now he looks at his feet. They have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws them out of the sand; he will retrace his steps. He turns back, he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles; he pulls himself out and throws himself to the left; the sand half leg deep. He throws himself to the right; the sand comes up to his shins.

Then he recognizes with unspeakable terror that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the terrible medium in which man can no more walk than the fish can swim. He throws off his load, if he has one, lightens himself as a ship in distress; it is already too late; the sand is above his knees. He calls, he waves his hat or his handkerchief; the sand gains on him more and more. If the beach is deserted, if the land is too far off, if there is no help in sight, it is all over.

He is condemned to that appalling burial, long, infallible, implacable and impossible to slacken or to hasten, which endures for hours, which seizes you erect, free and in full health, and which draws you by the feet; which, at every effort that you attempt, at every shout you utter, drags you a little deeper, sinking you slowly into the earth while you look upon the horizon, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine and the sky. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes inters him; he straightens up, he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed. He howls, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs.

Behold him waist deep in the sand. The sand reaches his breast; he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows, to pull himself out of this soft sheath; sobs frenziedly; the sand rises; the sand reaches his shoulders; the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now.

The mouth cries, the sand fills it—silence. The eyes still gaze—the sand shuts them; night. Now the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand come to the surface of the beach, moves, and shakes, disappears. It is the earth-drowning man. The earth filled with the ocean becomes a trap. It presents itself like a plain, and opens like a wave. VICTOR HUGO.

THE LITTLE QUAKER SINNER.

A LITTLE Quaker maiden, with dimpled cheek and chin,
Before an ancient mirror stood, and viewed her from within.
She wore a gown of sober gray, a cap demure and prim,
With only simple fold and hem, yet dainty, neat and trim.
Her bonnet, too, was gray and stiff; its only line of grace
Was in the lace, so soft and white, shirred round her rosy face.

Quoth she: "Oh, how I hate this hat! I hate this gown and cape!
I do wish all my clothes were not of such outlandish shape!
The children passing by to school have ribbons on their hair;
The little girl next door wears blue; oh, dear, if I could dare,
I know what I should like to do!"—(The words were whispered low,
Lest such tremendous heresy should reach her aunts below.)

Calmly reading in the parlor sat the good aunts Faith and Peace,
Little dreaming how rebellious throbbed the heart of their young niece.
All their prudent, humble teaching willfully she cast aside,
And, her mind now fully conquered by vanity and pride,
She, with trembling heart and fingers, on a hassock sat her down,
And this little Quaker sinner sewed a tuck into her gown!

"Little Patience, art thou ready? Fifth day meeting time has come,
Mercy Jones and Goodman Elder with his wife have left their home."
'Twas Aunt Faith's sweet voice that called her, and the naughty little maid—
Gliding down the dark old stairway—hoped their notice to evade,
Keeping shyly in their shadow as they went out at the door,
Ah! never little Quakeress a guiltier conscience bore!

Dear Aunt Faith walked looking upward; all her thoughts were pure and holy;
And Aunt Peace walked gazing downward, with a humble mind and lowly.
But "tuck—tuck!" chirped the sparrows, at the little maiden's side;
And, in passing Farmer Watson's, where the barn-door opened wide,
Every sound that issued from it, every grunt and every cluck,
Was to her affrighted fancy like "a tuck!" "a tuck!" "a tuck!"

In meeting, Goodman Elder spoke of pride and vanity,
While all the Friends seemed looking round that dreadful tuck to see.
How it swelled in its proportions, till it seemed to fill the air,
And the heart of little Patience grew heavier with her care.
O, the glad relief to her, when, prayers and exhortations ended,
Behind her two good aunties her homeward way she wended!

The pomps and vanities of life she'd seized with eager arms,
And deeply she had tasted of the world's alluring charms—
Yea, to the dregs had drained them, and only this to find:
All was vanity of spirit and vexation of the mind.
So, repentant, saddened, humbled on her hassock she sat down,
And this little Quaker sinner ripped the tuck out of her gown!

LUCY L. MONTGOMERY.

THE TELL-TALE HEART.

The emotions of horror and dismay are vividly brought out in this selection, which is characteristic of some of the writings of Edgar A. Poe. He had a morbid fancy for the weird, the gruesome and startling, all of which appear in this ghastly description from his pen. The piece is an excellent one of its kind. It requires the ability of a tragedian to properly deliver it.

WITH a loud yell I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once—once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gayly to find the deed so far done. But for many minutes the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If you still think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even his—could have detected anything wrong.

When I had made an end of these labors it was four o'clock—still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart—for what had I now to fear? Then entered three men who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the

police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled—for what had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search—search well. I led them at length to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence I brought chairs into the room, and desired them here to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. But ere long I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears; but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct; it continued and gained definitiveness—until at length I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale; but I talked more fluently and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could I do. It was a low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly—more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men—but the noise steadily increased. O God! what could I do? I foamed—I raved—I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—louder. And still the men chatted pleasantly and smiled. Was it possible they heard not?

They heard!—they suspected!—they knew!—they were making a mockery of my horror! this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I can bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die!—and now—again!—hark! louder! louder! louder! louder!

"Villains!" I shrieked, "dissemble no more! I admit the deed—tear up the planks! here! here! it is the beating of his hideous heart!"

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

IT was terribly cold; it snowed and was already almost dark and evening coming on—the last evening of the year. In the cold and gloom a little girl, bareheaded and barefooted, was walking through the streets. When she left her own house she certainly had slippers on, slippers, but of what use were they? They were very big slippers, and her mother had used them until then. So big were they the little maid lost them as she slipped across the road, where two carriages were rattling by terribly fast. One slipper was not to be found again, and a boy had seized the other and ran away with it. So now the little girl went with naked feet, which were quite red and blue with the cold. In an old apron she carried a number of matches and a bundle of them

in her hand. No one had bought anything of her all day, and no one had given her a farthing.

Shivering with cold and hunger she crept along, a picture of misery, poor little girl! The snowflakes covered her long, fair hair, which fell in pretty curls over her neck, but she did not think of that now. In all the windows lights were shining and there was a glorious smell of roast goose, for it was Christmas Eve. Yes, she thought of that!

In a corner formed by two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she sat down, cowering. She had drawn up her little feet, but she was still colder, and she did not dare go home, for she had sold no matches, and did not therefore have a farthing of money. From her father she would certainly receive a beating, and, besides, it was cold at home, for they had nothing over them but a roof, through which the wind whistled, though the largest rents had been stopped with straw and rags.

Her hands were almost benumbed with the cold. Ah! a match might do her good if she could only draw one from the bundle and rub it against the wall and warm her hands at it. She draws one out. R-r-atch! How it sputtered and burned! It was a warm, bright flame, like a candle, when she held her hands over it; it was a wonderful little light! It really seemed to the child as if she sat before a great polished stove with bright brass feet and a brass cover. How the fire burned! How comfortable it was! but the little flame went out, the stove vanished, and she had only the remains of the burnt match in her hand.

A second one was rubbed against the wall. It burned up, and when the light fell upon the wall it became transparent, like a thin veil, and she could see through it into the room. On the table a snow-white cloth was spread; upon it stood a shining dinner service; the roast goose smoked gloriously, stuffed with apples and dried plums. And what was still more splendid to behold, the goose hopped down from the dish and waddled along the floor, with a knife and fork in its breast, to the little girl.

Then the match went out, and only the thick, damp, cold wall was before her. She lighted another match. Then she was sitting under a beautiful Christmas tree; it was greater and more ornamented than the one she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. Thousands of candles burned upon its green branches and lighted up the pictures in the room. The girl stretched forth her hand toward them; then the match went out. The Christmas lights mounted higher. She saw them now as stars in the sky; one of them fell down, forming a long line of fire.

"Now some one is dying," thought the little girl, for her old grandmother, the only person who had loved her and who was now dead, had told her that when a star fell down a soul mounted up to God.

She rubbed another match against the wall; it became bright again, and in the brightness the old grandmother stood clear and shining, mild and lovely.

"Grandmother!" cried the child, "oh! take me with you! I know you will go when the match is burned out. You will vanish like the warm fire, the warm food, and the great, glorious Christmas tree!"

And she hastily rubbed the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to hold her grandmother fast. And the matches burned with such a glow that it became brighter than in the middle of the day; grandmother had never been so large or so beautiful. She took the child in her arms and both flew in brightness and joy above the earth, very, very high; and up there was neither cold nor hunger nor care—they were with God.

But in the corner, leaning against the wall, sat the poor girl with red cheeks and smiling mouth, frozen to death. "She wanted to warm herself," the people said. No one imagined what a beautiful thing she had seen and in what glory she had gone in with her grandmother on that Christmas night. HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE MONK'S VISION.

I READ a legend of a monk who painted,
In an old convent cell in days bygone,
Pictures of martyrs and of virgins sainted,
And the sweet Christ-face with the crown of thorn.

Poor daubs not fit to be a chapel's treasure—
Full many a taunting word upon them fell;
But the good abbot let him, for his pleasure,
Adorn with them his solitary cell.

One night the poor monk mused: "Could I but render
Honor to Christ as other painters do—
Were but my skill as great as is the tender
Love that inspires me when His cross I view!

"But no; 'tis vain I toil and strive in sorrow;
What man so scorns, still less can He admire;
My life's work is all valueless; to-morrow
I'll cast my ill-wrought pictures in the fire."

He raised his eyes within his cell—O wonder!
There stood a visitor; thorn-crowned was He,
And a sweet voice the silence rent asunder:
"I scorn no work that's done for love of me."

And round the walls the paintings shone resplendent
With lights and colors to this world unknown,
A perfect beauty, and a hue transcendent,
That never yet on mortal canvas shone.

There is a meaning in this strange old story;
Let none dare judge his brother's worth or need;
The pure intent gives to the act its glory,
The noblest purpose makes the grandest deed.

THE BOAT RACE.

THE Algonquins rowed up and down a few times before the spectators. They appeared in perfect training, mettlesome as colts, steady as draught horses, deep breathed as oxen, disciplined to work together as symmetrically as a single sculler pulls his pair of oars.

Five minutes passed, and all eyes were strained to the south, looking for the Atalanta. A clumb of trees hid the edge of the lake along which the Corinna's boat was stealing toward the starting point. Presently the long shell swept into view, with its blooming rowers. How steadily the Atalanta came on! No rocking, no splashing, no apparent strain; the bow oar turning to look ahead every now and then, and watching her course, which seemed to be straight as an arrow, the beat of the strokes as true and regular as the pulse of the healthiest rower among them all.

If the sight of the other boat and its crew of young men was beautiful, how lovely was the look of this: eight young girls—all in the flush of youth, all in vigorous health; every muscle taught its duty; each rower alert not to be a tenth of a second out of time, or let her oar dally with the water so as to lose an ounce of its propelling virtue; every eye kindling with the hope of victory. Each of the boats was cheered as it came in sight, but the cheers for the Atalanta were

naturally the loudest, as the gallantry of one sex and the clear, high voices of the other gave it life and vigor.

"Take your places!" shouted the umpire, five minutes before the half-hour. The two boats felt their way slowly and cautiously to their positions. After a little backing and filling they got into line, and sat motionless, the bodies of the rowers bent forward, their arms outstretched, their oars in the water, waiting for the word. "Go!" shouted the umpire. Away sprang the Atalanta, and far behind her leaped the Algonquin, her oars bending like long Indian bows as their blades flashed through the water.

"A stern chase is a long chase," especially when one craft is a great distance behind the other. It looked as if it would be impossible for the rear boat to overcome the odds against it. Of course, the Algonquin kept gaining, but could it possibly gain enough? As the boats got farther and farther away, it became difficult to determine what change there was in the interval between them.

But when they came to rounding the stake it was easier to guess at the amount of space which had been gained. Something like half the distance—four lengths as nearly as could be estimated—had been made up in rowing the first three-quarters of a mile. Could the Algonquins do a little better than this in the second half of the race-course they would be sure of winning.

The boats had turned the stake and were coming in rapidly. Every minute the University boat was getting nearer the other.

"Go it, 'Quins!" shouted the students.

"Pull away, 'Lantas!" screamed the girls, who were crowding down to the edge of the water.

Nearer, nearer—the rear boat is pressing the other more and more closely—a few more strokes and they will be even. It looks desperate for the Atalantas. The bow oar of the Algonquin turns his head. He sees the little coxswain leaning forward at every stroke, as if her trivial weight were of such mighty consequence—but a few ounces might turn the scale of victory. As he turned he got a glimpse of the stroke oar of the Atalanta; what a flash of loveliness it was! Her face was like the reddest of June roses, with the heat and the strain and passion of expected triumph.

The upper button of her close-fitting flannel suit had strangled her as her bosom heaved with exertion, and it had given way before the fierce clutch she made at it. The bow oar was a staunch and steady rower, but he was human. The blade of his oar lingered in the water; a little more and he would have caught a crab, and perhaps lost the race by his momentary bewilderment.

The boat, which seemed as if it had all the life and nervousness of a three-year-old colt, felt the slight check, and all her men bent more vigorously to their oars. The Atalanta saw the movement, and made a spurt to keep their lead and gain upon it if they could. It was no use. The strong arms of the young men were too much for the young maidens; only a few lengths remained to be rowed, and they would certainly pass the Atalanta before she could reach the line.

The little coxswain saw that it was all up with the girls' crew if she could not save them by some strategic device. As she stooped she lifted the handkerchief at her feet and took from it a flaming bouquet "Look!" she cried, and flung it just forward of the track of the Algonquin.

The captain of the University boat turned his head, and there was the lovely vision which had, a moment before, bewitched him. The owner of all that loveliness must, he thought, have flung the bouquet. It was a challenge; how could he be such a coward as to decline accepting it? He was sure he

could win the race now, and he would sweep past the line in triumph with the great bunch of flowers at the stern of his boat, proud as Van Tromp in the British Channel with the broom at his masthead.

He turned the boat's head a little by backing water, and came up with the floating flowers, near enough to reach them. He stooped and snatched them up, with the loss perhaps of a second, no more. He felt sure of his victory.

The bow of the Algonquin passes the stern of the Atalanta! The bow of the Algonquin is on a level with the middle of the Atalanta—three more lengths and the college crew will pass the girls!

"Hurrah for the 'Quins!" The Algonquin ranges up alongside of the Atalanta!

"Through with her!" shouts the captain of the Algonquin.

"Now, girls!" shrieks the captain of the Atalanta.

They near the line, every rower straining desperately, almost madly. Crack goes the oar of the Atalanta's captain, and up flash its splintered fragments as the stem of her boat springs past the line, eighteen inches at least ahead of the Algonquin.

"Hooraw for the 'Lantas! Hooraw for the girls! Hooraw for the Institoot!" shout a hundred voices.

And there is loud laughing and cheering all round.

The pretty little captain had not studied her classical dictionary for nothing. "I have paid off an old 'score,'" she said. "Set down my damask roses against the golden apples of Hippomenes!" It was that one second lost in snatching up the bouquet which gave the race to the Atalantas!

PHILLIPS OF PELHAMVILLE.

SHORT is the story I say, if you will
Hear it, of Phillips of Pelhamville:
An engineer for many a day
Over miles and miles of the double way.

He was out that day, running sharp, for he knew
He must shunt ahead for a train overdue,

The South Express coming on behind
With the swing and rush of a mighty wind.

No need to say in this verse of mine
How accidents happen along the line.

A rail lying wide to the gauge ahead,
A signal clear when it should be red;

An axle breaking, the tire of a wheel
Snapping off at a hidden flaw in the steel.

Enough. There were wagons piled up in the air,
As if some giant had tossed them there.

Rails broken and bent like a willow wand,
And sleepers torn up through the ballast and sand.

The hiss of the steam was heard, as it rushed
Through the safety-valves; the engine crushed

Deep into the slope, like a monster driven
To hide itself from the eye of heaven.

But where was Phillips? From underneath
The tender wheels, with their grip of death,

They drew him, scalded by steam, and burned
By the engine fires as it overturned.

They laid him gently upon the slope,
Then knelt beside him with little of hope.

Though dying, he was the only one
Of them all that knew what ought to be done;

For his fading eye grew quick with a fear,
As if of some danger approaching near.

And it sought—not the wreck of his train that lay
Over the six and the four feet away—

But down the track, for there hung on his mind
The South Express coming up behind.

And he half arose with a stifled groan,
While his voice had the same old ring in its tone:
'Signal the South Express!" he said,
Then fell back in the arms of his fireman, dead.
Short, as you see, is this story of mine,
And of one more hero of the line.

For hero he was, though before his name
Goes forth no trumpet-blast of fame.

Yet true to his duty, as steel to steel,
Was Phillips the driver of Pelhamville.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

POOR LITTLE JIM.

THE cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean,
But all within that little cot was wondrous neat and clean;
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
As a patient mother sat beside the death-bed of her child:
A little worn-out creature, his once bright eyes grown dim:
It was a collier's wife and child, they called him little Jim.

And oh! to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offered up the prayer, in thought, she was afraid to speak,
Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her life;
For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor collier's wife.
With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,
And prays that He would spare her boy, and take herself instead.

She gets her answer from the child: soft fall the words from him:
"Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon little Jim,
I have no pain, dear mother, now, but oh! I am so dry,
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and, mother, don't you cry."
With gentle, trembling haste she held the liquid to his lip;
He smiled to thank her as he took each little, tiny sip;

"Tell father, when he comes from work, I said good-night to him,
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas! poor little Jim!
She knew that he was dying; that the child she loved so dear
Had uttered the last words she might ever hope to hear:
The cottage door is opened, the collier's step is heard,
The father and the mother meet, yet neither speak a word.

He felt that all was over, he knew his child was dead,
He took the candle in his hand and walked toward the bed;
His quivering lips gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal,
And see, his wife has joined him—the stricken couple kneel:
With hearts bowed down by sadness, they humbly ask of Him,
In heaven once more to meet again their own poor little Jim.

ORATIONS BY FAMOUS ORATORS.

An oration, strictly speaking, is an elaborate discourse delivered on some special occasion, and in a somewhat formal and dignified manner. As this class of recitations stands by itself and is quite different from the other selections contained in this volume, I have grouped together here a number of Famous Orations, all of which have given their authors celebrity. These are well suited for public delivery by those who prefer this kind of recitation and have the oratorical ability required for reciting them.

TRUE MORAL COURAGE.

BY HENRY CLAY.

When reference is made to America's greatest orators it is customary to mention the name of Henry Clay among the very first. He was frequently called "The Mill Boy of the Slashes," from the fact that he was a poor boy and was born in a district in Virginia called "the Slashes." Mr. Clay was tall and slender and had a voice of wonderful range and sympathy, was remarkably easy and graceful in manner, and few orators who ever lived possessed such persuasive power.

The opening part of this fine selection should be delivered in a rather quiet, slightly satirical tone; but in the later passages the speaker should grow warm and enthusiastic, and voice and gesture should express a full appreciation of the lofty sentiments he is uttering.

THERE is a sort of courage, which, I frankly confess it, I do not possess—a boldness to which I dare not aspire, a valor which I cannot covet. I cannot lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. That, I cannot—I have not the courage to do. I cannot interpose the power with which I may be invested—a power conferred, not for my personal benefit, nor for my aggrandizement, but for my country's good—to check her onward march to greatness and glory. I have not courage enough. I am too cowardly for that.

I would not, I dare not, in the exercise of such a threat, lie down, and place my body across the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is a sort of courage widely different from that which a man may display in his private conduct and personal relations. Personal or private courage is totally distinct from that higher and nobler courage which prompts the patriot to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to his country's good.

Apprehensions of the imputation of the want of firmness sometimes impel us to perform rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the want of courage.

But pride, vanity, egotism, so unamiable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions cannot see beyond the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country, and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself.

The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism which, soaring toward

heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of the good and the glory of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism which, catching its inspiration of the immortal God, and, leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, groveling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself—that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues!

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

BY JOSIAH QUINCY.

An American orator and patriot, born in Massachusetts in 1744, Mr. Quincy, by his fervid and convincing eloquence, was one of the most powerful champions of the popular cause of independence.

BE not deceived, my countrymen. Believe not these venal hirelings, when they would cajole you by their subtleties into submission, or frighten you by their vaporings into compliance. When they strive to flatter you by the terms "moderation and prudence," tell them that calmness and deliberation are to guide the judgment; courage and intrepidity command the action. When they endeavor to make us "perceive our inability to oppose our mother country," let us boldly answer—In defence of our civil and religious rights, we dare oppose the world; with the God of armies on our side, even the God who fought our fathers' battles, we fear not the hour of trial, though the hosts of our enemies should cover the field like locusts. If this be enthusiasm, we will live and die enthusiasts.

Blandishments will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a "halter" intimidate. For, under God, we are determined, that wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever we shall be called to make our exit, we will die freemen. Well do we know that all the regalia of this world can not dignify the death of a villain, nor diminish the ignominy with which a slave shall quit existence.

Neither can it taint the unblemished honor of a son of freedom though he should make his departure on the already prepared gibbet, or be dragged to the newly-erected scaffold for execution. With the plaudits of his country, and what is more, the plaudits of his conscience, he will go off the stage. The history of his life, his children shall venerate. The virtues of their sires shall excite their emulation.

Is the debt we owe posterity paid? Answer me, thou coward, who hidest thyself in the hour of trial! If there is no reward in this life, no prize of glory in the next, capable of animating thy dastard soul, think and tremble, thou miscreant! at the whips and stripes thy master shall lash thee with on earth—and the flames and scorpions thy second master shall torment thee with hereafter!

Oh my countrymen! what will our children say, when they read the history of these times, should they find that we tamely gave way, without one noble struggle for the most invaluable of earthly blessings! As they drag the galling chain, will they not execrate us? If we have any respect for things sacred, any regard to the dearest treasure on earth; if we have one tender sentiment for posterity; if we would not be despised by the world; let us, in the most open, solemn manner, and with determined fortitude, swear—we will die if we cannot live freemen. While we have equity, justice, and God on our side, tyranny, spiritual or temporal, shall never ride triumphant in a land inhabited by Englishmen.

CENTENNIAL ORATION.

BY HENRY ARMITT BROWN.

From the oration delivered upon the occasion of the Centennial Anniversary of the meeting of the first Colonial Congress in Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia. This oration is the masterpiece of a young orator who died when but little past the age of thirty, having already gained a wide celebrity for scholarly attainments and commanding eloquence. It is remarkable for boldness of thought and fervor of expression.

THE conditions of life are always changing, and the experience of the fathers is rarely the experience of the sons. The temptations which are trying us are not the temptations which beset their footsteps, nor the dangers which threaten our pathway the dangers which surrounded them. These men were few in number; we are many. They were poor, but we are rich. They were weak, but we are strong. What is it, countrymen, that we need to-day? Wealth? Behold it in your hands. Power? God hath given it you. Liberty? It is your birthright. Peace? It dwells amongst you.

You have a Government founded in the hearts of men, built by the people for the common good. You have a land flowing with milk and honey; your homes are happy, your workshops busy, your barns are full. The school, the railway, the telegraph, the printing press, have welded you together into one. Descend those mines that honeycomb the hills! Behold that commerce whitening every sea! Stand by your gates and see that multitude pour through them from the corners of the earth, grafting the qualities of older stocks upon one stem; mingling the blood of many races in a common stream, and swelling the rich volume of our English speech with varied music from an hundred tongues.

You have a long and glorious history, a past glittering with heroic deeds, an ancestry full of lofty and imperishable examples. You have passed through danger, endured privation, been acquainted with sorrow, been tried by suffering. You have journeyed in safety through the wilderness and crossed in triumph the Red Sea of civil strife, and the foot of Him who led you hath not faltered nor the light of His countenance been turned away.

It is a question for us now, not of the founding of a new government, but of the preservation of one already old; not of the formation of an independent power, but of the purification of a nation's life; not of the conquest of a foreign foe, but of the subjection of ourselves. The capacity of man to rule himself is to be proven in the days to come, not by the greatness of his wealth; not by his valor in the field; not by the extent of his dominion, nor by the splendor of his genius.

The dangers of to-day come from within. The worship of self, the love of power, the lust for gold, the weakening of faith, the decay of public virtue, the lack of private worth —these are the perils which threaten our future; these are the enemies we have to fear; these are the traitors which infest the camp; and the danger was far less when Catiline knocked with his army at the gates of Rome, than when he sat smiling in the Senate House. We see them daily face to face; in the walk of virtue; in the road to wealth; in the path to honor; on the way to happiness. There is no peace between them and our safety. Nor can we avoid them and turn back. It is not enough to rest upon the past. No man or nation can stand still. We must mount upward or go down. We must grow worse or better. It is the Eternal Law—we cannot change it.

My countrymen: this anniversary has gone by forever, and my task is done. While I have spoken, the hour has passed from us; the hand has moved upon the dial, and the old century is dead. The American Union hath endured an hundred years! Here, on this threshold of the future, the voice of humanity shall not plead to us in vain. There shall be darkness in the days to come; danger for our courage; temptation for our virtue; doubt for our faith; suffering for our fortitude. A thousand shall fall before us, and tens of thousands at our right hand. The years shall pass beneath our feet, and century follow century in quick succession. The generations of men shall come and go; the greatness of yesterday shall be forgotten; to-day and the glories of this noon shall vanish before to-morrow's sun; but America shall not perish, but endure while the spirit of our fathers animates their sons.

SPEECH OF SHREWSBURY BEFORE QUEEN ELIZABETH.

BY FREDERIC VON SCHILLER.

GOD whose most wondrous hand has four times protected you, and who to-day gave the feeble arm of gray hairs strength to turn aside the stroke of a madman, should inspire confidence. I will not now speak in the name of justice: this is not the time. In such a tumult, you cannot hear her still small voice. Consider this only: you are fearful now of the living Mary; but I say it is not the living you have to fear. *Tremble at the dead—the beheaded.* She will rise from the grave a fiend of dissension. She will awaken the spirit of revenge in your kingdom, and wean the hearts of your subjects from you. At present she is an object of dread to the British; but when she is no more, they will revenge her.

No longer will she then be regarded as the enemy of their faith; her mournful fate will cause her to appear as the grand-daughter of their king, the victim of man's hatred, and woman's jealousy. Soon will you see the change appear! Drive through London after the bloody deed has been done; show yourself to the people, who now surround you with joyful acclamations: then will you see another England, another people! No longer will you then walk forth encircled by the radiance of heavenly justice which now binds every heart to you. Dread the frightful name of tyrant which will precede you through shuddering hearts, and resound through every street where you pass. You have done the last irrevocable deed. What head stands fast when this sacred one has fallen?

THE PROSPECTS OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

THIS, then, is the theatre on which the intellect of America is to appear, and such the motives to its exertion, such the mass to be influenced by its energies, such the crowd to witness its efforts, such the glory to crown its success. If I err in this happy vision of my country's fortunes, I thank God for an error so animating. If this be false may I never know the truth. Never may you, my friends, be under any other

feeling than that a great, a growing, an immeasurably expanding country is calling upon you for your best services.

The most powerful motives call on us for those efforts which our common country demands of all her children. Most of us are of that class who owe whatever of knowledge has shone into our minds, to the free and popular institutions of our native land. There are few of us, who may not be permitted to boast, that we have been reared in an honest poverty or a frugal competence, and owe everything to those means of education which are equally open to all.

We are summoned to new energy and zeal by the high nature of the experiment we are appointed in Providence to make, and the grandeur of the theatre on which it is to be performed. When the Old World afforded no longer any hope, it pleased Heaven to open this last refuge of humanity. The attempt has begun, and is going on, far from foreign corruption, on the broadest scale, and under the most benignant prospects; and it certainly rests with us to solve the great problem in human society, to settle, and that forever, that momentous question—whether mankind can be trusted with a purely popular system?

One might almost think, without extravagance, that the departed wise and good of all places and times are looking down from their happy seats to witness what shall now be done by us; that they who lavished their treasures and their blood of old, who labored and suffered, who spake and wrote, who fought and perished, in the one great cause of freedom and truth, are now hanging from their orbs on high, over the last solemn experiment of humanity.

As I have wandered over the spots, once the scene of their labors, and mused among the prostrate columns of their senate houses and forums, I have seemed almost to hear a voice from the tombs of departed ages; from the sepulchers of the nations, which died before the sight. They exhort us, they adjure us, to be faithful to our trust.

They implore us, by the long trials of struggling humanity, by the blessed memory of the departed; by the dear faith, which has been plighted by pure hands, to the holy cause of truth and man; by the awful secrets of the prison houses, where the sons of freedom have been immured; by the noble heads which have been brought to the block; by the wrecks of time, by the eloquent ruins of nations, they conjure us not to quench the light which is rising on the world. Greece cries to us, by the convulsed lips of her poisoned, dying Demosthenes; and Rome pleads with us, in the mute persuasion of her mangled Tully.

THE PEOPLE ALWAYS CONQUER.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

As a finished scholar and eloquent speaker, Mr. Everett gained the highest distinction. His silvery tones and flowery periods held multitudes spellbound. His orations were always prepared with the greatest care, delivered from memory, and are models of elevated thought and sentiment and brilliant diction. He was the finished orator, noted for the classic beauty of his writings.

SIR, in the efforts of the people—of the people struggling for their rights—moving, not in organized, disciplined masses, but in their spontaneous action, man for man, and heart for heart—there is something glorious. They can then

move forward without orders, act together without combination, and brave the flaming lines of battle without entrenchments to cover or walls to shield them.

No dissolute camp has worn off from the feelings of the youthful soldier the freshness of that home, where his mother and his sisters sit waiting, with tearful eyes and aching hearts, to hear good news from the wars; no long service in the ranks of a conqueror has turned the veteran's heart into marble. Their valor springs not from recklessness, from habit, from indifference to the preservation of a life knit by no pledges to the life of others; but in the strength and spirit of the cause alone, they act, they contend, they bleed. In this they conquer.

The people always conquer. They always *must* conquer. Armies may be defeated, kings may be overthrown, and new dynasties imposed, by foreign arms, on an ignorant and slavish race, that cares not in what language the covenant of their subjection runs, nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out.

But the people never invade; and, when they rise against the invader, are never subdued. If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks and everlasting hills are their castles; the tangled, pathless thicket their palisado; and nature, God, is their ally! Now he overwhelms the hosts of their enemies beneath his drifting mountains of sand; now he buries them beneath a falling atmosphere of polar snows; He lets loose his tempest on their fleets; He puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders; He never gave, and never will give, a final triumph over a virtuous and gallant people, resolved to be free.

> "For Freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son
> Though baffled oft, is ever won."

TO THE SURVIVORS OF BUNKER HILL.

BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

One of the towering names in American statesmanship is that of Daniel Webster, "the great defender of the Constitution." Mr. Webster was not more remarkable for intellectual power than he was for masterly eloquence. His triumphs in Senatorial debate and on great public occasions are historic. In person he was large and brawny, with a swarthy complexion, massive head, and always conveyed the impression of strength, and, at times, even of majesty. His orations are masterpieces of patriotic fervor and scholarly culture.

VENERABLE men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife of your country. Behold how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown.

The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death;—all these you have wit-

nessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee.

Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave for ever. He has allowed you to behold and partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

> "another morn,
> Risen on mid-noon;"—

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS.

BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor; I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions—Americans all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by state lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, the whole country, and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman bears himself—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir—increased gratification and delight, rather. Sir, I thank God, that if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down.

When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the limits of my own State and neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South—and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair, from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker's Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever.

EULOGIUM ON SOUTH CAROLINA.

BY ROBERT T. HAYNE.

This distinguished American orator was born in the parish of Saint Paul, South Carolina. His eminent ability soon secured for him a seat in the United States Senate. The following is from one of his orations delivered in the celebrated controversy between himself and Daniel Webster. It is a glowing defense of his native state, and is memorable in the annals of forensic eloquence.

IF there be one State in the Union, and I say it not in a boastful spirit, that may challenge comparison with any other for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina. From the very commencement of the Revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made, no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity; but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection.

No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; every man became reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But, great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren with a generous zeal which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create a commercial rivalship, they might have found, in their situation, a guarantee that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But trampling on all considerations, either of interest or safety, they rushed into the conflict, and, fighting for principle, perilled all in the sacred cause of freedom.

Never was there exhibited in the history

of the world higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance than by the Whigs of Carolina during the Revolution! The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe.

The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children. Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marions, proved, by her conduct, that, though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

It has been said of Mr. Phillips that in his public addresses he was "a gentleman talking," so easy and graceful was his manner. "The golden-mouthed Phillips" was also an appropriate title. Considered simply as an orator, perhaps our country has never produced his superior.

IT matters very little what spot may have been the birthplace of Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered, and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm had passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared; how bright, in the brow of the firmament, was the planet which it revealed to us!

In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if Nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances, no doubt, there were, splendid exemplifications of some singular qualification; Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to bind them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master.

As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier, and the statesman he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command.

Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation.

Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life

to the adoration of a land he might almost be said to have created?

"How shall we rank thee upon Glory's page,
Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage?
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
Far less, than all thou hast forborne to be!"

Such, sir, is the testimony of one not to be accused of partiality in his estimate of America. Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism.

NATIONAL MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON.

BY ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

One of "Boston's hundred orators" is the author of this eloquent oration, which was delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of Washington's monument, that imposing shaft which is one of the greatest objects of interest at our national capital. Scarcely any finer tribute was ever paid to the Father of his Country. It should be delivered with full volume of voice and sustained energy.

FELLOW-CITIZENS, let us seize this occasion to renew to each other our vows of allegiance and devotion to the American Union, and let us recognize in our common title to the name and the fame of Washington, and in our common veneration for his example and his advice, the all-sufficient centripetal power, which shall hold the thick clustering stars of our confederacy in one glorious constellation forever! Let the column which we are about to construct be at once a pledge and an emblem of perpetual union!

Let the foundations be laid, let the superstructure be built up and cemented, let each stone be raised and riveted in a spirit of national brotherhood! And may the earliest ray of the rising sun—till that sun shall set to rise no more—draw forth from it daily, as from the fabled statue of antiquity, a strain of national harmony, which shall strike a responsive chord in every heart throughout the republic!

Proceed, then, fellow-citizens, with the work for which you have assembled. Lay the corner-stone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American people to the illustrious father of his country! Build it to the skies; you can not outreach the loftiness of his principles! Found it upon the massive and eternal rock; you can not make it more enduring than his fame! Construct it of the peerless Parian marble; you cannot make it purer than his life! Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and of modern art; you cannot make it more proportionate than his character.

But let not your homage to his memory end here. Think not to transfer to a tablet or a column the tribute which is due from yourselves. Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example. He has built his own monument. We, and those who come after us, in successive generations, are its appointed, its privileged guardians.

The wide-spread republic is the future monument to Washington. Maintain its independence. Uphold its constitution. Preserve its union. Defend its liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality, and freedom, to all within its boundaries, and shedding light and hope and joy upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world—and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may testify our veneration for him; this, alone can adequately illustrate his service to mankind.

Nor does he need even this. The republic

may perish; the wide arch of our ranged Union may fall; star by star its glories may expire; stone by stone its columns and its capitol may moulder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten; but as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongues anywhere plead, for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues prolong the fame, of George Washington.

THE NEW WOMAN.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Although it is not customary to include women among orators, an exception must be made in the case of Miss Willard. Few men have ever possessed her command over popular audiences. Her eloquence drew multitudes to listen to her burning appeals in behalf of the reforms of the day, among whom were always many who protested that they "never liked to hear a woman talk in public."

Miss Willard's remarkable gifts, her zeal and earnestness, and her devotion to her cause, gave her a world-wide reputation. This extract from one of her eloquent public addresses is bright in thought, wholesome in sentiment, and is a model of effective speech.

LET us be grateful that our horizon is widening. We women have learned to reason from effect to cause. It is considered a fine sign of a thinker to be able to reason from cause to effect. But we, in fourteen years' march, have learned to go from the drunkard in the gutter, who was the object lesson we first saw, back to the children, as you will hear to-night; back to the idea of preventive, educational, evangelistic, social, and legal work for temperance; back to the basis of the saloon itself.

We have found that the liquor traffic is joined hand in hand with the very sources of the National Government. And we have come to the place where we want prohibition, first, last, and all the time. While the brewer talks about his "vested interests," I lend my voice to the motherhood of the nation that has gone down into the valley of unutterable pain and in the shadow of death, with the dews of eternity upon the mother's brow, given birth and being to the sons who are the "vested interests" of America's homes.

We offset the demand of the brewer and distiller, that you shall protect their ill-gotten gains, with the thought of these most sacred treasures, dear to the hearts that you, our brothers, honor—dear to the hearts that you love best. I bring to you this thought, to-night, that you shall vote to represent us, and hasten the time when we can represent ourselves.

I believe that we are going out into this work, being schooled and inspired for greater things than we have dreamed, and that the army of women will prove the grandest sisterhood the world has ever known. As I have seen the love and kindness and goodwill of women who differed so widely from us politically and religiously, and yet have found away down in the depths of their hearts the utmost love and affection, I have said, what kind of a world will this be when all women are as fond of each other as we strong-minded women are?

Home is the citadel of everything that is good and pure on earth; nothing must enter there to defile, neither anything which loveth or maketh a lie And it shall be found that all society needed to make it altogether homelike was the home-folks; that all government needed to make it altogether pure from the fumes of tobacco and the debasing effects of strong drink, was the home-folks; that wherever you put a woman who has the

atmosphere or home about her, she brings in the good time of pleasant and friendly relationship, and points with the finger of hope and the eye of faith always to something better—always it is better farther on.

As I look around and see the heavy cloud of apathy under which so many still are stifled, who take no interest in these things, I just think they do not half mean the hard words that they sometimes speak to us, or they wouldn't if they knew; and, after awhile, they will have the same views I have, spell them with a capital V, and all be harmonious, like Barnum's happy family, a splendid menagerie of the whole human race—clear-eyed, kind and victorious!

AN APPEAL FOR LIBERTY.

BY JOSEPH STORY.

I CALL upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors—by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil—by all you are, and all you hope to be—resist every object of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties, resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman, the love of your offspring; teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are; whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defence of the liberties of your country.

I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave, with the recollection that you have lived in vain. May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves.

No; I read in the destiny of my country far better hopes, far brighter visions. We, who are now assembled here, must soon be gathered to the congregation of other days. The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theatre of life. May God speed them and theirs. May he who, at the distance of another century, shall stand here to celebrate this day, still look round upon a free, happy, and virtuous people. May he have reason to exult as we do. May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth as well as of poetry, exclaim, that here is still his country.

THE TRUE SOURCE OF REFORM.

BY EDWIN H. CHAPIN.

As a pulpit orator and lecturer Mr. Chapin was widely known and popular. His style was ornate and finished, and when to this was added his grand voice and magnetic delivery, his audiences could not resist the charm of his eloquence. His opinions placed him in the front ranks of reformers.

THE great element of reform is not born of human wisdom, it does not draw its life from human organizations. I find it only in Christianity. "Thy kingdom come!" There is a sublime and pregnant burden in this prayer. It is the aspiration

of every soul that goes forth in the spirit of Reform. For what is the significance of this prayer? It is a petition that all holy influences would penetrate and subdue and dwell in the heart of man, until he shall think, and speak, and do good, from the very necessity of his being.

So would the institutions of error and wrong crumble and pass away. So would sin die out from the earth; and the human soul living in harmony with the Divine will, this earth would become like heaven It is too late for the reformers to sneer at Christianity—it is foolishness for them to reject it. In it are enshrined our faith in human progress—our confidence in reform It is indissolubly connected with all that is hopeful, spiritual, capable, in man.

That men have misunderstood it, and perverted it, is true. But it is also true that the noblest efforts for human melioration have come out of it—have been based upon it. Is it not so? Come, ye remembered ones, who sleep the sleep of the just—who took your conduct from the line of Christian philosophy—come from your tombs, and answer!

Come, Howard, from the gloom of the prison and the taint of the lazar-house, and show us what philanthropy can do when imbued with the spirit of Jesus. Come, Eliot, from the thick forest where the red man listens to the Word of Life;—Come, Penn, from thy sweet counsel and weaponless victory—and show us what Christian zeal and Christian love can accomplish with the rudest barbarians or the fiercest hearts. Come, Raikes, from thy labors with the ignorant and the poor, and show us with what an eye this faith regards the lowest and least of our race; and how diligently it labors, not for the body, not for the rank, but for the plastic soul that is to course the ages of immortality.

And ye, who are a great number—ye nameless ones—who have done good in your narrow spheres, content to forego renown on earth, and seeking your reward in the record on high—come and tell us how kindly a spirit, how lofty a purpose, or how strong a courage the religion ye professed can breathe into the poor, the humble, and the weak. Go forth, then, Spirit of Christianity, to thy great work of Reform! The past bears witness to thee in the blood of thy martyrs, and the ashes of thy saints and heroes; the present is hopeful because of thee; the future shall acknowledge thy omnipotence.

APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN.

BY LYMAN BEECHER.

A rather small wiry man with strong face, compact fibre, quick motions, great earnestness and pulpit ability of the highest order—this was Lyman Beecher. He made himself especially prominent in the early days of the temperance reformation. The selection here given is one of many similar utterances and is full of force and fire.

COULD I call around me in one vast assembly the temperate young men of our land, I would say,—Hopes of the nation, blessed be ye of the Lord now in the dew of your youth. But look well to your footsteps; for vipers, and scorpions, and adders surround your way.

Look at the generation who have just preceded you: the morning of their life was

cloudless, and it dawned as brightly as your own; but behold them bitten, swollen, enfeebled, inflamed, debauched, idle, poor, irreligious, and vicious, with halting step dragging onward to meet an early grave! Their bright prospects are clouded, and their sun is set never to rise. No house of their own receives them, while from poorer to poorer tenements they descend, and to harder and harder fare, as improvidence dries up their resources.

And now, who are those that wait on their footsteps with muffled faces and sable garments? That is a father—and that is a mother—whose gray hairs are coming with sorrow to the grave. That is a sister, weeping over evils which she cannot arrest; and there is the broken-hearted wife; and there are the children, hapless innocents, for whom their father has provided the inheritance only of dishonor, and nakedness and woe.

And is this, beloved young men, the history of your course? In this scene of desolation, do you behold the image of your future selves? Is this the poverty and disease which, as an armed man, shall take hold on you? And are your fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and wives, and children, to succeed to those who now move on in this mournful procession, weeping as they go? Yes: bright as your morning now opens, and high as your hopes beat, this is your noon, and your night, unless you shun those habits of intemperance which have thus early made theirs a day of clouds, and of thick darkness. If you frequent places of evening resort for social drinking; if you set out with drinking, daily, a little, temperately, prudently, it is yourselves which, as in a glass, you behold.

THE PILGRIMS.

BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Mr. Depew is considered one of the foremost of our American orators, and it is enough to say he has risen to this distinction in a land noted for the eloquence of its public men. He is an excellent extemporaneous speaker, is graceful and easy in manner, fluent in utterance, and has a touch of humor that renders him popular. His tribute to the Pilgrims is worthy of a theme so inspiring.

THEY were practical statesmen, these Pilgrims. They wasted no time theorizing upon methods, but went straight at the mark. They solved the Indian problem with shot-guns, and it was not General Sherman, but Miles Standish, who originated the axiom that the only good Indians are the dead ones. They were bound by neither customs nor traditions, nor committals to this or that policy. The only question with them was, Does it work? The success of their Indian experiment led them to try similar methods with witches, Quakers and Baptists.

Their failure taught them the difference between mind and matter. A dead savage was another wolf under ground, but one of themselves persecuted or killed for conscience sake sowed the seed of discontent and disbelief. The effort to wall in a creed and wall out liberty was at once abandoned, and to-day New England has more religions and not less religion, but less bigotry, than any other community in the world.

In an age when dynamite was unknown, the Pilgrim invented in the cabin of the Mayflower the most powerful of explosives. The declaration of the equality of all men before

the law has rocked thrones and consolidated classes. It separated the colonies from Great Britain and created the United States. It pulverized the chains of the slaves and gave manhood suffrage. It devolved upon the individual the functions of government and made the people the sole source of power. It substituted the cap of liberty for the royal crown in France, and by a bloodless revolution has added to the constellation of American republics, the star of Brazil.

But with the ever-varying conditions incident to free government, the Puritan's talent as a political mathematician will never rust. Problems of the utmost importance press upon him for solution. When, in the effort to regulate the liquor traffic, he has advanced beyond the temper of the times and the sentiment of the people in the attempt to enact or enforce prohibition, and either been disastrously defeated or the flagrant evasions of the statutes have brought the law into contempt, he does not despair, but tries to find the error in his calculation.

If gubernatorial objections block the way of high license he will bombard the executive judgment and conscience by a proposition to tax. The destruction of homes, the ruin of the young, the increase of pauperism and crime, the added burdens upon the taxpayers by the evils of intemperance, appeal with resistless force to his training and traditions. As the power of the saloon increases the difficulties of the task, he becomes more and more certain that some time or other and in some way or other he will do that sum too.

PATRIOTISM A REALITY.

BY THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

All Americans ought to feel kindly disposed toward this eloquent Irish patriot, for he not only risked his life in the cause of Irish liberty, but also in our own Civil War. This oration has a rugged strength and blunt earnestness quite characteristic of the man. Let it not be delivered in any feeble halting manner, but with all your nerve and energy.

SIR, the pursuit of liberty must cease to be a traffic. It must resume among us its ancient glory—be with us an active heroism. Once for all, sir, we must have an end of this money making in the public forum. We must ennoble the strife for liberty; make it a gallant sacrifice, not a vulgar game; rescue the cause of Ireland from the profanation of those who beg, and from the control of those who bribe!

Ah! trust not those dull philosophers of the age, those wretched sceptics, who, to rebuke our enthusiasm, our folly, would persuade us that patriotism is but a delusion, a dream of youth, a wild and glittering passion; that it has died out in this nineteenth century; that it cannot exist with our advanced civilization—with the steam-engine and free trade!

False—false!—The virtue that gave to Paganism its dazzling lustre, to Barbarism its redeeming trait, to Christianity its heroic form, is not dead. It still lives, to preserve, to console, to sanctify humanity. It has its altar in every clime—its worship and festivities. On the heathered hills of Scotland, the sword of Wallace is yet a bright tradition. The genius of France, in the brilliant literature of the day, pays its high homage to the piety and heroism of the young Maid of Orleans.

In her new senate hall, England bids her sculptor place among the effigies of her greatest sons the images of Hampden and

of Russell. By the soft blue waters of Lake Lucerne stands the chapel of William Tell. At Innsbruck, in the black aisle of the old cathedral, the peasant of the Tyrol kneels before the statue of Andrew Hofer. In the great American republic—in that capital city which bears his name—rises the monument of the Father of his country.

Sir, shall we not join in this glorious homage, and here in this island, consecrated by the blood of many a good and gallant man, shall we not have the faith, the duties, the festivities, of patriotism? You discard the weapons of these heroic men—do not discard the virtues. Elevate the national character; confront corruption wherever it appears; scourge it from the hustings; scourge it from the public forum; and, whilst proceeding with the noble task to which you have devoted your lives and fortunes, let this thought enrapture and invigorate your hearts: That in seeking the independence of your country, you have preserved her virtue—preserved it at once from the seductions of a powerful minister, and from the infidelity of bad citizens.

THE GLORY OF ATHENS.

BY LORD MACAULAY.

As a historian Macaulay has a world-wide reputation. As a poet he takes high rank. As an orator his speeches are characterized by lofty thought, felicitious language and the most elaborate style. I would call him a graceful giant. The last paragraph of the following selection in which he predicts the final decay of England, has created an endless amount of comment and criticism. Concerning the beauty and grandeur of this selection from his writings, there can be but one opinion.

ALL the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Whenever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, and consoling. It stood by the lonely lamp of Erasmus; by the restless bed of Pascal; in the tribune of Mirabeau; in the cell of Galileo; on the scaffold of Sidney.

But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier, and better, by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage; to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty; liberty in bondage; health in sickness; society in solitude. Her power is indeed manifested at the bar, in the senate; in the field of battle, in the schools of philosophy.

But these are not her glory. Surely it is no exaggeration to say, that no external advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye, which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world; all the hoarded treasures of the primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of the yet unexplored mines.

This is the gift of Athens to man. Her freedom and her power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated. Her people have degenerated into timid slaves; her language, into a barbarous jargon. Her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable.

And, when those who have rivaled her greatness, shall have shared her fate; when

civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travelers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts; her influence and her glory will still survive, fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control.

THE IRISH CHURCH.

BY WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

No man in England, or in fact in the whole world, has gained so high a distinction in modern times for statesmanship and eloquence as Mr. Gladstone. Possessed of vast resources of brain and culture, a remarkable command of language, an iron will and an enthusiasm in behalf of every cause he espoused that was checked by no opposition, the "Grand Old Man," as he was called, was the most majestic and commanding figure in English politics and literature for a generation. His oration on the Irish Church is a good specimen of his impassioned oratory.

IF we are prudent men, I hope we shall endeavor as far as in us lies to make some provision for a contingent, a doubtful, and probably a dangerous future. If we be chivalrous men, I trust we shall endeavor to wipe away all those stains which the civilized world has for ages seen, or seemed to see, on the shield of England in her treatment of Ireland. If we be compassionate men, I hope we shall now, once for all, listen to the tale of woe which comes from her, and the reality of which, if not its justice, is testified by the continuous emigration of her people—that we shall endeavor to—

> "Pluck from her memory a rooted sorrow,
> And raze the written troubles from her brain."

But, above all, if we be just men, we shall go forward in the name of truth and right, bearing this in mind—that, when the case is proved and the hour is come, justice delayed is justice denied.

There are many who think that to lay hands upon the national Church Establishment of a country is a profane and unhallowed act. I respect that feeling. I sympathize with it. I sympathize with it while I think it my duty to overcome and repress it. But if it be an error, it is an error entitled to respect. There is something in the idea of a national establishment of religion, of a solemn appropriation of a part of the Commonwealth for conferring upon all who are ready to receive it what we know to be an inestimable benefit; of saving that portion of the inheritance from private selfishness, in order to extract from it, if we can, pure and unmixed advantages of the highest order for the population at large.

There is something in this so attractive that it is an image that must always command the homage of the many. It is somewhat like the kingly ghost in Hamlet, of which one of the characters of Shakespeare says:—

> "We do it wrong, being so majestical,
> To offer it the show of violence;
> For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
> And our vain blows malicious mockery."

But, sir, this is to view a religious establishment upon one side, only upon what I may call the ethereal side. It has likewise

a side of earth; and here I cannot do better than quote some lines written by the Archbishop of Dublin, at a time when his genius was devoted to the muses. He said, in speaking of mankind:

> "We who did our lineage high
> Draw from beyond the starry sky,
> Are yet upon the other side,
> To earth and to its dust allied."

And so the Church Establishment, regarded in its theory and in its aim, is beautiful and attractive. Yet what is it but an appropriation of public property, an appropriation of the fruits of labor and of skill to certain purposes, and unless these purposes are fulfilled, that appropriation cannot be justified. Therefore, Sir, I cannot but feel that we must set aside fears which thrust themselves upon the imagination, and act upon the sober dictates of our judgment.

I think it has been shown that the cause for action is strong—not for precipitate action, not for action beyond our powers, but for such action as the opportunities of the times and the condition of Parliament, if there be but a ready will, will amply and easily admit of. If I am asked as to my expectations of the issue of this struggle, I begin frankly by avowing that I, for one, would not have entered into it unless I believed that the final hour was about to sound.

And I hope that the noble lord will forgive me if I say that before Friday last I thought that the thread of the remaining life of the Irish Established Church was short, but that since Friday last, when at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon the noble lord stood at that table, I have regarded it as being shorter still. The issue is not in our hands.

What we had and have to do is to consider well and deeply before we take the first step in an engagement such as this; but having entered into the controversy, there and then to acquit ourselves like men, and to use every effort to remove what still remains of the scandals and calamities in the relations which exist between England and Ireland, and use our best efforts at least to fill up with the cement of human concord the noble fabric of the British empire.

APPEAL TO THE HUNGARIANS.

BY LOUIS KOSSUTH.

The eminent Hungarian orator and statesman, whose name for a whole generation stood for liberty, visited our country in his early manhood and received an ovation wherever he went. His progress was a triumphal march. This was due not merely to the fact that he was exerting all his energies to liberate his country, but his reception was a tribute to his brilliant genius and overpowering eloquence. Kossuth was one of the most remarkable orators of modern times. The following selection is a fine illustration of his impassioned, burning eloquence.

OUR fatherland is in danger. Citizens of the fatherland! To arms! To arms! If we believed the country could be saved by ordinary means, we would not cry that it is in danger. If we stood at the head of a cowardly, childish nation, which, in the hour of peril, prefers defeat to defence, we would not sound the alarm-bell. But because we know that the people of our land compose a manly nation, determined to defend itself against oppression, we call out in the loudest voice, "Our fatherland is in danger!" Because we are sure that the nation is able to defend its hearths and homes, we announce the peril in all its magnitude, and appeal to our brethren, in the name of

God and their country, to look the danger boldly in the face.

We will not smile and flatter. We say it plainly, that unless the nation rise, to a man, prepared to shed the last drop of blood, all our previous struggles will have been in vain. The noble blood that has flowed like water, will have been wasted. Our fatherland will be crushed to the earth. On the soil, where rest the ashes of our ancestors, the Russian knout will be wielded over a people reduced beneath the yoke of slavery.

If we wish to shut our eyes to the danger, we shall thereby save no one from its power. If we represent the matter as it is, we make our country master of its own fate. If the breath of life is in our people, they will save themselves and their fatherland. But, if paralyzed by coward fear, they remain supine, all will be lost. God will help no man who does not help himself. We tell you that the Austrian Emperor sends the hordes of Russian barbarians for your destruction.

People of Hungary! Would you die under the destroying sword of the barbarous Russians? If not, defend your own lives! Would you see the Cossacks of the distant north trampling under foot the dishonored bodies of your fathers, your wives, and your children? If not, defend yourselves! Do you wish that your fellow-countrymen should be dragged away to Siberia, or should fight for tyrants in a foreign land, or writhe in slavery beneath a Russian scourge? If not, defend yourselves! Would you see your villages in flames, and your harvest-fields in ruins? Would you die of hunger on the soil which you have cultivated with sweat and blood? If not, defend yourselves!

This strife is not a strife between two hostile camps, but a war of tyranny against freedom, of barbarians against the collective might of a free nation. Therefore must the whole people arise with the army. If these millions sustain our army, we have gained freedom and victory for universal Europe, as well as for ourselves. Therefore, O strong, gigantic people, unite with the army, and rush to the conflict. Ho! every freeman! To arms! To arms! Thus alone is victory certain.

THE TYRANT VERRES DENOUNCED.

BY CICERO.

This oration is inserted here to furnish an example of the style of the great Roman orator whose eloquence has been proverbial from his time to the present. His patriotic utterances should stir the blood of the reciter, and if they do this his hearers will share the inspiration.

AN opinion has long prevailed, fathers, that, in public prosecutions, men of wealth, however clearly convicted, are always safe. This opinion, so injurious to your order, so detrimental to the state, it is now in your power to refute. A man is on trial before you who is rich, and he hopes his riches will compass his acquittal; but whose life and actions are his sufficient condemnation in the eyes of all candid men. I speak of Caius Verres, who, if he now receive not the sentence his crimes deserve, it shall not be through the lack of a criminal or of a prosecutor, but through the failure of the ministers of justice to do their duty.

Passing over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does the quæstorship of Verres exhibit but one continued scene of villanies? The public treasure squandered, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a

people trampled on! But his prætorship in Sicily has crowned his career of wickedness, and completed the lasting monument of his infamy. His decisions have violated all law, all precedent, all right. His extortions from the industrious poor have been beyond computation. Our most faithful allies have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. Men the most worthy have been condemned and banished without a hearing, while the most atrocious criminals have, with money, purchased exemption from the punishment due to their guilt.

I ask now, Verres, what have you to advance against these charges? Art thou not the tyrant Prætor, who, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, dared to put to an infamous death, on the cross, that ill-fated and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus? And what was his offence? He had declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against your brutal persecutions!

For this, when about to embark for home, he was seized, brought before you, charged with being a spy, scourged and tortured. In vain did he exclaim: "I am a Roman citizen! I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and who will attest my innocence!" Deaf to all remonstrance, remorseless, thirsting for innocent blood, you ordered the savage punishment to be inflicted! While the sacred words, "I am a Roman citizen," were on his lips—words which, in the remotest regions, are a passport to protection—you ordered him to death, —to a death upon the cross!

O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred—now trampled on! Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate—a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people—in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture, and put to an infamous death, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, the tears of pitying spectators, the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the merciless monster, who, in the confidence of his riches, strikes at the very root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance? And shall this man escape? Fathers, it must not be! It must not be unless you would undermine the very foundations of social safety, strangle justice, and call down anarchy, massacre, and ruin on the commonwealth.

HUMOROUS RECITATIONS.

A recitation that has a touch of humor, one that is quaint and droll, one that has comical situations, or one that hits off any popular absurdity, is sure to be well received by your audience. A school exhibition or an evening's entertainment without something of this kind would be pronounced dull and dry.

Some readers are especially adapted to recitals of this description. They have an innate sense of the ludicrous and are able to convey it by voice and manner. Those who are not favored with the very desirable gift of humor should confine themselves to selections of a graver character. The department of Wit and Humor here presented is large and complete, containing a great variety of readings that cannot fail to be enthusiastically received when properly rendered.

BILL'S IN TROUBLE!

I'VE got a letter, parson, from my son away out West,
An' my ol' heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast,
To think the boy whose futur' I had once so proudly planned
Should wander from the path o' right an' come to sich an end!

Bill made a faithful promise to be keerful, an' allowed
He'd build a reputation that'd make us mighty proud,
But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from his mind,
An' now the boy's in trouble o' the very wustest kind!

His letters came so seldom that I somehow sort o' knowed
That Billy was a-trampin' on a mighty rocky road,
But never once imagined he would bow my head in shame,
An' in the dust'd waller his ol' daddy's honored name.

He writes from out in Denver, an' the story's mighty short;
I just can't tell his mother; it'll crush her poor o'l heart!
An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to her—
Bill's in the Legislatur, but he doesn't say what fur.

"SPACIALLY JIM."

IT WUS mighty good-lookin' when I was young,
Peert an' black-eyed an' slim,
With fellers a courtin' me Sunday nights,
'Spacially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all was he,
Chipper an' han'som' an' trim,
But I tossed up my head an' made fun o' the crowd,
'Spacially Jim!

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men,
An' I wouldn't take stock in him!
But they kep' up a-comin' in spite o' my talk,
'Spacially Jim!

I got so tired o' havin' 'em roun'
('Spacially Jim!)
I made up my mind I'd settle down
An' take up with him.

So we was married one Sunday in church,
'Twas crowded full to the brim;
'Twas the only way to get rid of 'em all,
'Spacially Jim.

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

Be careful, in all dialect recitations, to enunciate as the piece requires. A good part of the humor is brought out in the accent, and you should study this until you are master of it.

YOU promise now, you goot man dere,
Vot shtunds upon de floor,
To take dis woman for your vrow,
And luff her efermore;
You'll feed her well on sauerkraut,
Beans, buttermilk and cheese,
And in all dings to lend your aid
Vot vill promote her ease?
—Yah!

Yes, and you, good voman, too—
Do you pledge your vord dis day
Dat you vill take dis husband here
And mit him alvays shtay?
Dat you vill bet and board mit him,
Vash, iron and mend his clothes;
Laugh when he schmiles, veep when he sighs,
Und share his joys and voes?
—Yah!

Vel, den, mitin these sacred halls,
Mit joy and not mit grief,
I do bronounce you man and vife;
Von name, von home, von beef!
I publish now dese sacred bonts,
Dese matrimonial dies,
Pefore mine Got, mine vrow, minezelf
Und all dese gazing eyes.

Und now, you pridegroom standing dere,
I'll not let go yoz collar
Undil you dell me one ding more,
Dat ish: vere ish mine tollar?

BLASTED HOPES.

WE said good-bye! My lips to hers were pressed.
We looked into each other's eyes and sighed;
I pressed the maiden fondly to my breast,
And went my way across the foamy tide.

I stood upon the spot where Cæsar fell,
I mused beside the great Napoleon's tomb;
I loitered where dark-visaged houris dwell,
And saw the fabled lotus land abloom.

I heard Parisian revelers, and so
Forgot the maiden who had wept for me;
I saw my face reflected in the Po,
And saw Italian suns sink in the sea.

Aweary of it all, at last, I turned
My face back to my glorious native land;
I thought of her again—my bosom burned—
And joyfully I left the ancient strand.

At last, I held her little hand again,
But, oh, the seasons had kept rolling on,
I did not stroke her head or kiss her then—
Another had appeared while I was gone.

I'd brought her trinkets from across the sea—
Ah, well! she shall not have them now, of course;
Alas! the only thing that's left for me
Is to give her little boy a hobby horse!

TIM MURPHY MAKES A FEW REMARKS.

A good specimen of the Irish brogue and wit.

I SAW Teddy Reagan the other day; he told me he had been dealing in hogs. "Is business good?" says I. "Yis," says he. "Talking about hogs, Teddy, how do you find yourself?" sez I. I wint to buy a clock the other day, to make a present to Mary Jane. "Will you have a Frinch clock?" says the jeweler. "The deuce take your Frinch clock," sez I. "I want a clock that my sister can understand when it strikes." "I have a Dutch clock," sez he, "an' you kin put that on the shtairs." "It might run down if I put it there," sez I. "Well," sez he, "here's a Yankee clock, with a lookin'-glass in the front, so that you can see yourself," sez he. "It's too ugly," sez I. "Thin I'll take the lookin'-glass out, an' whin you look at it you'll not find it so ugly," sez he.

I wint to Chatham Sthreet to buy a shirt, for the one I had on was a thrifle soiled. The Jew who kept the sthore looked at my bosom, an' said: "So hellup me gracious! how long do you vear a shirt?" "Twinty-eight inches," sez I. "Have you any fine shirts?" sez I. "Yis," sez he. "Are they clane?" says I. "Yis," sez he. "Thin you had better put one on," sez I.

You may talk about bringin' up childer in the way they should go, but I believe in bringing them up by the hair of the head. Talking about bringing up childer—I hear my childer's prayers every night The other night I let thim up to bed without thim. I skipped and sthood behind the door. I heard the big boy say: "Give us this day our daily bread." The little fellow said: "Sthrike him for pie, Johnny." I have one of the most economical boys in the Citty of New York; he hasn't spint one cint for the last two years. I am expecting him down from Sing Sing prison next week.

Talking about boys, I have a nephew who, five years ago, couldn't write a word. Last week he wrote his name for $10,000; he'll git tin years in the pinatintiary. I can't write, but I threw a brick at a policeman and made my mark.

They had a fight at Tim Owen's wake last week. Mary Jane was there. She says, barrin' herself, there was only one whole nose left in the party, an' that belonged to the tay-kettle.

PASSING OF THE HORSE.

I DROVE my old horse, Dobbin, full slowly toward the town,
One beautiful spring morning. The rising sun looked down
And saw us slowly jogging and drinking in the balm
Of honeyed breath of clover fields. We lissed, in Nature's calm,
To chirping squirrel, and whistling bird, the robin and the wren;
The sound of life and love and peace came o'er the fields again.

'Way back behind the wagon there came a tandem bike,
A pedaling 'long to beat the wind, I never saw the like.
They started by—the road was wide, old Dobbin feeling good,
The quiet calmness of the morn had livened up his mood,
And stretching out adown the road he chased these cyclers two,
And Dobbin in his younger days was distanced by but few.

We sped along about a mile, it was a merry chase,
But Dobbin gave it up at last, and, dropping from the race,
He looked at me, as if to say: "Old man, I'm in disgrace.
The horse is surely passing by, the bike has got his place."
And all that day, while in the town, old Dobbin's spirits fell;
His stout old pride was broken sure; the reason I could tell.

But when that night we trotted back from town, below the hill
We met two weary cyclers who waved at us a bill
That had a big V on it, and said it would be mine
If I would let them ride with us and put their bike behind,
And so I whistled softly; and Dobbin winked at me,
"I guess the horse will stay, old man; he's puncture proof—you see?"

A SCHOOL-DAY.

Don't overdo the whimpering and crying, but make the facial expressions and imitate the sobbing of one in tears. Make use of a handkerchief to render the imitation more effective.

"NOW, John," the district teacher says
With frown that scarce can hide
The dimpling smiles around her mouth,
Where Cupid's hosts abide,
"What have you done to Mary Ann,
That she is crying so?
Don't say 'twas 'nothing'—don't, I say,
For, John, that can't be so;

"For Mary Ann would never cry
At nothing, I am sure;
And if you've wounded justice, John,
You know the only cure
Is punishment! So, come, stand up;
Transgression must abide
The pain attendant on the scheme
That makes it justified."

So John steps forth with sun-burnt face,
And hair all in a tumble,
His laughing eyes a contrast to
His drooping mouth so humble.
"Now, Mary, you must tell me all—
I see that John will not,
And if he's been unkind or rude,
I'll whip him on the spot."

"W—we were p—playin' p—pris'ner's b—base,
An' h—he is s—such a t—tease,
An' w—when I w—wasn't l—lookin', m—ma'am'
H—he *k—kissed me*—if you please."

Upon the teacher's face the smiles
Have triumphed o'er the frown,
A pleasant thought runs through her mind,
The stick comes harmless down.

But outraged law must be avenged!
Begone, ye smiles, begone!
Away, ye little dreams of love,
Come on, ye frowns, come on!
"I think I'll have to whip you, John,
Such conduct breaks the rule;
No boy, except a naughty one,
Would kiss a girl—at school."

Again the teacher's rod is raised,
A Nemesis she stands—
A premium were put on sin,
If punished by such hands!
As when the bee explores the rose
We see the petals tremble,
So trembled Mary's rosebud lips—
Her heart would not dissemble.

"I wouldn't whip him *very* hard"—
The stick stops in its fall—
"It wasn't right to do it, but—
It didn't hurt at all!"
"What made you cry, then, Mary Ann?"
The school's noise makes a pause,
And out upon the listening air,
From Mary comes—"Because!"

W. F. McSPARRAN.

THE BICYCLE AND THE PUP.

'TIS a bicycle man, over his broken wheel,
That grieveth himself full sore,
For the joy of its newness his heart shall feel,
Alack and alas! no more.

When the bright sun tippeth the hills with gold,
That rider upriseth gay,
And with hat all beribboned and heart that is bold,
Pursueth his jaunty way.

He gazeth at folks in the lowly crowd
With a most superior air.
He thinketh ha! ha! and he smileth aloud
As he masheth the maiden fair.

Oh, he masheth her much in his nice new clothes,
Nor seeth the cheerful pup,
Till he roots up the road with his proud, proud nose,
While the little wheel tilteth up.

Oh, that youth on his knees—though he doth not pray—
Is a pitiful sight to see,
For his pants in their utterest part give way,
While merrily laugheth she.

And that bicycle man in his heart doth feel
That the worst of unsanctified jokes
Is the small dog that sniffeth anon at his wheel,
But getteth mixed up in the spokes.

THE PUZZLED CENSUS TAKER.

Before reciting this state to your audience that "nein" is the German for "no"

"GOT any boys?" the marshal said,
To a lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered "nein!"

"Got any girls?" the marshal said,
To that lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered "nein!"

"But some are dead," the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered "nein!"

"Husband, of course?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered "nein!"

"The duce you have!" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered "nein!"

"Now what do you mean by shaking your head
And always answering "nein?"
"Ich kann nicht Englisch," civilly said
The lady from over the Rhine.

IT MADE A DIFFERENCE.

"NOW, then," said the short and fat and anxious-looking man as he sat down in the street car and unfolded a map he had just bought of a fakir. "I want to know how this old thing works. Let me first find the Philippine Islands and Manila. Here I am, and here is Ca-vitt."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the man on his left, "but that name is pronounced Kah-vee-tay."

"Then why ain't it spelled that way?" demanded the short and fat man. "No wonder Dooye has been left there a whole month without reinforcements when they mix up things that way."

"You mean Dewey," corrected the man on his right.

"I heard it called Dooye, sir."

"But it isn't right."

"Then why don't this map give it right? Is it the plan of our map-makers to bamboozle the American patriot? Let us turn to Cuba. Ah! here is that San Jew-an they are talking so much about."

"Will you allow me to say that the name is pronounced San Wan?" softly observed the man on the left.

"By whom, sir?"

"By everybody."

"I deny it, sir!" exclaimed the fat man. "If J-u-a-n don't spell 'Juan' then I can't read. If I am wrong then why don't this map set me right? Is it the idea to mix up the American patriot until he can't tell whether he's in Cuba or the United States?"

"Where is that Ci-en-fue-gos I've read about?"

"Do you wish for the correct pronunciation of that name?" asked a man on the other side of the car.

"Haven't I got it?"

"Not exactly, sir."

"Then let her slide. The men who got out this map ought to be indicted for swindling. Maybe I'm wrong in calling it Matan-zas?"

"It is hardly correct, sir."

"And I'm off on Por-to Ri-co?"

"Just a little off."

"That settles it, sir—that settles it!" said the short man as he folded up the map and tossed it away on the street. "I had a grandfather in the Revolutionary War, a father in the war with Mexico, and two brothers in the late Civil War, and I was going to offer my services to Uncle Sam in this emergency; but it's off, sir—all off."

"But what difference does the pronunciation make?" protested the man on the right.

"All the difference in the world, sir. My wife is tongue-tied and my only child has got a hair-lip, and if I should get killed neither one of them would be able to ever make any one understand whether I poured out my blood in a battle in Cuba or was run over by an ice-wagon in front of my own house!"

BRIDGET O'FLANNAGAN ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND COCKROACHES.

OCH, Mollie Moriarty, I've been havin' the quare iksparyincis since yiz hurrud from me, an' if I'd known how it wud be whin I lift ould Oireland, I'd nivir have sit fut intil this coonthry befoor landin'. Me prisint misthriss that I had befoor the lasht wan is a discoiple av a new koind av relijun called Christian Soience. She's been afthur takin' a sooccission av coorsis av coolchur (I belave that's fwhat they call it), an' she knows all aboot this Christian Soience.

I've hurrud her talkin' wid the other ladies about moind an' matther, an' as will as I can undherstand, Christian Soience manes that iverything is all moind an' no matther, or all matther an' nivir moind, an' that ivery wan's nobody, an' iverything's nothing ilse. The misthriss ses there's no disase nor trooble, an' no nade av physic; nivirthiliss, whin she dishcoovered cockroaches intil the panthry, she sint me out wid the money to buy an iksterminatin' powdher.

Thinks I to mesilf, "I'll give thim roaches a dose av Christian Soience, or fwhat the ladies call an 'absint thratemint.'" So I fixed the powers av me moind on the mid-

dlesoom craythers an' shpint the money till me own binifit. Afther a few days the misthriss goes intil the panthry, an' foinds thim roaches roonin' 'round as if they'd nivir been kilt at all. I throied to iksplain, but wid the inconsishtency av her six she wouldn't listhin till a worrud, but ses I was addin' impertinince to desaving'. So I'm afther lookin' fur a place, an' if yiz know av any lady widout notions that do be bewildherin' to me moind, address,

MISS BRIDGET O'FLANNAGAN,
Post Office, Ameriky.
M. BOURCHIER.

CONVERSATIONAL.

"HOW'S your father?" Came the whisper,
Bashful Ned the silence breaking;
"Oh, he's nicely," Annie murmured,
Smilingly the question taking.

Conversation flagged a moment,
Hopeless, Ned essayed another:
"Annie, I—I," then a coughing,
And the question, "How's your mother!"

"Mother? Oh, she's doing nicely!"
Fleeting fast was all forbearance,
When in low, despairing accents
Came the climax, "How's your parents?"

WANTED, A MINISTER'S WIFE.

WANTED, a perfect lady,
Delicate, gentle, refined,
With every beauty of person
And every endowment of mind;
Fitted by early culture
To move in a fashionable life.
Please notice our advertisement:
"Wanted, a minister's wife."

Wanted, a thoroughbred worker,
Who well to her household looks
(Shall we see our money wasted
By extravagant, stupid cooks?)
Who cuts the daily expenses
With economy as sharp as a knife,
And washes and scrubs in the kitchen.
"Wanted, a minister's wife."

A very domestic person.
To "callers" she must not be "out;"
It has such a bad appearance
For her to be gadding about.
Only to visit the parish
Every day of her life,
And attend the funerals and weddings.
"Wanted, a minister's wife."

Conduct the ladies' meeting,
The sewing-circle attend,
And when we work for the needy,
Her ready assistance to lend.
To clothe the destitute children
Where sorrow and want are rife;
To hunt up Sunday-school scholars.
"Wanted, a minister's wife."

Careful to entertain strangers,
Traveling agents, and "such;"
Of this kind of "angel visits"
The leaders have had so much
As to prove a perfect nuisance,
And "hope these plagues of their life
Can soon be sent to their parson's."
"Wanted, a minister's wife."

A perfect pattern of prudence
To all others, spending less,
But never disgracing the parish
By looking shabby in dress.
Playing the organ on Sunday
Would aid our laudable strife
To save the society's money.
"Wanted, a minister's wife."

HOW A MARRIED MAN SEWS ON A BUTTON.

IT is bad enough to see a bachelor sew on a button, but he is the embodiment of grace alongside a married man. Necessity has compelled experience in the case of the former, but the latter has depended upon some one else for this service, and fortunately for the sake of society, it is rarely he is obliged to resort to the needle himself. Sometimes the patient wife scalds her right hand, or runs a sliver under the nail of the index finger of that hand, and it is then the man clutches the needle around the neck, and, forgetting to tie a knot on the thread, commences to put on the button.

It is always in the morning, and from five to twenty minutes after this he is expected to be down street. He lays the button on exactly the site of its predecessor, and pushes the needle through one eye, and carefully draws the thread after, leaving about three inches of it sticking up for leeway. He says to himself, "Well, if women don't have the easiest time I ever see."

Then he comes back the other way and gets the needle through the cloth easy enough, and lays himself out to find the eye, but, in spite of a great deal of patient jabbing, the needle point persists in bucking against the solid parts of the button, and finally, when he loses patience, his fingers catch the thread, and that three inches he has left to hold the button slips through the eye in a twinkling, and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up without a single remark, out of respect for his children, and makes another attempt to fasten it.

This time, when coming back with the needle, he keeps both the thread and button from slipping, by covering them with his thumb; and it is out of regard for that part of him that he feels around for the eye in a very careful and judicious manner, but eventually losing his philosophy as the search becomes more and more hopeless, he falls to jabbing about in a loose and savage manner, and it is just then the needle finds the opening and comes up the button and part way through his thumb with a celerity that no human ingenuity can guard against. Then he lays down the things with a few familiar quotations, and presses the injured hand between his knees, and then holds it under the other arm, and finally jams it into his mouth, and all the while he prances and calls upon heaven and earth to witness that there has never been anything like it since the world was created, and howls, and whistles, and moans and sobs. After a while he calms down and puts on his pants and fastens them together with a stick, and goes to his business a changed man.

J. M. BAILEY.

THE DUTCHMAN'S SERENADE.

You do not need any set tune for the words to be sung. It will be more amusing to have none, but to extemporize as you go along. Stop singing when you come to the words in parenthesis and speak them. To complete the impersonation, you should have a violin. Do not recite German dialect pieces too rapidly; the words should be pronounced very distinctly.

VAKE up, my schveet! Vake up, my lofe!
Der moon dot can't been seen abofe.
Vake oud your eyes, und dough it's late,
I'll make you oud a serenate.

Der shtreet dot's kinder dampy vet,
Und dhere vas no goot blace to set;
My fiddle's getting oud of dune,
So blease get vakey wery soon.

O my lofe! my lofely lofe!
Am you avake ub dhere abofe,
Feeling sad und nice to hear
Schneider's fiddle schrabin near?

Vell, anyvay, obe loose your ear,
Und try to saw if you kin hear
From dem bedclose vat you'm among,
Der little song I'm going to sung:

SING. { O lady! vake! Get vake!
Und hear der tale I'll tell;
O you vot's schleebin' sound ub dhere,
I like you pooty vell!

SING. { Your plack eyes dhem don't shine
When you'm ashleep—so vake!
(Yes, hurry upp, and voke up quick,
For gootness gracious sake!)

SING. { My schveet imbatience, lofe,
I hope you vill excuse;
I'm singing schveetly (dhere, py Jinks!
Dhere goes a shtring proke loose!)

SING. { O putiful, schveet maid!
O vill she ever voke?
Der moon is mooning—(Jimminy! dhe
Anoder shtring vent proke!)

I say, you schleeby, vake!
Vake oud! Vake loose! Vake ub!
Fire! Murder! Police! Vatch!
O cracious! do vake ub!

Dot girl she schleebed—dot rain it rained
Und I looked shtoopid like a fool,
Vhen mit my fiddle I shneaked off
So vet und shlobby like a mool!

BIDDY'S TROUBLES.

If this selection were recited in the costume of a housemaid, with apron, sunbonnet and bare arms, the effect would be intensified. Place the hands on the hips except when gesticulating.

"IT'S thru for me, Katy, that I never seed the like of this people afore. It's a time I've been having since coming to this house, twelve months agone this week Thursday. Yer know, honey, that my fourth coosin, Ann Macarthy, recommended me to Mrs. Whaler, and told the lady that I knew about genteel housework and the likes; while at the same time I had niver seed inter an American lady's kitchen.

"So she engaged me, and my heart was jist ready to burst wid grief for the story that Ann had told, for Mrs. Whaler was a swate-spoken lady, and never looked cross-like in her life; that I knew by her smooth, kind face. Well, jist the first thing she told me to do, after I dressed the children, was to dress the ducks for dinner. I stood looking at the lady for a couple of minutes, before I could make out any maneing at all to her words.

"Thin I went searching after clothes for the ducks; and such a time as I had, to be sure. High and low I went till at last my mistress axed me for what I was looking; and I told her the clothes for the ducks, to be sure Och, how she scramed and laughed, till my face was as rid as the sun wid shame, and she showed me in her kind swate way what her maneing was. Thin she told me how to air the beds; and it was a day for me, indade, when I could go up chamber alone and clare up the rooms One day Mrs. Whaler said to me:

"'Biddy, an' ye may give the baby an airin', if yees will.'

"What should I do—and it's thru what I am saying this blessed minute—but go upstairs wid the child, and shake it, and then howld it out of the winder. Such a scraming and kicking as the baby gave—but I hild on the harder. Everybody thin in the strate looked at me; at last misthress came up to see what for was so much noise.

"'I am thrying to air the baby,' I said, 'but it kicks and scrames dridfully.'

"There was company down below; and whin Mrs. Whaler told them what I had been after doing, I thought they would scare the folks in the strate wid scraming.

"And then I was told I must do up Mr. Whaler's sharts one day when my mistress was out shopping. She told me repeatedly to do them up nice, for master was going away, so I takes the sharts and did them all up in some paper that I was after bringing from the ould country wid me, and tied some nice pink ribbon around the bundle.

"'Where are the sharts, Biddy?' axed Mrs. Whaler, when she comed home.

"'I have been doing them up in a quair nice way,' I said, bringing her the bundle.

"'Will you iver be done wid your graneness!' she axed me with a loud scrame.

"I can't for the life of me be tellin' what their talkin' manes. At home we call the likes of this fine work starching; and a deal of it I have done, too. Och! and may the blessed Vargin pity me, for I never'll be cured of my graneness!"

THE INVENTOR'S WIFE.

IT'S easy to talk of the patience of Job.
Humph! Job hed nothin' to try him!
Ef *he'd* been married to 'Bijah Brown,
folks wouldn't have dared come nigh him.

Trials, indeed! Now I'll tell you what—ef you
want to be sick of your life,
Jest come and change places with me a spell—
for I'm an inventor's wife.

And sech inventions! I'm never sure, when I
take up my coffee-pot,
That 'Bijah hain't been "improvin'" it, and it
mayn't go off like a shot.
Why, didn't he make me a cradle once, that
would keep itself a-rockin';
And didn't it pitch the baby out, and wasn't his
head bruised shockin'?

And there was his "Patent Peeler," too—a wonderful thing, I'll say;
But it hed one fault—it never stopped till the
apple was peeled away.
As for locks, and clocks, and mowin' machines,
and reapers, and all sech trash,
Why, 'Bijah's invented heaps of em, but they
don't bring in no *cash*.

Law! that don't worry him—not at all; he's
the aggravatin'est man—
He'll set in his little workship there, and whistle,
and think, and plan,
Inventin' a jew's-harp to go by steam, or a new-fangled powder-horn,
While the children's goin' barefoot to school and
the weeds is chokin' our corn.

When I've been forced to chop the wood, and
tend to the farm beside,
And look at 'Bijah a-settin there, I've jest
dropped down and cried.
We lost the hull of our turnip crop while he was
inventin' a gun;
But I counted it one of my marcies when it bust
before 'twas done.

So he turned it into a "burglar alarm." It
ought to give thieves a fright—
'Twould scare an honest man out of his wits, ef
he sot it off at night.
Sometimes I wonder ef 'Bijah's crazy, he does
such cur'ous things.
Hev I told you about his bedstead yit?—'Twas
full of wheels and springs;

It had a key to wind it up, and a clock face at
the head;
All you did was to turn them hands, and at any
hour you said,
That bed got up and shook itself, and bounced
you on the floor,
And then shet up, jest like a box, so you couldn't
sleep any more.

Wa'al 'Bijah he fixed it all complete, and he sot it at half-past five,
But he hadn't more'n got into it when—dear me! sakes alive!
Them wheels began to whiz and whir! I heerd a fearful snap!
And there was that bedstead, with 'Bijah inside, shet up jest like a trap!

I screamed, of course, but 'twan't no use; then I worked that hull long night
A-tryin' to open the pesky thing. At last I got in a fright;
I couldn't hear his voice inside, and I thought he might be dyin;
So I took a crow-bar and smashed it in.—There was 'Bijah, peacefully lyin',

Inventin' a way to git out again. That was all very well to say,
But I don't b'lieve he'd have found it out if I'd left him in all day.
Now, sence I've told you my story, do you wonder I'm tired of life?
Or think it strange I often wish I warn't an inventor's wife? MRS. E. T. CORBETT.

MISS EDITH HELPS THINGS ALONG.

"MY sister'll be down in a minute, and says you're to wait, if you please;
And says I might stay till she came, if I'd promise her never to tease,
Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But that's nonsense; for how would you know
What she told me to say, if I didn't? Don't you really and truly think so?

"And then you'd feel strange here alone. And you wouldn't know just where to sit;
For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we never use it a bit:
We keep it to match with the sofa; but Jack says it would be like you
To flop yourself right down upon it, and knock out the very last screw.

"Suppose you try! I won't tell. You're afraid to! Oh! you're afraid they would think it was mean!
Well, then, there's the album: that's pretty, if you're sure that your fingers are clean.
For sister says sometimes I daub it; but she only says that when she's cross.
There's her picture. You know it? It's like her; but she ain't as good-looking, of course.

"This is ME. It's the best of 'em all. Now, tell me, you'd never have thought
That once I was little as that? It's the only one that could be bought;
For that was the message to pa from the photograph-man where I sat—
That he wouldn't print off any more till he first got his money for that.

"What? Maybe you're tired of waiting. Why, often she's longer than this.
There's all her back hair to do up, and all of her front curls to friz.
But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown people, just you and me!
Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh, do! But don't come like Tom Lee—

"Tom Lee, her last beau. Why, my goodness! he used to be here day and night,
Till the folks thought he'd be her husband; and Jack says that gave him a fright;
You won't run away then, as he did? for you're not a rich man, they say.
Pa says you're poor as a church-mouse. Now, are you? and how poor are they?

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am; for I know now your hair isn't red;
But what there is left of it's mousy, and not what that naughty Jack said.
But there! I must go; sister's coming! But I wish I could wait, just to see
If she ran up to you, and she kissed you in the way she used to kiss Lee."

BRET HARTE.

THE MAN WHO HAS ALL DISEASES AT ONCE.

Imitate the cough. Put your hands on different parts of your body in describing your aches and pains. Wear a long dismal face. Bend forward and limp as you change your position.

GOOD-MORNING, Doctor; how do you do? I hain't quite as well as I have been; but I think I'm some better than I was. I don't think that last medicine that you gin me did me much good. I had a terrible time with the ear-ache last night; my wife got up and drapt a few draps of walnut sap into it, and that relieved it some; but I didn't get a wink of sleep till nearly daylight. For nearly a week, Doctor, I've had the worst kind of a narvous headache; it has been so bad sometimes that I thought my head would bust open. Oh, dear! I sometimes think that I'm the most afflictedest human that ever lived.

Since this cold weather sot in, that troublesome cough, that I have had every winter for the last fifteen years, has began to pester me agin. (*Coughs.*) Doctor, do you think you can give me any thing that will relieve this desprit pain I have in my side?

Then I have a crick, at times, in the back of my neck, so that I can't turn my head without turning the hull of my body. (*Coughs.*)

Oh, dear! What shall I do? I have consulted almost every doctor in the country, but they don't any of them seem to understand my case. I have tried everything that I could think of; but I can't find anything that does me the least good. (*Coughs.*)

Oh, this cough—it will be the death of me yet! You know I had my right hip put out last fall at the rising of Deacon Jones' sawmill; it's getting to be very troublesome just before we have a change of weather. Then I've got the sciatica in my right knee, and sometimes I'm so crippled up that I can hardly crawl round in any fashion.

What do you think that old white mare of ours did while I was out plowing last week? Why, the weaked old critter, she kept a backing and backing, ontil she backed me right up agin the colter, and knock'd a piece of skin off my shin nearly so big. (*Coughs.*)

But I had a worse misfortune than that the other day, Doctor. You see it was washing-day—and my wife wanted me to go out and bring in a little stove-wood—you know we lost our help lately, and my wife has to wash and tend to everything about the house herself.

I knew it wouldn't be safe for me to go out—as it was raining at the time—but I thought I'd risk it anyhow. So I went out, picked up a few chunks of stove-wood, and was a coming up the steps into the house, when my feet slipped from under me, and I fell down as sudden as if I'd been shot. Some of the wood lit upon my face, broke down the bridge of my nose, cut my upper lip, and knocked out three of my front teeth. I suffered dreadfully on account of it, as you may suppose, and my face ain't well enough yet to make me fit to be seen, 'specially by the women folks. (*Coughs.*) Oh, dear! but that ain't all, Doctor; I've got fifteen corns on my toes—and I'm afeard I'm going to have the "yaller janders." (*Coughs.*)

DR. VALENTINE.

THE SCHOOL-MA'AM'S COURTING.

WHEN Mary Ann Dollinger got the skule
daown thar on Injun Bay
I was glad, fer I like ter see a gal
makin' her honest way.

I heerd some talk in the village abaout her flyin'
high,
Tew high fer busy farmer folks with chores ter
dew ter fly.

But I paid no sorter attention ter all the talk ontel
She come in her reg'lar boardin' raound ter visit with us a spell.
My Jake an' her had been cronies ever since they could walk,
An' it tuk me aback ter hear her kerrectin' him in his talk.

Jake ain't no hand at grammar, though he hain't his beat for work;
But I sez ter myself, "Look out, my gal, yer a-foolin' with a Turk!"
Jake bore it wonderful patient, an' said in a mournful way,
He p'sumed he was behindhand with the doin's at Injun Bay.
I remember once he was askin' for some o' my Injun buns,
An' she said he should allus say, "them air," stid o' "them is" the ones.
Wal, Mary Ann kep' at him stiddy mornin' an' evenin' long,
Tell he dassent open his mouth for fear o' talkin' wrong.

One day I was pickin' currants daown by the old quince tree,
When I heerd Jake's voice a-sayin': "Be ye willin' ter marry me?"
An' Mary Ann kerrectin', "Air ye willin', yeou sh'd say."
Our Jake he put his foot daown in a plum, decided way,
"No wimmen-folks is a-goin' ter be re-arrangin' me.
Hereafter I says 'craps,' 'them is,' 'I calk'late,' an' 'I be.'
Ef folks don't like my talk they needn't hark ter what I say;
But I ain't a-goin' to take no sass from folks from Injun Bay.
I ask you free an' final: Be ye goin' ter marry me?"
An' Mary Ann sez, tremblin', yet anxious-like, "I be." FLORENCE E. PYATT.

THE DUTCHMAN'S SNAKE.

NEAR the town of Reading, in Berks County, Pennsylvania, there formerly lived a well-to-do Dutch farmer named Peter Van Riper. His only son was a strapping lad of seventeen, also named Peter, and upon old Peter and young Peter devolved the principal cares of the old man's farm, now and then assisted by an ancient Dutchman named Jake Sweighoffer, who lived in the neighborhood, and went out to work by the day.

One warm day in haying time this trio were hard at work in a meadow near the farm-house, when suddenly Peter the elder dropped his scythe and called out:

"Oh! mine gracious, Peter! Peter!"

"What's de matter, fader?" answered the son, straightening up and looking at his sire.

"Oh! mine Peter! Peter!" again cried the old man, "do come here, right off! Der schnake pite mine leg!"

If anything in particular could disturb the nerves of young Peter, it was snakes; for he had once been chased by a black one and frightened nearly out of his wits. At the word snake, therefore, young Van Riper fell back, nimbly as a wire-drawer, and called out in turn: "Where is der shnake, fader?"

"Here, up mine preeches!—Oh! my! my! my!"

"Vy don't you kill him, fader?" exclaimed Peter, junior, keeping at a safe distance from his suffering sire.

"I can't get at der little sinner, Peter; you come dake off my drowsis, or he'll kill me mit his pites."

But the fears of Peter, the younger, over-

came his filial affection, and lent strength to his legs, for he started off like a scared two-year-old toward the old man Jake, to call him to the assistance of his unhappy father. A few moments after, the two came bounding toward the old man, and as they passed a haycock where their garments had been laid when they began work, Jake grabbed the vest which he supposed belonged to his employer. During this time old Peter had managed to keep on his feet, although he was quaking and trembling like an aspen leaf in a June gale of wind.

"Oh! come quick, Yacob!" exclaimed he, "he pite like sixty, here, on mine leg."

Old Jake was not particularly sensitive to fear, but few people, young or old, are free from alarm when a "pizenous" reptile is about. He seized a small pitchfork, and, telling the unhappy Van Riper to stand steady, promised to stun the reptile by a rap or two, even if he didn't kill it outright. The frightened old man did not long hesitate between the risk of a broken leg or being bitten to death by a snake, but promptly indicated the place where Jake should strike Whack went the pitchfork, and down tumbled Peter, exclaiming, "Oh! my! my! my! I pleeve you've proke mine leg! but den der shnake's gone."

"Vere! vere's he gone to?" says old Sweighoffer, looking sharply about on the ground he stood upon.

"Never mind der shnake now, Yacob," says Van Riper," come and help me up, and I'll go home."

"Here, I've got your shacket—put it on," says Jacob, lifting up the old man, and slipping his arms into the armholes of the vest.

The moment old Peter made the effort to get the garment on his shoulders, he grew livid in the face—his hair stood on end—he shivered and shook—his teeth chattered, and his knees knocked an accompaniment. "O Yacob!" exclaimed he, "help me to go home—I'm dead! I'm dead!"

"Vat's dat you say? Ish dere nodder shnake in your preeches?" inquired the intrepid Jacob.

"Not dat—I don't mean dat," says the farmer, "but shust you look on me—I'm shwelt all up, pigger as an ox! my shacket won't go on my pack. I'm dying mit de pizen. Oh! oh! oh! help me home quick."

The hired man came to the same conclusion; and with might and main he hurried old Peter along toward the farm-house. Meantime young Peter had run home, and so alarmed the women folks that they were in a high state of excitement when they saw the approach of the good old man and his assistant.

Old man Peter was carried into the house, laid on a bed, and began to lament his sad misfortune in a most grievous manner, when the old lady, his frow, came forward and proposed to examine the bitten leg. The unhappy man opened his eyes and feebly pointed out the place of the bite. She carefully ripped up his pantaloons, and out fell—a thistle-top! and at the same time a considerable scratch was made visible.

"Call dis a shnake? Bah!" says the old lady, holding up the thistle.

"Oh! but I'm pizened to death, Katreen!—see, I'm all pizen!—mine shacket!—Oh! dear, mine shacket not come over mine pody!"

"Haw! haw! you crazy fellow," roars the frow, "dat's not your shacket—dat's Peter's shacket! ha! ha! ha!"

"Vat! dat Peter's shacket?" says old Peter, shaking off death's icy fetters at one surge, and jumping up: "Bosh! Jacob, vat an old fool you must be to say I vas shnake-pite! Go 'pout your pusiness, gals. Peter, give me mine pipe."

NO KISS.

"KISS me, Will," sang Marguerite,
To a pretty little tune,
Holding up her dainty mouth,
Sweet as roses born in June.
Will was ten years old that day,
And he pulled her golden curls
Teasingly, and answer made—
"I'm too old—I don't kiss girls."

Ten years pass, and Marguerite
Smiles as Will kneels at her feet,
Gazing fondly in her eyes,
Praying, "Won't you kiss me, sweet?"
'Rite is seventeen to-day,
With her birthday ring she toys
For a moment, then replies:
"I'm too old—I don't kiss boys."

THE LISPING LOVER.

Oh! thtay one moment, love implorth,
Ere yet we break thith happy thpell!
For to the thoul my thoul adorth
It ith tho hard to thay farewell.

And yet how thad to be tho weak,
To think forever, night or day,
The thententheth my heart would thpeak
Thethe lipth can never truly thay.

How mournful, too, while thuth I kneel,
With nervouthneth my blith to mar,
And dream each moment that I feel
The boot-toe of thy thtern papa.

Or yet to fanthy that I hear
A thudden order to decamp,
Ath dithagreeably thevere
Ath—"Get out you infernal thcamp!"

Yet recklethly I pauthe by thee,
To lithp my hopeth, my fearth, my careth,
Though any moment I may be
Turning a thomerthet down the thtairth!

LARRIE O'DEE.

NOW the widow McGee,
And Larrie O'Dee,
Had two little cottages out on the green,
With just room enough for two pig-pens between.
The widow was young and the widow was fair,
With the brightest of eyes and the brownest of hair;
And it frequently chanced, when she came in the morn
With the swill for her pig, Larrie came with the corn.
And some of the ears that he tossed from his hand,
In the pen of the widow were certain to land.

One morning said he:
"Och! Misthress McGee,
It's a waste of good lumber, this runnin' two rigs,
Wid a fancy petition betwane our two pigs!"
"Indade sur, it is!" answered Widow McGee,
With the sweetest of smiles upon Larrie O'Dee.
"And thin, it looks kind o' hard-hearted and mane,
Kapin' two friendly pigs so exsaidenly near
That whiniver one grunts the other can hear,
And yit kape a cruel petition betwane."

"Shwate Widow McGee,"
Answered Larrie O'Dee,
"If ye fale in your heart we are mane to the pigs,
Ain't we mane to ourselves to be runnin' two rigs?
Och! it made me heart ache whin I paped through the cracks

Of me shanty, lasht March, at yez shwingin' yer
axe;
An' a bobbin' yer head an' a shtompin' yer fate,
Wid yer purty white hands jisht as red as a bate,
A-sphlittin' yer kindlin'-wood out in the shtorm,
When one little shtove it would kape us both
warm!"

"Now, piggy," said she;
"Larrie's courtin' o' me,
Wid his dilicate tinder allusions to you,
So now yez must tell me jisht what I must do:
For, if I'm to say yez, shtir the swill wid yer
snout;
But if I'm to say no, ye must kape yer nose out.
Now Larrie, for shame! to be bribin' a pig
By a-tossin' a handful of corn in its shwig!'
"Me darlint, the piggy says yes," anwered he.
And that was the courtship of Larrie O'Dee.

W. W. Fink.

HOW PADEREWSKI PLAYS THE PIANO.

FIRST a soft and gentle tinkle,
Gentle as the rain-drop's sprinkle,
Then a stop,
Fingers drop.
Now begins a merry trill,
Like a cricket in a mill;
Now a short, uneasy motion,
Like a ripple on the ocean.

See the fingers dance about,
Hear the notes come tripping out;
How they mingle in the tingle
Of the everlasting jingle,
Like to hailstones on a shingle,
Or the ding-dong, dangle-dingle
Of a sheep-bell! Double, single,
Now they come in wilder gushes,
Up and down the player rushes,
Quick as squirrels, sweet as thrushes.

Now the keys begin to clatter
Like the music of a platter
When the maid is stirring batter.
O'er the music comes a change,
Every tone is wild and strange;
Listen to the lofty tumbling,
Hear the mumbling, fumbling, jumbling,
Like the rumbling and the grumbling
Of the thunder from its slumbering
Just awaking. Now it's taking
To the quaking, like a fever-and-ague shaking;
Heads are aching, something's breaking—
Goodness gracious! it is wondrous,
Rolling round, above, and under us,
Like old Vulcan's stroke so thunderous.

Now 'tis louder, but the powder
Will be all exploded soon;
For the only way to do,
When the music's nearly through,
Is to muster all your muscle for a bang,
Striking twenty notes together with a clang:
Hit the treble with a twang,
Give the bass an awful whang,
And close the whole performance
With a slam—bang—whang!

THE FRECKLE-FACED GIRL.

"MA'S up stairs changing her dress," said the freckled-faced little girl, tying her doll's bonnet strings and casting her eye about for a tidy large enough to serve as a shawl for that double-jointed young person.

"Oh, your mother needn't dress up for me," replied the female agent of the missionary society, taking a self-satisfied view of herself in the mirror. "Run up and tell her to come down just as she is in her everyday clothes, and not stand on ceremony."

"Oh, but she hasn't got on her everyday clothes. Ma was all dressed up in her new

brown silk dress, 'cause she expected Miss Dimmond to-day. Miss Dimmond always comes over here to show off her nice things, and ma doesn't mean to get left. When ma saw you coming she said, 'the dickens!' and I guess she was mad about something. Ma said if you saw her new dress, she'd have to hear all about the poor heathen, who don't have silk, and you'd ask her for money to buy hymn books to send 'em. Say, do the nigger ladies use hymn-book leaves to do their hair up on and make it frizzy? Ma says she guesses that's all the good the books do 'em, if they ever get any books. I wish my doll was a heathen."

"Why, you wicked little girl! what do you want of a heathen doll?" inquired the missionary lady, taking a mental inventory of the new things in the parlor to get material for a homily on worldly extravagance.

"So folks would send her lots of nice things to wear, and feel sorry to have her going about naked. Then she'd have her hair to frizz, and I want a doll with truly hair and eyes that roll up like Deacon Silderback's when he says amen on Sunday. I ain't a wicked girl, either, 'cause Uncle Dick—you know Uncle Dick, he's been out West and swears awful and smokes in the house—he says I'm a holy terror, and he hopes I'll be an angel pretty soon. Ma'll be down in a minute, so you needn't take your cloak off. She said she'd box my ears if I asked you to.

"Ma's putting on that old dress she had last year, 'cause she didn't want you to think she was able to give much this time, and she needed a muff worse than the queen of the cannon-ball islands needed 'ligion. Uncle Dick says you oughter get to the islands, 'cause you'd be safe there, and the natives would be sorry they was such sinners anybody would send you to 'em. He says he never seen a heathen hungry enough to eat you, 'less it was a blind one, an' you'd set a blind pagan's teeth on edge so he'd never hanker after any more missionary. Uncle Dick's awful funny, and makes ma and pa die laughing sometimes."

"Your Uncle Richard is a bad, depraved wretch, and ought to have remained out West, where his style is appreciated. He sets a horrid example for little girls like you."

"Oh, I think he's nice. He showed me how to slide down the banisters, and he's teaching me to whistle when ma ain't around. That's a pretty cloak you've got, ain't it? Do you buy all your clothes with missionary money? Ma says you do."

Just then the freckle-faced little girl's ma came into the parlor and kissed the missionary lady on the cheek and said she was delighted to see her, and they proceeded to have a real sociable chat. The little girl's ma cannot understand why a person who professes to be so charitable as the missionary agent does should go right over to Miss Dimmond's and say such ill-natured things as she did, and she thinks the missionary is a double-faced gossip. The little girl understands it better than her ma does.

WHEN GIRLS WORE CALICO.

THERE was a time, betwixt the days
Of linsey woolsey, straight and prim,
And these when mode, with despot ways,
Leads woman captive at its whim,
Yet not a hundred years ago,
When girls wore simple calico.

Within the barn, by lantern light,
Through many a reel, with flying feet,
The boys and maidens danced at night
To fiddled measures, shrilly sweet;
And merry revels were they, though
The girls were gowned in calico.

Across the flooring rough and gray
The gold of scattered chaff was spread,
And long festoons of clover hay
That straggled from the loft o'erhead,
Swung scented fringes to and fro
O'er pretty girls in calico.

They used to go a-Maying then,
The blossoms of the spring to seek
In sunny glade and sheltered glen,
Unweighed by fashion's latest freak;
And Robin fell in love, I know,
With Phyllis in her calico.

A tuck, a frill, a bias fold,
A hat curved over gipsy-wise,
And beads of coral and of gold,
And rosy cheeks and merry eyes,
Made lassies in that long ago
Look charming in their calico.

The modern knight who loves a maid
Of gracious air and gentle grace,
And finds her oftentimes arrayed
In shining silk and priceless lace,
Would love her just as well, I know,
In pink and lilac calico.

HATTIE WHITNEY.

A WINNING COMPANY.

IF gran'paw was a soldier now
He'd show 'em what to do;
You ought to come and lisen how
He talks to me and Sue.

He tells us all about the days
He led his gallant men,
And all about the different ways
He won the battles then.

An' ev'ry night when paw comes in
An' says the fight's begun,
He tells what they could do to win
Er what they ought to done.

An' paw he laugh and looks at me
An' says we'd surely win it
If gran'paw led a company
An' Sue an' me was in it.

THE BRAVEST SAILOR OF ALL.

This graceful tribute to the martial spirit of the little tots should be recited in a slightly bombastic style. The little one considers himself quite a hero and should be described accordingly.

I KNOW a naval officer, the bravest fighting man;
He wears a jaunty sailor suit, his cap says "Puritan."
And all day long he sails a ship between our land and Spain,
And he avenges, every hour, the martyrs of the "Maine."

His warship is six inches square, a wash-tub serves for ocean;
But never yet, on any coast, was seen such dire commotion.
With one skilled move his boat is sent from Cuba to midsea,
And just as quickly back it comes to set Havana free.

He fights with Dewey; plants his flag upon each island's shore,
Then off with Sampson's fleet he goes to shed the Spanish gore.
He comes to guard New England's coast, but ere his anchor falls,
He hurries off in frightful speed, to shell Manila's walls.

The Philippines so frequently have yielded to his power,
There's very little left of them, I'm certain, at this hour;
And when at last he falls asleep, it is to wake again
And hasten into troubled seas and go and conquer Spain.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

HOW SHE WAS CONSOLED.

OUT in the field in the red o' the rain
That crimsoned the breasts that the battle had slain,
He lay in the shadow—the captain—at rest,
With a lock of gold hair round a face on his breast.

Out in the darkness, all pallid and dumb,
A woman waits long for the captain to come;
And she kisses his portrait. O, pitiful pain!
She shall kiss not the lips of the captain again!

But a woman's a woman, though loyal and brave,
Love fareth but ill in the gloom of a grave.
The captain lies mute 'neath the stars and the snow,
And the woman he loved—well, she's married, you know!

THAT HIRED GIRL.

WHEN she came to work for the family on Congress street, the lady of the house sat down and told her that agents, picture-sellers, peddlers, ragmen, and all that class of people must be met at the front door and coldly repulsed, and Sarah said she'd repulse them if she had to break every broomstick in town.

And she did. She threw the door open wide, bluffed right up at 'em, and when she got through talking, the cheekiest agent was only too glad to leave. It got so after a while that peddlers marked that house, and the door-bell never rang except for company.

The other day, as the girl of the house was wiping off the spoons, the bell rang. She hastened to the door, expecting to see a lady, but her eyes encountered a slim man, dressed in black and wearing a white necktie. He was the new minister, and was going around to get acquainted with the members of his flock, but Sarah wasn't expected to know this.

"Ah—um—is—Mrs.—ah!"

"Git!" exclaimed Sarah, pointing to the gate.

"Beg pardon, but I would like to see—see—!"

"Meander!" she shouted, looking around for a weapon; "we don't want any flour-sifters here!"

"You're mistaken," he replied, smiling blandly. "I called to—"

"Don't want anything to keep moths away—fly!" exclaimed Sarah, getting red in the face.

"Is the lady in?" he inquired, trying to look over Sarah's head.

"Yes, the lady is in, and I'm in, and you are out!" she snapped; "and now I don't want to stand here talking to a fly-trap agent any longer! Come lift your boots!"

"I'm not an agent," he said, trying to smile. "I'm the new—"

"Yes, I know you—you are the new man with the patent flat-iron, but we don't want any, and you'd better go before I call the dog!"

"Will you give the lady my card, and say that I called?"

"No, I won't; we are bored to death with cards and handbills and circulars. Come, I can't stand here all day."

"Didn't know that I was a minister?" he asked, as he backed off.

"No, nor I don't know it now; you look like the man who sold the woman next door a ten cent chromo for two dollars."

"But here is my card."

"I don't care for cards, I tell you! If you leave that gate open, I will have to fling a flower-pot at you!"

"I will call again," he said, as he went through the gate.

"It won't do any good!" she shouted after him; "we don't want no prepared food for infants—no piano music—no stuffed birds! I know the policeman on this beat, and if you come around here again, he'll soon find out whether you are a confidence man or vagrant!"

And she took unusual care to lock the door.

WHAT SAMBO SAYS.

NOW, in dese busy wukin' days, dey's changed de Scripter fashions,
An' you needn't look to mirakuls to furnish you wid rations;
Now, when you's wantin' loaves o' bread, you got to go and fetch 'em,
An' ef you's wantin' fishes, you mus' dig your wums an' ketch 'em;
For you kin put it down as sartin dat the time is long gone by,
When sassages an' 'taters use to rain fum out de sky!

I nebber likes de cullud man dat thinks too much o' eatin';
But frolics froo de wukin' days, and snoozes at de meetin';
Dat jines de Temp'ance 'Ciety, an' keeps a gettin' tight,
An' pulls his water-millions in de middle ob de night!

Dese milerterry nigger chaps, with muskets in deir han's,
Perradin' froo de city to de music ob de ban's,
Had better drop deir guns, an' go to marchin' wid deir hoes
An' git a honest libbin' as dey chop de cotton-rows,
Or de State may put 'em arter while to drillin' in de ditches,
Wid more'n a single stripe a-runnin' 'cross deir breeches.

Well, you think dat doin' nuffin' 'tall is mighty sort o' nice,
But it busted up de renters in de lubly Paradise!
You see, dey bofe was human bein's jes' like me an' you,
An' dey couldn't reggerlate deirselves wid not a thing to do;
Wid plenty wuk befo' 'em, an' a cotton crop to make,
Dey'd nebber thought o' loafin' roun' an' chattin' wid de snake.

THE IRISH SLEIGH RIDE.

DON'T go way until you hear
A story, though it may seem queer,
Of a family known both near and far
By the funny name of Ump Ha Ha.
Mr. Ump Ha Ha, one day,
Thought he would like to take a sleigh
And ride upon the frozen snow;
And Mrs. Ump Ha Ha said she would go,
Taking all the family, of course,
Including, too, the family horse.
He was a mule, and a thin one, too;
You could see his ribs where the hay stuck through.

They hitched him up to an old-time bob,
Then you ought to have seen the mob!
There were Patrick, Mary Ump Ha Ha,
Grace and Carrie Ump Ha Ha,
Mike and Freddie Ump Ha Ha,
Willie and Eddie Ump Ha Ha,

Tim and Juley Ump Ha Ha,
Rose and Peggy Ump Ha Ha,
Lizzie and Mayme Ump Ha Ha,
Big fat Jammie Ump Ha Ha.

Fifteen people in one sleigh
Started out to spend the day.
The way they packed and jammed them in,
It made the family horse look thin.
As luck will have it, as it will,
They started from the top of a hill.
The hill was slippery; down they flew.
How fast they went they never knew.
The time they made it can't be beat.
The old mule had no use for his feet;
He went like a bird or ships on sail;
He flew with his ears and steered with his tail.
It was a mile to the bottom and the bottom was mud,
And they went down with a sickening thud.

Mary Ump Ha Ha was dazed,
Patrick Ump Ha Ha was crazed,
Little Willie bumped his nose,
Big fat Jammie she got froze.
Fourteen doctors came at once.
The old mule was buried in the ground.
Did you ever see a dead mule laying around?
It took four drays to get them home,
And when they found they broke no bones,
They all sat down and thanked their stars,
And then they laughed out, Ump Ha Ha.

JANE JONES.

JANE JONES keeps a-whisperin' to me all the time,
An' says: "Why don't you make it a rule
To study your lessons, an' work hard an' learn,
An' never be absent from school?
Remember the story of Elihu Burritt,
How he clumb up to the top;
Got all the knowledge 'at he ever had
Down in the blacksmithin' shop."
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so;
Mebby he did—I dunno;
'Course, what's a-keepin' me 'way from the top
Is not never havin' no blacksmithin' shop.

She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor,
But full o' ambition and brains,
An' studied philosophy all 'is hull life—
An' see what he got for his pains.
He brought electricity out of the sky
With a kite an' the lightnin' an' key,
So we're owin' him more'n any one else
For all the bright lights 'at we see.
Jane Jones she actually said it was so.
Mebby he did—I dunno;
'Course, what's allers been hinderin' me
In not havin' any kite, lightnin' or key.

Jane Jones said Columbus was out at the knees
When he first thought up his big scheme;
An' all of the Spaniards an' Italians, too,
They laughed an' just said 'twas a dream;
But Queen Isabella she listened to him,
An' pawned all her jewels o' worth,
An' bought 'im the "Santa Marier" 'n said:
"Go hunt up the rest of the earth."
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so;
Mebby he did—I dunno;
'Course, that may all be, but you must allow
They ain't any land to discover just now.

BEN KING.

DE OLE PLANTATION MULE.

A WERRY funny feller is de ole plantation mule;
An' nobody'll play wid him unless he is a fool.
De bestest ting to do w'en you meditates about him,
Is to kinder sorter calkerlate you'll get along widout him.

W'en you try to 'proach dat mule from de front endwise,
He look as meek as Moses, but his looks is full ob lies;
He doesn't move a muscle, he doesn't even wink;
An' you say his dispersition's better'n people tink.

He stan' so still that you s'pose he is a monument of grace;
An' you almos' see a 'nevolent expression on his face;
But dat 'nevolent expression is de mask dat's allers worn;
For ole Satan is behin' it, jest as sure as you is born.

Den you cosset him a little, an' you pat his other end,
An' you has a reverlation dat he ain't so much your friend;
You has made a big mistake; but before de heart repents,
You is histed werry sudden to de odder side de fence.

Well, you feel like you'd been standin' on de locomotive track
An' de engine come an' hit you in de middle ob de back;
You don' know wat has happened, you can scarcely cotch your breff;
But you tink you've made de 'quaintance ob a werry vi'lent deff.

ADAM NEVER WAS A BOY.

OF all the men the world has seen
Since time his rounds began,
There's one I pity every day—
Earth's first and foremost man;
And then I think what fun he missed
By failing to enjoy
The wild delights of youth-time, for
He never was a boy.

He never stubbed his naked toe
Against a root or stone;
He never with a pin-hook fished
Along the brook alone;
He never sought the bumblebee
Among the daisies coy,
Nor felt its business end, because
He never was a boy.

He never hookey played, nor tied
The ever-ready pail,
Down in the alley all alone,
To trusting Fido's tail.
And when he home from swimmin' came,
His happiness to cloy,
No slipper interfered, because
He never was a boy.

He might refer to splendid times
'Mong Eden's bowers, yet
He never acted Romeo
To a six year Juliet.
He never sent a valentine,
Intended to annoy
A good, but maiden aunt, because
He never was a boy.

He never cut a kite-string, no!
Nor hid an Easter egg;
He never ruined his pantaloons
A-playing mumble-peg;
He never from the attic stole,
A coon-hunt to enjoy,
To find "the old man" watching, for
He never was a boy.

I pity him. Why should I not?
I even drop a tear;
He did not know how much he missed;
He never will, I fear.
And when the scenes of "other days"
My growing mind employ,
I think of him, earth's only man
Who never was a boy.

T. C. HARBAUGH.

A REMARKABLE CASE OF S'POSIN.

A MAN hobbled into the Colonel's office upon crutches. Proceeding to a chair and making a cushion of some newspapers, he sat down very gingerly, placed a bandaged leg upon another chair, and said:

"Col. Coffin, my name is Briggs. I want to get your opinion about a little point of law. Now, Colonel, s'posin' you lived up the pike here a half mile, next door to a man named Johnson. And s'posin' you and Johnson was to get into an argument about the human intellect, and you was to say to Johnson that a splendid illustration of the superiority of the human intellect was to be found in the power of the human eye to restrain the ferocity of a wild animal. And s'posin' Johnson was to remark that that was all bosh, because nobody *could* hold a wild animal with the human eye, and you should declare that you could hold the savagest beast that was ever born if you could once fix your gaze on him.

"Well, then, s'posin' Johnson was to say he'd bet a hundred dollars he could bring a tame animal that you couldn't hold with your eye, and you was to take him up on it, and Johnson was to ask you to come down to his place to settle the bet. You'd go, we'll say, and Johnson'd wander round to the back of the house and pretty soon come front again with a dog bigger'n any four decent dogs ought to be. And then s'posin' Johnson'd let go of that dog and set him on you, and he'd come at you like a sixteen-inch shell out of a howitzer, and you'd get scary about it and try to hold the dog with your eye and couldn't.

"And s'posin' you'd suddenly conclude that maybe your kind of an eye wasn't calculated to hold that kind of a dog, and you'd conclude to run for a plum tree in order to have a chance to collect your thoughts and to try to reflect what sort of an eye would be best calculated to mollify that sort of a dog. You ketch my idea, of course?

"Very well, then; s'posin' you'd take your eye off of that dog—Johnson, mind you, all the time hissing him on and laughing, and you'd turn and rush for the tree, and begin to swarm up as fast as you could. Well, sir, s'posin' just as you got three feet from the ground Johnson's dog would grab you by the leg and hold on like a vise, shaking you until you nearly lost your hold.

"And s'posin' Johnson was to stand there and holloa, 'Fix your eye on him, Briggs! Why don't you manifest the power of the human intellect?' and so on, howling out ironical remarks like those; and s'posin' he kept that dog on that leg until he made you swear to pay the bet, and then at last had to pry the dog off with a hot poker, bringing away at the same time some of your flesh in the dog's mouth, so that you had to be carried home on a stretcher, and to hire several doctors to keep you from dying with lockjaw.

"Sposin' this, what I want to know is, couldn't you sue Johnson for damages and make him pay heavily for what that dog did? That's what I want to get at."

The Colonel thought for a moment, and then said:

"Well, Mr. Briggs, I don't think I could. If I agreed to let Johnson set the dog at me, I should be a party to the transaction, and I could not recover."

"Do you mean to say that the law won't make that infernal scoundrel Johnson suffer for letting his dog eat me up?"

"I think not, if you state the case properly."

"It won't, hey?" exclaimed Mr. Briggs,

hysterically. "Oh, very well, very well! I s'pose if that dog had chewed me all up it'd 've been all the same to this constitutional republic. But hang me if I don't have satisfaction. I'll kill Johnson, poison his dog, and emigrate to some country where the rights of citizens are protected!"

Then Mr. Briggs got on his crutches and hobbled out. He is still a citizen, and will vote at the next election.

MY PARROT.

Let your face express contempt on the word "pshaw," and make the gesture in Figure 24 of Typical Gestures. Drawl out the word "yawned" in the third verse and give a comical wink in the fourth verse. Prolong the sound on "pshaw" in the last line.

I HAD a parrot once, an ugly bird,
With the most wicked eye I ever saw,
Who, though it comprehended all it heard,
Would only say, "O pshaw!"

I did my best to teach it goodly lore;
I talked to it of medicine and law;
It looked as if it knew it all before,
And simply said, "O pshaw!"

I sat me down upon a dry-goods box
To stuff sound doctrine down its empty craw,
It would have none of matters orthodox,
But yawned and said, "O pshaw!"

I talked to it of politics, finance;
I hoped to teach the bird to say "Hurrah!"
For my pet candidates when he'd a chance,
He winked and chirped, "O pshaw!"

I am for prohibition, warp and woof,
But that bird stole hard cider through a straw,
And then he teetered off at my reproof
And thickly said, "O pshaw!"

Enraged, I hurled a bootjack, missed my aim
And plugged a passing stranger in the jaw;
He wheeled to see from whence the missile came;
The demon laughed "O pshaw!"

I gave the creature to an old-maid aunt,
And shook with parting grief its skinny claw.
"He'll serve to cheer," she said, "my lonely hearth,
For I'd not marry the best man on earth!"
"O pshaw!" sneered Poll, "O psha-a-w!"

EMMA H. WEBB.

BAKIN AND GREENS.

YO' may tell me ob pastries and fine oyster patties,
Of salads and crowkets an' Boston baked beans,
But dar's nuffin so temptin' to dis nigger's palate
As a big slice of bakin and plenty ob greens.

Jes bile 'em right down, so dey'll melt when yo' eat 'em;
Hab a big streak ob fat an' a small streak o' lean;
Dar's nuffin on earf yo' kin fix up to beat 'em,
Fur de king ob all dishes am bakin and greens.

Den take some co'hnmeal and sif' it and pat it.
An' put it in de ashes wid nuffin between;
Den blow off de ashes and set right down at it,
For dar's nuffin like ashcake wid bakin and greens.

'Twill take de ole mammies to fix 'em up greasy,
Wid a lot ob good likker and dumplin's between,
Take all yo' fine eatin', I won't be uneasy,
If you'll gimme dat bakin wid plenty ob greens.

Rich folks in dar kerrage may frow de dust on me;
But how kin I envy dem men ob big means.
Dey may hab de dispepsey and do' they may scorn me,
Dey can't enjoy bakin wid a dish ob good greens.

You may put me in rags, fill my cup up wid sorrow;
Let joy be a stranger, and trouble my dreams,
But I still will be smilin', no pain kin I borrow,
Ef you lebe me dat bakin wid plenty of greens.

HUNTING A MOUSE.

I WAS dozing comfortably in my easy-chair, and dreaming of the good times which I hope are coming, when there fell upon my ears a most startling scream. It was the voice of my Maria Ann in agony. The voice came from the kitchen, and to the kitchen I rushed. The idolized form of my Maria was perched on a chair, and she was flourishing an iron spoon in all directions and shouting "shoo," in a general manner, at everything in the room. To my anxious inquires as to what was the matter, she screamed, "O Joshua! a mouse, shoo—wha—shoo—a great—ya—shoo—horrid mouse, and—she—ew—it ran right out of the cupboard—shoo—go way—O Lord—Joshua—shoo—kill it, oh, my—shoo."

All that fuss, you see, about one little harmless mouse. Some women are so afraid of mice. Maria is. I got the poker and set myself to poke that mouse, and my wife jumped down and ran off into another room. I found the mouse in a corner under the sink. The first time I hit it I didn't poke it any on account of getting the poker all tangled up in a lot of dishes in the sink; and I did not hit it any more because the mouse would not stay still. It ran right toward me, and I naturally jumped, as anybody would; but I am not afraid of mice, and when the horrid thing ran up inside the leg of my pantaloons, I yelled to Maria because I was afraid it would gnaw a hole in my garment.

I did not lose my presence of mind for an instant. I caught the mouse just as it was clambering over my knee, and by pressing firmly on the outside of the cloth, I kept the animal a prisoner on the inside. I kept jumping around with all my might to confuse it, so that it would not think about biting, and I yelled so that the mice would not hear its squeaks and come to its assistance. A man can't handle many mice at once to advantage. Besides, I'm not so spry as I was before I had that spine in my back and had to wear plasters.

Maria was white as a sheet when she came into the kitchen and asked what she should do—as though I could hold the mouse and plan a campaign at the same time. I told her to think of something, and she thought she would throw things at the intruder; but as there was no earthly chance for her to hit the mouse, while every shot took effect on me, I told her to stop, after she had tried two flat-irons and the coal-scuttle. She paused for breath; but I kept bobbing around. Somehow I felt no inclination to sit down anywhere. "O Joshua," she cried, "I wish you had not killed the cat."

Then she got the tea-kettle and wanted to scald the mouse. I objected to that process, except as a last resort. Then she got some cheese to coax the mouse down, but I did not dare to let go, for fear it would run up. Matters were getting desperate. I told her to think of something else, and I kept jumping. Just as I was ready to faint with exhaustion, I tripped over an iron, lost my hold, and the mouse fell to the floor, very

dead. I had no idea a mouse could be squeezed to death so easy.

That was not the end of the trouble, for before I had recovered my breath a fireman broke in one of the front windows, and a whole company followed him through, and they dragged hose around, and mussed things all over the house, and then the foreman wanted to thrash me because the house was not on fire, and I had hardly got him pacified before a policeman came in and arrested me. Some one had run down and told him I was drunk and was killing Maria. It was all Maria and I could do, by combining our eloquence, to prevent him from marching me off in disgrace, but we finally got matters quieted and the house clear.

Now when mice run out of the cupboard I go outdoors, and let Maria "shoo" them back again. I can kill a mouse, but the fun don't pay for the trouble.

JOSHUA JENKINS.

THE VILLAGE SEWING SOCIETY.

This is a very amusing recitation when correctly rendered. The gossips make the most disparaging remarks about their neighbors, but are very pleasant to their faces. The words in parentheses should be spoken "aside" in an undertone. A recital for one who can imitate different female voices.

"MIS' JONES is late agin to-day:
I'd be ashamed now ef 'twas me.
Don't tell it, but I've heerd folks say
She only comes to get her tea."

"Law me! she needn't want it *here*,
The deacon's folks ain't much on eatin':
They haven't made a pie this year!
Of course, 'twon't do to be repeatin';

"But old Mis' Jenkins says it's true
(You know she lives just 'cross the way,
And sees most everything they do.)
She says she saw 'em t'other day—"

"Hush, here comes Hannah! How d'ye do?
Why, what a pretty dress you've got!"
("Her old merino made up new:
I know it by that faded spot.")

"Jest look! there's Dr. Stebbins' wife"—
"A bran-new dress and bunnit!—well—
They say she leads him *such* a life!
But, there! I promised not to tell."

"What's that, Mis' Brown? '*All friends*,' of course;
And you can see with your own eyes,
That *that* gray mare's the better horse,
Though gossipin' I do dispise."

"Poor Mary Allen's lost her beau"—
"It serves her right, conceited thing!
She's flirted awfully, I know.
Say have you heard she kept his ring?"

"Listen! the clock is striking six.
Thank goodness! then it's time for tea."
"Now ain't that too much! Abby Mix
Has folded up her work! Just see!"

"Why *can't* she wait until she's told?
Yes, thank you, deacon, here we come."
("I hope the biscuits won't be cold:
No coffee? Wish I was tu hum!"

"Do tell, Mis' Ellis! *Did* you make
This cheese? the best I ever saw.
Such jumbles too (no jelly cake):
I'm quite ashamed to take one more."

"Good-by: we've had a first-rate time,
And first-rate tea, I must declare.
Mis' Ellis' things are always prime.
(Well, next week's meetin' won't be *there!*")

SIGNS AND OMENS.

AN old gentleman, whose style was Germanized, was asked what he thought of signs and omens.

"Vell, I don't dinks mooch of dem dings, und I don't pelieve averydings; but I dells you somedimes dere is somedings ash dose dings. Now de oder night I sit and reads mine newspaper, und my frau she speak und say—

"'Fritz, de dog ish howling!'

"Vell, I don' dinks mooch of dem dings, und I goes on und reads mine paper, und mine frau she says—

"'Fritz, dere is somedings pad is happen,—der dog ish howling!'

"Und den I gets hop mit mineself und look out troo de wines on de porch, und de moon was shinin', und mine leetle dog he shoomp right up und down like averydings, und he park at de moon, dat was shine so bright as never vas. Und ash I hauled mine het in de winder, de old voman she say—

"'Mind, Fritz, I dells you dere ish someding pad ish happen. De dog ish howling.'

"Vell, I goes to ped, und I shleeps, und all night long ven I vakes up dere vas dat dog howling outside, und ven I dream I hear dat howling vorsher ash never. Und in de morning I kits up und kits mine breakfast, und mine frau she looks at me und say, werry solemn—

"'Fritz, dere is somedings pad ish happen. De dog vas howl all night.'

"Und shoost den de newspaper came in, und I opens him und by shings, vot you dinks; dere vas a man's vife cracked his skull in Philadelphia!"

THE GHOST.

Sing to the tune of Yankee Doodle the words designated.

'TIS about twenty years since Abel Law,
A short, round-favored, merry
Old soldier of the Revolutionary
War,
Was wedded to
A most abominable shrew.
The temper, sir, of Shakespeare's Catharine
Could no more be compared with hers,
Than mine
With Lucifer's.

Her eyes were like a weasel's; she had a harsh
Face, like a cranberry marsh,
All spread
With spots of white and red;
Hair of the color of a wisp of straw,
And a disposition like a cross-cut saw.
The appellation of this lovely dame
Was Nancy; don't forget the name.

Her brother David was a tall,
Good-looking chap, and that was all;
One of your great, big nothings, as we say
Here in Rhode Island, picking up old jokes
And cracking them on other folks.
Well, David undertook one night to play
The Ghost, and frighten Abel, who,
He knew,
Would be returning from a journey through
A grove of forest wood
That stood
Below
The house some distance—half a mile, or so.

With a long taper
Cap of white paper,
Just made to cover
A wig, nearly as large over
As a corn-basket, and a sheet
With both ends made to meet
Across his breast,
(The way in which ghosts are always dressed,)
He took

His station near
A huge oak-tree,
Whence he could overlook
The road and see
Whatever might appear.

It happened that about an hour before, friend Abel
Had left the table
Of an inn, where he had made a halt,
With horse and wagon,
To taste a flagon,
Of malt
Liquor, and so forth, which, being done.
He went on,
Caring no more for twenty ghosts,
Than if they were so many posts.

David was nearly tired of waiting;
His patience was abating;
At length, he heard the careless tones
Of his kinsman's voice,
And then the noise
Of wagon-wheels among the stones.
Abel was quite elated, and was roaring
With all his might, and pouring
Out, in great confusion,
Scraps of old songs made in "the Revolution."

His head was full of Bunker Hill and Trenton
And jovially he went on,
Scaring the whip-po-wills among the trees
With rhymes like these:—[Sings.]
"See the Yankees
Leave the hill,
With baggernetts declining,
With lopped-down hats
And rusty guns,
And leather aprons shining."
"See the Yankees—Whoa! Why, what is that?"
Said Abel, staring like a cat,
As, slowly on, the fearful figure strode
Into the middle of the road.

"My conscience! what a suit of clothes!
Some crazy fellow, I suppose.
Hallo! friend, what's your name? By the powers of gin,
That's a strange dress to travel in."
"Be silent, Abel; for I now have come
To read your doom;
Then hearken, while your fate I now declare.
I am a spirit"—"I suppose your are;
But you'll not hurt me, and I'll tell you why:
Here is a fact which you cannot deny;—
All spirits must be either good
Or bad—that's understood—
And be you good or evil, I am sure
That I'm secure.
If a good spirit, I am safe. If evil—
And I don't know but you may be the Devil—
If that's the case, you'll recollect, I fancy,
That I am married to your sister Nancy!"

A BIG MISTAKE.

RECENTLY our church had a new minister. He is a nice, good, sociable gentleman; but coming from a distant State, of course he was totally unacquainted with our people. Therefore it happened that during his pastoral calls, he made several ludicrous blunders. One as follows: The other evening he called upon Mrs. Haddon. She had just lost her husband, and she naturally supposed that his visit was relative to the sad occurrence. So, after a few common-places had been exchanged, she was not surprised to hear him remark:

"It was a sad bereavement, was it not, Mrs. Haddon?"

"Yes," faltered the widow.

"Totally unexpected?"

"Oh, yes; I never dreamed of it."

"He died in the barn, I suppose."

"Oh, no; in the house."

"Ah, well, I suppose you must have thought a great deal of him?"

"Of course, sir."

This was with vim. The minister looked rather surprised, crossed his legs and renewed the conversation.

"Blind staggers was the disease, I believe."

"No, sir," snapped the widow. "Apoplexy."

"Indeed; you must have fed him too much."

"He was quite capable of feeding himself, sir."

"Very intelligent he must have been. Died hard?"

"He did."

"You had to hit him on the head with an axe to put him out of his misery, I am told."

Mrs. Haddon's eyes snapped fire.

"Whoever told you that did not speak the truth," she haughtily uttered. "James died naturally."

"Yes," continued the minister, in a perplexed tone. "He kicked the side of the barn down in his last agonies, didn't he?"

"No, sir; he did not."

"Well, I have been misinformed, I suppose. How old was he?"

"Thirty-five."

"He did not do much active work. Perhaps you are better without him, for you can easily supply his place with a better one."

"*Never!* sir, will I find such a good one as he."

"Oh, yes you will; he had the heaves bad, you know."

"Nothing of the kind, sir."

"Why, I recollect I saw him one day, with you on his back, and I distinctly recollect that he had the heaves, and walked as if he had the spring-halt."

Mrs. H.'s eyes snapped fire, and she stared at the reverend visitor as if she imagined he was crazy.

"He could not have had the spring-halt, for he had a cork-leg," she replied.

"A cork-leg—remarkable; but really, didn't he have a dangerous trick of suddenly stopping and kicking the wagon all to pieces?"

"Never, sir; he was not mad."

"Probably not. But there were some good points about him."

"I should think so."

"The way in which he carried his ears, for example."

"Nobody ever noticed that particular merit," said the widow, with much asperity, "he was warm-hearted, generous and frank."

"Good qualities," answered the minister. "How long did it take him to go a mile?"

"About fifteen minutes."

"Not much of a goer. Wasn't his hair apt to fly?"

"He didn't have any hair, he was bald-headed."

"Quite a curiosity."

"No, sir; no more of a curiosity than you are."

The minister shifted uneasily, and got red in the face; but he returned to the attack.

"Did you use the whip much on him?"

"Never, sir."

"Went right along without it, eh?"

"Yes."

"He must have been a good sort of a *brute!*"

The widow sat down and cried.

"The idea of your coming here and insulting me," she sobbed. "If my husband had lived you would not have done it. Your remarks in reference to the poor dead man have been a series of insults, and I won't stand it."

He colored, and looked dumfounded.

"Ain't you Mrs. Blinkers?" at last he stammered, "and has not your gray horse just died?"

"No! no!" she cried. "I never owned a horse, but my husband died a week ago."

Ten minutes later that minister came out

of that house with the reddest face ever seen on mortal man.

"And to think," he groaned, as he strode home, "that I was talking horse to that woman all the time—and she was talking husband."

THE DUEL.

Imitate the "bow-wow" of the dog and the "me-ow" of the cat; at least, so deliver the words as to convey the idea of the barking and the mewing.

THE gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and what do you think,
Neither of them had slept a wink!
And the old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Seemed to know, as sure as fate,
There was going to be an awful spat.

(I wasn't there—I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate.)

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "me-ow?"
And the air was streaked for an hour or so
With fragments of gingham and calico.
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!

(Now mind, I'm simply telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true.)

The Chinese plate looked very blue
And wailed: "Oh, dear what shall we do?"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
And utilized every tooth and claw
In the awfulest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!

(Don't think that I exaggerate
I got my news from the Chinese plate.)

Next morning where the two had sat
They found no trace of the dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away;
But the truth about that cat and pup
Is that they ate each other up—
Now, what do you think of that?

(The old Dutch clock, it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)

EUGENE FIELD.

PLAYING JOKES ON A GUIDE.

EUROPEAN guides know about enough English to tangle every thing up so that a man can make neither head nor tail of it. They know their story by heart,—the history of every statue, painting, cathedral, or other wonder they show you. They know it and tell it as a parrot would; and if you interrupt, and throw them off the track, they have to go back and begin over again. All their lives long, they are employed in showing strange things to foreigners and listening to their bursts of admiration.

After we discovered this, we never went into ecstasies any more, we never admired anything, we never showed any but impassible faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the sublimest wonders a guide had to display. We had found their weak point. We made some of those people savage, at times, but we never lost our serenity.

The doctor asked the questions generally, because he can keep his countenance, and look more like an inspired idiot, and throw more imbecility into the tone of his voice

than any man that lives. It comes natural to him.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder, and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation—full of impatience. He said:

"Come wis me, genteelmen!—come! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!—write it wis his own hand!—come!"

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide's eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger.

"What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so? See! handwriting Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!"

We looked indifferent, unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest,

"Ah—what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

Another deliberate examination.

"Ah—did he write it himself, or—or how?"

"He write it himself!—Christopher Colombo! he's own handwriting, write by himself!"

Then the doctor laid the document down, and said,

"Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that."

"But zis is ze great Christo—"

"I don't care who it is! It's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you mustn't think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out!—and if you haven't, drive on!"

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said,

"Ah, genteelmen, you come wis me! I show you beautiful, oh, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo—splendid, grand, magnificent!"

He brought us before the beautiful bust—for it *was* beautiful—and sprang back and struck an attitude:

"Ah, look, genteelmen!—beautiful, grand—bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

The doctor put up his eye-glass—procured for such occasions:

"Ah—what did you say this gentleman's name was?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

"Christopher Colombo—the great Christopher Colombo. Well, what did *he* do?"

"Discover America!—discover America, oh, ze devil!"

"Discover America? No—that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Colombo—pleasant name—is—is he dead?"

"Oh, corpo di Baccho!—three hundred year!"

"What did he die of?"

"I do not know. I cannot tell."

"Small-pox, think?"

"I do not know, genteelmen—I do not know *what* he died of."

"Measles, likely?"

"Maybe—maybe. I do *not* know—I think he die of something."

"Parents living?"

"Im-possible!"

"Ah—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?"

"Santa Maria!—*zis* ze bust!—*zis* ze pedestal!"

"Ah, I see, I see—happy combination—very happy combination indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?"

That joke was lost on the foreigner; guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke.

We have made it interesting for this Roman guide. Yesterday we spent three or four hours in the Vatican again, that wonderful world of curiosities. We came very near expressing interest sometimes, even admiration. It was hard to keep from it. We succeeded, though. Nobody else ever did, in the Vatican museums. The guide was bewildered, nonplussed. He walked his legs off, nearly, hunting up extraordinary things, and exhausted all his ingenuity on us, but it was a failure; we never showed any interest in anything. He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder till the last—a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the world, perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sure, this time, that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him:

"See, genteelmen!—Mummy! Mummy!"

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

"Ah—what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was?"

"Name?—he got no name!—Mummy!—'Gyptian mummy!"

"Yes, yes. Born here?"

"No. *'Gyptian* mummy."

"Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?"

"No!—*not* Frenchman, not Roman!—born in Egypta!"

"Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy—mummy. How calm he is, how self-possessed! Is—ah—is he dead?"

"Oh, *sacre bleu!* been dead three thousan' year!"

The doctor turned on him, savagely:

"Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this? Playing us for Chinamen because we are strangers and trying to learn! Trying to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on *us!* Thunder and lightning! I've a notion to—to—if you've got a nice *fresh* corpse, fetch him out!—or, by George, we'll brain you!" MARK TWAIN.

A PARODY.

THE boy stood on the backyard fence,
whence all but him had fled;
The flames that lit his father's barn shone
just above the shed.
One bunch of crackers in his hand, two others in
his hat,
With piteous accents loud he cried, "I never
thought of that!"
A bunch of crackers to the tail of one small dog
he'd tied;
The dog in anguish sought the barn, and 'mid its
ruins died.
The sparks flew wide and red and hot, they lit
upon that brat;
They fired the crackers in his hand, and e'en
those in his hat.
Then came a burst of rattling sound—the boy!
Where was he gone?
Ask of the winds that far around strewed bits of
meat and bone,
And scraps of clothes, and balls, and tops, and
nails, and hooks and yarn—
The relics of that dreadful boy that burned his
father's barn.

MAN'S DEVOTION.

JAKE BOGGLES was a country youth,
Who paid his debts and told the truth.

He labored hard, and seemed content
With life, no matter how it went,

'Till with a girl named Sally Skreels
He fell in love head over heels.

Now Sally's father wasn't worth
A dollar or a foot of earth,

And Jake's paternal parent owed
Most every other man he knowed;

But Jake, who had a valiant heart,
Vowed that he'd work and get a start,

And with the help of Sally, dear,
He'd own a farm within a year.

Now Sally, who was cold
And pretty—that is, pretty old,

Pretended that for her dear Jacob
The heaviest cross she'd gladly take up;

But, really, she cared no more
For Jake than for the shoes he wore.

An old maid's matrimonial chances
Grow very slim as time advances,

And this explains why Sally Skreels
Proposed to share Jake's bed and meals.

They married. Time fled on apace—
Jake rented old Bill Scroggins' place

And went to work resolved to make
A fortune for his Sally's sake.

Poor soul, he toiled with all his might,
From early morn till late at night;

But, ah! no kind, approving word
From Sally's lips was ever heard.

She lay around, chewed wax and sung
Love songs she'd learned when she was young;

Read old love letters she had got
From boobies, long since gone to pot;

Yawned o'er a scrap book filled with bosh
Collected by her Cousin Josh;

Trimmed her old hat in various ways
With all the gew-gaws she could raise.

In fact, she proved herself to be
A slip-shod lump of frivolity.

Poor Jake, he worked and ate cold meals,
Wore socks with neither toes nor heels,

Washed his own clothes when Sunday came
And sewed fresh buttons on the same.

Got breakfast while his Sally slept,
Washed up the dishes, dusted, swept—

There's no use talking, Jacob strove
To prove how perfect was his love.

One day Sal ate too many beans,
Grew sick and went to other scenes.

From that day forth Jake seldom spoke,
Or smiled, or worked—his heart was broke.

In the poor-house now he sits and grieves,
And wipes his eyes on his threadbare sleeves.

MORAL.—I've told you this to let you see
What an all-fired fool a man can be.

PARMENAS HILL.

AUNT POLLY'S "GEORGE WASHINGTON."

"GEORGE WASHIN'TON!"

From down the hill the answer floated up, muffled by the distance—

"Ma'm?"

"Come heah, sah!"

Aunt Polly folded her arms and leaned against the doorway and waited for the appearance of her son and heir above the edge of the hill on which her cabin stood.

"George Washin'ton," she said, "you sar-

tainly is de laziest nigger I eber see. How, long, sah, does you s'pose you was a-comin' up dat hill? You don' no? I don' nether; 'twas so long I los' all count. You'll bring yore mudder's gray har in sorrer to de grabe yet, wid yore pokin' and slowness, see if you don'. Heah I is waitin' and a'waitin' on you for to go down to ole Mass' Cunningham's wid dose tings. Take 'em to de young city man boardin' dar, and tell him dese is his clean close dat yore old mudder washed, and dat dey comes to fifty cents. And if you let de grass grow under yore feet, George Washin'ton, or spiles dese close, or loses dat fifty cents, I'll break yore bones, chile, when you comes home. You heah dat?"

George Washington rested his basket on his hip and jogged along. Meditations as to what his mother might have for supper on the strength of the fifty cents brightened his visage and accelerated his steps. His fancy revelled in visions of white biscuit and crisp bacon floating in its own grease. He was gravely weighing the relative merits of spring chicken fried and more elderly chicken stewed, when—

There was only one muddy place on George Washington's route to town; that was down at the foot of the hill, by the railroad track. Why should his feet slip from under him, and he go sliding into the mud right there? It was too bad. It did not hurt him, but those shirts and shining collars, alas! Some of them tumbled out, and he lifted them up all spattered and soiled.

He sat down and contemplated the situation with an expression of speechless solemnity. He was afraid to go back, and he was afraid to go on, but he would rather face the "city man" than his mother; and with a sigh that nearly burst the twine string that did duty as a suspender, he lifted the linen into its place and trudged on.

The young folks at "Mass' Cunningham's" sent him to the boarder's room, with many a jest on his slowness, and he shook in his ragged clothes when the young man lifted the things from the basket to put them away.

He exclaimed in anger at their soiled appearance, and, of course, immediately bundled them back into the basket.

"Here, George," he said, "take these back to your mother to wash, and don't you dare, you little vagabond! ever bring such looking things to me again."

Slowly the namesake of our illustrious countryman climbed the hill toward home; slowly he entered and set down his basket. The rapidity with which he emerged from the door, about three minutes later, might have led a stranger to believe that it was a different boy. But it was not. It was the same George.

The next afternoon came around, and George Washington again departed on his errand. No thoughts of supper or good things ran rife in his brain to-day. He attended strictly to business. His mother, standing in the door-way, called after him: "Be keerful, George Washin'ton, 'bout de train. I heer'd it at de upper junction jess now. It'll be long trectly."

George Washington nodded and disappeared. He crossed the muddy place in safety, and breathed more freely. He was turning toward town, when something on the railroad track caught his eye. There lay the big rock that had been on the hill above ever since he could remember; it was right in the track. He wondered how the coming train would get over it.

Across on the other side, the hill sloped down to a deep ravine. What if the big rock pushed the train off! His heart gave a great jump. He had heard them talk of an accident once, where many people were killed. He thought of running to tell some-

body, but it was a good way to the next house, and just then he heard the train faintly; it was too late for that. Just above, in the direction that the train was coming, was a sharp curve. It could not stop if it came tearing round that, and on the other side of the bend was a very high trestle that made him sick to look at.

The slow, dull boy stood and trembled.

In a moment more he had set his basket carefully in the bush, and ran around the curve. At the edge of the trestle he paused, and then dropping on his hands and knees, crept as fast as he could over the dizzy height to the other side. He staggered to his feet, and ran on.

When the train dashed in sight, the engineer spied a small object on the track, pointing frantically behind him. The child ran away from the track, but continued to wave and point and shout "Stop!"

The train whistled and slackened. George Washington, hatless and breathless, was jerked into the engine, where he gasped, "Big rock on de track round de curve." The train was moved slowly over the trestle and stopped in the curve, and there, indeed, was the rock that might have hurled them all down to death, but for that ridiculous-looking little boy.

Meanwhile in the cabin, Aunt Polly was restless, and concluded to go down to the foot of the hill, and wait for George Washington. Behold, then, as she appeared down the path, the sight that met her gaze.

"What's dis boy bin a-doin'! I'se his mother. I is. What's dis mean?"

On this identical train was the president of the road.

"Why, auntie," he said, "you have a boy to be proud of. He crept over the high trestle and warned the train, and maybe saved all our lives. He is a hero."

Aunt Polly was dazed.

"A hearo," she said; "dat's a big t'ing for a little black nigger. George Washin'ton, whar's dat basket?"

"In de bushes, mammy; I'se gwine for to get it."

The train was nearly ready to be off. The president called Aunt Polly aside, and she came back with a beaming face, and five ten-dollar bills clutched in her hands.

Aunt Polly caught George in her arms.

"Dey sed you was a hearo, George Washin'ton, but you is yore mammy's own boy, and you shall hab chicken for yore supper dis berry night, and a whole poun' cake tomorrow, yes, you shall!"

And when George Washington returned the gentleman his washing, he, like his namesake, was a hero.

MINE VAMILY.

DIMPLED scheeks, mit eyes off plue,
Mout' like it was mois'd mit dew,
Und leedle teeth shust peekin' droo—
Dot's der baby.

Curly hed und full of glee.
Drowsers all oudt at der knee—
He vas peen playin' horss, you see—
Dot's leedle Otto.

Von hunderd seexty in der shade,
Der oder day ven she was veighed—
She beats me soon, I vas afraid—
Dot's mine Gretchen.

Bare-footed hed, und pooty stoudt,
Mit grooked legs dot vill bend oudt,
Fond off his beer und sauer-kraut—
Dot's me himself.

Von schmall young baby, full of fun,
Von leedle, pright-eyed, roguish son,
Von frau to greet vhen vork was done—
Dot's mine vamily. YAWCOB STRAUSS.

AT THE GARDEN GATE.

THEY lingered at the garden gate,
The moon was full above;
He took her darling hand in his,
The trembling little dove,
And pressed it to his fervent lips,
And softly told his love.

About her waist he placed his arm,
He called her all his own;
His heart, he said, it ever beat
For her, and her alone;
And he was happier than a king
Upon a golden throne.

"Come weal, come woe," in ardent ton
This youth continued he,
"As is the needle to the pole,
So I will constant be;
No power on earth shall tear thee, love,
Away, I swear, from me!"

From out the chamber window popped
A grizzly night-capped head;
A hoarse voice yelled: "You, Susan Jane,
Come in and go to bed!"
And that was all—it was enough;
The young man wildly fled.

THE MINISTER'S CALL.

THE Rev. Mr. Mulkittle having successfully organized a church fair, was a very happy man. It had been hinted that the congregation were a "little short" on raising the reverend gentleman's salary, hence the proceeds of the fair would more than supply the deficiency.

The good man, after retiring from a profitable afternoon's work, during which he had assured dyspeptics that potato salad would not hurt them, seated himself by the library fire, when the "youngest" entered.

"Where have you been, pa?"

"To the fair."

"What fair?"

"Our church fair."

"Did they have it out to the fair grounds?"

"No."

"Where then?"

"Down town in our church."

"Did they have horses and cows?"

"Oh, no! they didn't show anything."

"Well, what did they do?"

"Oh, they sold toys and something for people to eat."

"Did they sell it to the poor?"

"They sold it to anybody who had money."

"Oh, papa! it was the feast of the passover, wasn't it?"

Mr. Mulkittle took up a newspaper and began to read.

"Do you want me to be a preacher, pa?"

"Yes, if the Lord calls you."

"Did the Lord call you?"

"Yes."

"What did He say?"

"Told me to go and preach the gospel to every living creature."

"Didn't tell you to preach to niggers, did He?"

"That'll do now."

"You thought the Lord had called you again the other day, did you?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," said the minister.

"Don't you know the other day you told ma you had a call to go to some place, and you would go if you could get two hundred dollars more. Wouldn't the Lord give you the two hundred dollars?"

"Didn't I tell you to hush, sir?" said the minister, throwing down his paper and glaring at his son.

"No, sir; you told me to behave myself."

"Well, see that you do."

"I wish you'd tell me—"

"Tell you what?"

"'Bout the call."

"Well, a church in another town wanted me to come there and preach."

"Why didn't you go?"

"Couldn't afford it. They didn't pay enough money."

"Call wasn't loud enough, was it?"

"Well, hardly," asserted Mr. Mulkittle, with a smile "It wasn't loud enough to be very interesting."

"If it had been louder, would you went?"

"I should have gone if they had offered me more money."

"It wasn't the Lord that called you that time then, was it?"

"I think not."

"How much money did the Lord offer you?"

"Do you see that door?"

"No sir; which door?"

"That one."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, go out and shut it."

"I want to stay in here."

"You cannot."

"Why?"

"Because you are too foolishly inquisitive."

"What's foolish 'quisitive?"

"Asking so many questions."

"How many must I ask?"

"None."

"Then I couldn't talk, could I?"

"It would be better for you, if you couldn't talk so much."

"How much must I talk?"

"Here, I'll give you ten cents now, if you'll go away and hush."

"Call ain't strong enough," said the boy, shaking his head.

"Well, here's a quarter," said the preacher, smiling.

"Call is strong enough; I'll go."

LED BY A CALF.

ONE day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home, as good as calves should,
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.
Since then two hundred years have fled,
And, I infer, the calf is dead.
But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs a mortal tale.

The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way,
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.
And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made.

And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath,
Because 'twas such a crooked path;
But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migration of that calf,
And through the winding woodway stalked
Because he wabbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane,
That bent and turned and turned again;
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse, with his load,
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And traveled some three miles in one.
And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swiftness fleet,

The road became a village street.
And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare,
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.

And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf;
Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zigzag calf about;
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.

TOM GOLDY'S LITTLE JOKE.

TOM GOLDY was a ladies' man,
And popular among them, very—
The reason why? Because he was
A maker of confectionery.

Tom's peppermints and caramels
Were always fresh and handy;
And so he entertained his guests
With packages of candy.

Tom gave a grand reception once—
It was a sweet occasion—
The ladies took his caramels
And needed no persuasion.

And when he freely passed around
His most delicious fare,
To all the damsels there that night
He gave an equal share.

But one, and she a gossip, too,
Was singled out for honor,
By having twice what others had
Of sweets bestowed upon her.

"Twice what you gave us." One and all
Against Tom laid this charge;
Tom slyly winked and said, "Why not?
Her mouth is twice as large."

HOW HEZEKIAH STOLE THE SPOONS.

IN a quiet little Ohio village, many years ago, was a tavern where the stages always changed, and the passengers expected to get breakfast. The landlord of the said hotel was noted for his tricks upon travelers, who were allowed to get fairly seated at the table, when the driver would blow his horn (after taking his "horn"), and sing out, "Stage ready, gentlemen!"—whereupon the passengers were obliged to hurry out to take their seats, leaving a scarcely tasted breakfast behind them, for which, however, they had to pay over fifty cents! One day, when the stage was approaching the house of this obliging landlord, a passenger said that he had often heard of the landlord's trick, and he was afraid they would not be able to eat any breakfast.

"What!—how? No breakfast!" exclaimed the rest.

"Exactly so, gents, and you may as well keep your seats and tin."

"Don't they expect passengers to breakfast?"

"Oh! yes! they expect you to it, but not to eat it. I am under the impression that there is an understanding between the landlord and the driver that for sundry and various drinks, etc., the latter starts before you can scarcely commence eating."

"What on airth are you all talking about? Ef you calkelate I'm going to pay four and ninepence for my breakfast, and not get the valee on't you're mistaken," said a voice from a back seat, the owner of which was one Hezekiah Spaulding—though "tew hum"

they call him "Hez" for short. "I'm goin' to get my breakfast here, and not pay nary red cent till I do."

"Then you'll be left."

"Not as you knows on, I guess I won't."

"Well, we'll see," said the other, as the stage drove up to the door and the landlord ready "to do the hospitable," says—

"Breakfast just ready, gents! Take a wash, gents? Here's water, basins, towels, and soap."

After performing the ablutions, they all proceeded to the dining-room, and commenced a fierce onslaught upon the edibles, though Hez took his time. Scarcely had they tasted their coffee when they heard the unwelcome sound of the horn, and the driver exclaim, "Stage ready!" Up rise eight grumbling passengers, pay their fifty cents, and take their seats.

"All on board, gents?" inquires the host.

"One missing," said they.

Proceeding to the dining-room the host finds Hez very coolly helping himself to an immense piece of steak, the size of a horse's hip.

"You'll be left, sir! Stage going to start."

"Wall, I hain't got nothin' agin it," drawls out Hez.

"Can't wait, sir—better take your seat."

"I'll be blowed ef I do, nother, till I've got my breakfast! I paid for it, and I am goin' to get the valee on't it; and ef you calkelate I hain't you are mistaken."

So the stage did start, and left Hez, who continued his attack upon the edibles. Biscuit, coffee, etc., disappeared before the eyes of the astonished landlord.

"Say, squire, them there cakes is 'bout eat—fetch on another grist on 'em. You" (to the waiter), "'nother cup of that ere coffee. Pass them eggs. Raise your own pork, squire? This is 'mazin' nice ham. Land 'bout here tolerable cheap, squire? Hain't much maple timber in these parts, hev ye? Dew right smart trade, squire, I calkelate?" And thus Hez kept quizzing the landlord until he had made a hearty meal.

"Say, squire, now I'm 'bout to conclude paying my devowers to this ere table, but just give us a bowl of bread and milk to top off with; I'd be much obleeged tew ye."

So out go the landlord and waiter for the bowl, milk, and bread, and set them before him.

"Spoon, tew, ef you please."

But no spoon could be found. Landlord was sure he had plenty of silver ones lying on the table when the stage stopped.

"Say, dew ye? dew ye think them passengers is goin' to pay ye for a breakfuss and not git no compensashun?"

"Ah! what? Do you think any of the passengers took them?"

"Dew I think? No, I don't think, but I'm sartin. Ef they are all as green as yew 'bout here I'm going to locate immediately and tew wonst."

The landlord rushes out to the stable, and starts a man off after the stage, which had gone about three miles. The man overtakes and says something to the driver in a low tone. He immediately turns back, and on arriving at the hotel Hez comes out, takes his seat, and says:

"How are yew, gents? I'm glad to see yew."

"Can you point out the man you think has the spoons?" asked the landlord.

"P'int him out? Sartenly I ken. Say, squire, I paid yew four and ninepence for a breakfuss, and I calkelate I got the valee on't it! You'll find them spoons in the coffee-pot."

"Go ahead! All aboard, driver."

The landlord stared,

TWO KINDS OF POLLIWOGS.

WIGGLE, waggle, how they go,
Through the sunny waters,
Swimming high and swimming low,
Froggie's sons and daughters.

What a wondrous little tail
Each black polly carries,
Helm and oar at once, and sail,
That for wind ne'er tarries.

Lazy little elves! at morn
Never in a hurry,
In the brook where they were born
Business did not worry.

When the sun goes in they sink
To their muddy pillow,
There they lie and eat and drink
Of soft mud their fill, oh.

When has passed the gloomy cloud,
And the storm is over,
Up they come, a jolly crowd,
From their oozy cover.

Wiggle, waggle, how they go!
Knowing nothing better,
Yet they are destined to outgrow
Each his dusky fetter.

Watch! they now are changing fast,
Some unduly cherish
The dark skin whose use is past,
So they sink and perish.

Others, of their new-birth pain
Bitterly complaining,
Would forego their unknown gain,
Polliwogs remaining.

There are other folk, to-day,
Who, with slight endeavor,
"Give it up," and so they stay
Polliwogs forever.

AUGUSTA MOORE.

THE BEST SEWING-MACHINE.

"GOT one? Don't say so! Which did you get?
One of the kind to open and shut?
Own it or hire it? How much did you pay?
Does it go with a crank or a treadle? S-a-y.
I'm a single man, and somewhat green;
Tell me about your sewing-machine."

"Listen, my boy, and hear all about it:
I don't know what I could do without it;
I've owned one now for more than a year,
And like it so well that I call it 'my dear;'
'Tis the cleverest thing that ever was seen,
This wonderful family sewing-machine.

"It's none of your angular Wheeler things,
With steel-shod back and cast-iron wings;
Its work would bother a hundred of his,
And worth a thousand! Indeed it is;
And has a way—you need not stare—
Of combing and braiding its own back hair!

"Mine is one of the kind to love,
And wears a shawl and a soft kid glove;
Has the merriest eyes and the daintiest foot,
And sports the charmingest gaiter-boot,
And a bonnet with feathers, and ribbons, and loops,
With any infinite number of hoops.

"None of your patent machines for me,
Unless Dame Nature's the patentee;
I like the sort that can laugh and talk,
And take my arm for an evening walk;
That will do whatever the owner may choose,
With the slightest perceptible turn of the screws;

"One that can dance, and—possibly—flirt;
And make a pudding as well as a shirt;
One that can sing without dropping a stitch,
And play the housewife, lady, or witch;
Ready to give the sagest advice,
Or to do up your collars and things so nice.

"What do you think of my machine?
A'n't it the best that ever was seen?
'Tisn't a clumsy, mechanical toy,
But flesh and blood! Hear that, my boy?
With a turn for gossip and household affairs,
Which include, you know, the sewing of tears.

"Tut, tut, don't talk. I see it all—
You needn't keep winking so hard at the wall:
I know what your fidgety fumblings mean;
You would like, yourself, a sewing-machine!
Well, get one, then—of the same design—
There are plenty left where I got mine!"

HOW THEY SAID GOOD-NIGHT.

THEY have had a long evening together (three whole hours), but it doesn't seem more than five minutes to them. Still, the inexorable clock is announcing the hour of eleven in the most forcible and uncompromising manner. He knows that he ought to go, because he must be at the store at seven in the morning; she fully realizes that his immediate departure is necessary, for has not her father threatened that he will come down and "give that young Simpkins a piece of his mind if he don't leave by eleven o'clock in the future?" They both understand that the fatal hour has come, yet how they hate to part!

"Well, I suppose I *must* be going," he says, with a long, regretful sigh.

"Yes, I suppose you must," she rejoins.

Then they gaze into each other's eyes; then she pillows her head upon his bosom; then their lips meet, and he mentally swears that if he can get his salary raised to eighteen dollars a week he will make her Mrs. G. W. Simpkins without further agonizing delay.

The clock looks on with a cynical expression on its face. It is doing its duty, and if old man Smith comes down stairs and destroys the peace of mind of this loving couple, it will not be its fault.

He asks her if she will not be happy when the time comes that they will never, never have to part, and she murmurs an affirmative response. Then follow more kissing and embracing. If G. W. Simpkins were told now that he would ever come home to her at 2 A.M. with fabulous tales of accidents by flood and field, and on the Elevated Railroad, would he believe it? No; a smile of incredulity and scorn would wreathe his lips, and he would forthwith clasp her to his breast.

He knows that other men do such things, but he is not that sort of man. Beside, he will have the immense advantage over all others of his sex in possessing the only absolutely perfect specimen of femininity extant. He thinks that he will never be happy anywhere away from her side, and he tells her so, and she believes him.

The clock does not announce the quarter-hour, because it is not built that way, but, nevertheless, it is now 11.15. They do not imagine that it is later than 11.02. He asks her if she ever loved any one else, and she says "No;" and then he reminds her of a certain Tom Johnson with whom she used to go to the theatre, at which she becomes angry and says that he (G. W. Simpkins) is a "real mean thing." Then G. W. S. arises with an air of dignity, and says that he is much obliged to her for her flattering opinion; and she says that he is quite welcome.

Just then a heavy foot-fall is heard up-stairs. She glances at the clock, and perceives to her dismay that it is 11.20. She had expected to have a nice little quarrel, followed by the usual reconciliation, but there is no time for that now. She throws her arms

around his neck, and whispers in great agitation that she believes pa is coming. G. W. S. quakes inwardly, for her pa is about four sizes larger than himself, and of a cruel, vindictive nature. But he assumes an air of bravado, and darkly hints at the extreme probability that the room in which they stand will be the scene of a sanguinary conflict in the immediate future, should any one venture to cross his path. Then she begs him to remember that papa, notwithstanding his faults, is still her father. At this he magnanimously promises to spare the old man.

But the footstep is heard no more; papa does not appear. G. W. S. puts on his overcoat. Then the couple stand by the door and settle the Tom Johnson matter. She says she never cared for Tom Johnson, and he says he knows it and that he (G. W. S., you understand) is a brute, and that she is an angel, and that he will never again refer to the aforesaid Tom Johnson. He will, though, the very next time they meet, just as he has every time they have met for the last two months.

While they are talking the clock strikes the half hour, but they don't hear it. The Johnson business disposed of, they discuss their future prospects, vow eternal fidelity, compare themselves to all the famous lovers of history (to none of whom they bear the slightest resemblance), make an appointment for Wednesday evening (on which occasion G. W. S. will have the extreme felicity of spending two-thirds of his week's salary for theatre tickets and a supper at the Brunswick), and indulge in the usual osculation.

Suddenly the clock begins to strike twelve, and at the same moment a hoarse masculine cough is heard in the room overhead. The fatal moment has really and truly arrived this time. One more kiss, one more embrace, and they part—he to go home and oversleep in the morning, and be docked fifty cents at the store; she to receive the reproaches of an irate parent, who hasn't been young for such a long time himself that he has forgotten all about it.

JOSIAR'S COURTING.

I NEVER kin forgit the day
That we went out a walkin'
And sot down on the river bank,
And kept on hours a-talkin';
He twisted up my apron string,
An' folded it together,
An' said he thought for harvest-time
'Twas cur'us kind o' weather.

The sun went down as we sot there—
Josiar seemed uneasy,
An' mother, she began to call:
"Loweezy! Come, Loweezy!"
An' then Josiar spoke right up,
As I wos just a startin'
An' said, "Loweezy, what's the use
Of us two ever partin?"

It kind o' took me by surprise,
An' yet I knew 'twas comin'—
I'd heard it all the summer long
In every wild bee's hummin';
I meant to hide my love from him,
But seems as if he knew it;
I'd studied out the way I'd act,
But la! I couldn't do it.

It darker grew as we sot there,
But Josiar seemed quite easy,
And mother had to call again,
"Loweezy! Come, Loweezy!"

PATHETIC RECITATIONS.



It is a common saying that the public speaker who can draw both smiles and tears from his audience is the highest type of orator. The same is true of the reciter. If you would awaken pathetic emotions in the hearts of your hearers, you must have recitations suited to this purpose, tender in sentiment and full of feeling. A charming collection of such pieces is here furnished.

Put yourself fully into the spirit of each selection. Do not deliver a pathetic recitation in a cold, unfeeling manner. Look well to the tones of your voice and facial expression. If you feel the words you are uttering, the subtle influence cannot fail to move those who hear you. You cannot put on an appearance of feeling; give reality to all the emotions your words express.

PLAY SOFTLY, BOYS.

Observe the Irish brogue in this selection.

I'M thinkin' av the goolden head
I nestled to my breast;
They're telling me, "He's betther off."
And sayin', "God knows best."
But, oh, my heart is breakin'
And the wild, wild waves at play
Where the goolden head is buried low.
Close to Manila Bay.

I'm thinkin' av the roguish eyes
Of tender Irish gray;
They're tellin' me, "He's betther off,"
And, "I'll thank God some day."
But, oh, my heart is breakin'
And the wild, wild waves at play,
And my baby's eyes all closed in death
Close to Manila Bay.

I'm thinkin' av the little hands
That's fastened 'round my heart;
They're tellin' me, "Have courage,
Sure, life's to meet and part."
But, oh, my heart is breakin'
And the wild, wild waves at play,
And my baby's hands so stiff and cold
Close to Manila Bay.

I'm thinkin' av the noble boy
That kissed my tears away;
They're tellin' me, "How brave he was,
And foremost in the fray!"
But, oh, my heart is breakin'
And the wild, wild waves at play,
And my baby and my soldier dead—
Close to Manila Bay.

Play softly, boys, I know you will,
Remembering he's away—
My boy, who proudly marched with ye
On last St. Patrick's Day.
Play softly, boys, I know ye will,
And the wild, wild waves at play,
And your comrade lying lonely,
Close to Manila Bay.

Play softly, boys, I know ye will,
And hush this pain to rest—
And soothe the bitter agony
That's tearin' at my breast.
How can ye march at all, at all,
And the wild, wild waves at play,
And the boy who loved ye lying cold—
Close to Manila Bay?

TERESA BEATRICE O'HARE.

IN THE BAGGAGE COACH AHEAD.

ON a dark stormy night, as the train rattled on,
All the passengers had gone to bed,
Except one young man with a babe on his arm,
Who sat there with a bowed-down head.

The innocent one commenced crying just then,
As though its poor heart would break.
One angry man said, "Make that child stop its noise,
For you're keeping all of us awake."

"Put it out," said another; "don't keep it in here,
We've paid for our berths and want rest."
But never a word said the man with the child,
As he fondled it close to his breast.

"Where is its mother? Go, take it to her—"
This a lady then softly said.
"I wish that I could," was the man's sad reply,
"But she's dead in the coach ahead."

Every eye filled with tears when his story he told,
Of a wife who was faithful and true.
He told how he's saved up his earnings for years
Just to build up a home for two.

How, when Heaven had sent them this sweet little babe,
Their young happy lives were blessed.
In tears he broke down when he mentioned her name,
And in tears tried to tell them the rest.

Every woman arose to assist with the child;
There were mothers and wives on that train,
And soon was the little one sleeping in peace,
With no thoughts of sorrow and pain.

Next morn' at a station he bade all good-bye.
"God bless you," he softly said.
Each one had a story to tell in their home
Of the baggage coach ahead.

While the train rolled onward a husband sat in tears,
Thinking of the happiness of just a few short years,
For baby's face brings pictures of a cherished hope that's dead;
But baby's cries can't wake her in the baggage coach ahead.

THE MISSING ONE.

The deep pathos of these lines should be expressed by a trembling utterance. Put tears in your voice, if you can do this difficult thing. All the life and spirit are taken out of the old man as he thinks of the regiment returning without his son, whose desolate grave is somewhere on the Cuban shore.

I DON'T think I'll go into town to see the boys come back;
My bein' there would do no good in all that jam and pack;
There'll be enough to welcome them—to cheer them when they come
A-marchin' bravely to the time that's beat upon the drum—
They'll never miss me in the crowd—not one of 'em will care
If, when the cheers are ringin' loud, I'm not among them there.

I went to see them march away—I hollered with the rest,
And didn't they look fine, that day, a-marchin' four abreast,
With my boy James up near the front, as handsome as could be,
And wavin' back a fond farewell to mother and to me!
I vow my old knees trimbled so, when they had all got by,
I had to jist set down upon the curbstone there and cry.

And now they're comin' home again! The record that they won
Was sich as shows we still have men, when men's work's to be done!
There wasn't one of 'em that flinched, each feller stood the test—
Wherever they were sent they sailed right in and done their best!
They didn't go away to play—they knowed what was in store—
But there's a grave somewhere to-day, down on the Cuban shore!

I guess that I'll not go to town to see the boys come in;
I don't jist feel like mixin' up in all that crush and din!
There'll be enough to welcome them—to cheer them when they come
A-marchin' bravely to the time that's beat upon the drum,
And the boys'll never notice—not a one of 'em will care,
For the soldier that would miss me ain't a goin' to be there!

S. E. KISER.

IN MEMORIAM.

It was a strange coincidence, and a fitting end for a noble old seaman who had given his life to the service of his country, that Rear-Admiral W. A. Kirkland, U. S. N., and once commandant at Mare Island, should die the day peace was declared between our country and Spain. In strong tones give the command, "Cease firing!" Point to "the red flames," "the gray smoke-shrouded hills," "the weary troops," "the armored squadron," etc. On the first two lines of the last verse use Figure 11 of Typical Gestures.

"CEASE firing!" Lo, the bugles call—
"Cease!" and the red flame dies away.
The thunders sleep; along the gray
Smoke-shrouded hills the echoes fall.

"Cease firing!" Close the columns fold
Their shattered wings; the weary troops
Now stand at ease; the ensign droops;
The heated chargers' flanks turn cold.

"Cease firing!" Down, with point reversed,
The reeking, crimson sabre drips;
Cool grow the fevered cannon's lips—
Their wreathing vapors far dispersed.

"Cease firing!" From the sponson's rim
The mute, black muzzles frown across
The sea, where swelling surges toss
The armored squadrons, silent, grim.

"Cease firing!" Look, white banners show
Along the groves where heroes sleep—
Above the graves where men lie deep—
In pure, soft flutterings of snow.

"Cease firing!" Glorious and sweet
For country 'tis to die—and comes
The Peace—and bugles blow and drums
Are sounding out the Last Retreat.

THOMAS R. GREGORY, U. S. N.

THE DYING NEWSBOY.

IN an attic bare and cheerless, Jim, the newsboy, dying lay,
On a rough but clean straw pallet, at the fading of the day;
Scant the furniture about him, but bright flowers were in the room,
Crimson phloxes, waxen lilies, roses laden with perfume.
On a table by the bedside, open at a well-worn page,
Where the mother had been reading, lay a Bible stained by age.
Now he could not hear the verses; he was flighty, and she wept
With her arms around her youngest, who close to her side had crept.

Blacking boots and selling papers, in all weathers day by day,
Brought upon poor Jim consumption, which was eating life away.
And this cry came with his anguish for each breath a struggle cost,
"'Ere's the morning *Sun* and *'Erald*—latest news of steamship lost.

Papers, mister? Morning papers?" Then the cry fell to a moan,
Which was changed a moment later to another frenzied tone:
"Black yer boots, sir? Just a nickel! Shine 'em like an evening star.
It grows late, Jack! Night is coming. Evening papers, here they are!"

Soon a mission teacher entered, and approached the humble bed;
Then poor Jim's mind cleared an instant, with his cool hand on his head.
"Teacher," cried he, "I remember what you said the other day,
Ma's been reading of the Saviour, and through Him I see my way.

"He is with me! Jack, I charge you of our mother take good care
When Jim's gone! Hark! boots or papers, which will I be over there?
Black yer boots, sir? Shine 'em right up! Papers! Read God's book instead,
Better'n papers that to die on! Jack—" one gasp, and Jim was dead!

MRS. EMILY THORNTON.

"COALS OF FIRE."

THE coffin was a plain one—no flowers on its top, no lining of rose-white satin for the pale brow, no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap, with its neat tie beneath the chin. "I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor child, as the city undertaker screwed down the top. "You can't: get out of the way, boy! Why don't somebody take the brat away?" "Only let me see her for one minute," cried the hapless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box. And as he gazed into that rough face tears streamed down the cheek on which no childish bloom every lingered. Oh, it was pitiful to hear him cry, "Only once! let me see my mother only once!"

Brutally, the hard-hearted monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage, his blue eyes expanded, his lips sprang apart; a fire glittered through his tears as he raised his puny arm, and with a most unchildish accent screamed, "When I am a man I'll kill you for that!" A coffin and a heap of earth was between the mother and the poor forsaken child; a monument stronger than granite built in his boy-heart to the memory of a heartless deed.

The court house was crowded to suffocation. "Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge. There was silence when he finished, until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange recognition blended with haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man, a stranger, stepped forward to plead for the erring and the friendless. The splendor of his genius entranced, convinced. The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir! I cannot." "I want no thanks," replied the stranger, with icy coldness. "I—I believe you are unknown to me." "Man, I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his poor mother's coffin; I was that poor, miserable boy."

"Have you rescued me, then, to take my life?" "No! I have saved the life of a man whose brutal deed has rankled in my breast for twenty years. Go, and remember the tears of a friendless child."

DIRGE OF THE DRUMS.

The effect produced by this selection will depend very much upon the manner in which you speak the constantly repeated word, "Dead!" It should be spoken with subdued force, rather slowly, and in a low tone. Show intense emotion, but not in a boisterous manner.

DEAD! Dead! Dead!
To the solemn beat of the last retreat
That falls like lead,
Bear the hero now to his honored rest
With the badge of courage upon his breast,
While the sun sinks down in the gleaming West—
Dead! Dead! Dead!

Dead! Dead! Mourn the dead!
While the mournful notes of the bugles float
Across his bed,
And the guns shall toll on the vibrant air
The knell of the victor lying there—
'Tis a fitting sound for a soldier's prayer—
Dead! Dead! Dead

Dead! Dead! Dead!
To the muffled beat of the lone retreat
And speeding lead,
Lay the hero low to his well-earned rest,
In the land he loved, on her mother breast,
While the sunlight dies in the darkening West—
Dead! Dead! Dead! RALPH ALTON.

THE OLD DOG'S DEATH POSTPONED.

Any one at all familiar with farm life knows that when the old dog becomes blind, toothless and helpless it is the sad but humane duty of the farmer to put an end to his sufferings; it is generally done by taking him off to the woods and shooting him. Although the new dog quickly wins his place in our affections, the old is not soon forgotten, and more than one story begins: "You remember how old Fide." Give strong expression in the last verse to the old man's sudden change of purpose.

COME along old chap, yer time's 'bout up,
We got another brindle pup;
I 'lows it's tough an' mighty hard,
But a toothless dog's no good on guard,
So trot along right after me,
An' I'll put yeh out o' your misery.

Now, quit yer waggin' that stumpy tail—
We ain't a-goin' fer rabbit er quail;
'Sides, you couldn't pint a bird no more,
Yer old an' blind an' stiff an' sore,
An' that's why I loaded the gun to-day-
Yer a-gittin' cross an' in the way.

I been thinkin' it over; 'taint no fun.
I don't like to do it, but it's got to be done;
Got sort of a notion, you know, too,
The kind of a job we're goin' to do,
Else why would yeh hang back that-a-way,
Yeh ain't ez young ez yeh once wuz, hey!

Frisky dog in them days, I note,
When yeh nailed the sneakthief by the throat;
Can't do that now, an' there ain't no need
A-keepin' a dog that don't earn his feed.
So yeh got to make way for the brindle pup;
Come along, old chap, yer time's 'bout up.

We'll travel along at an easy jog—
Course, you don't know, bein' only a dog;
But I can mind when you wuz sprier,
'Wakin' us up when the barn caught fire—

It don't seem possible, yet I know
That wuz close onto fifteen years ago.

My, but yer hair wuz long an' thick
When yeh pulled little Sally out o' the crick;
An' it came in handy that night in the storm,
We coddled to keep each other warm.
Purty good dog, I'll admit—but, say,
What's the use o' talkin' yeh had yer day.

I'm hopin' the children won't hear the crack,
Er what'll I say when I get back?
They'd be askin' questions, I know their talk,
An' I'd have to lie 'bout a chicken hawk;
But the sound won't carry beyond this hill,
All done in a minute—don't bark, stand still.

There, that'll do; steady, quit lickin' my hand.
What's wrong with this gun, I can't understand;
I'm jest ez shaky ez I can be—
Must be the agey's the matter with me.
An' that stitch in the back—what! gittin' old, too—
The—dinner—bell's—ringin'—fer—me—an' you.

CHARLES E. BAER.

THE FALLEN HERO.

HE went to the war in the morning—
The roll of the drums could be heard.
But he paused at the gate with his mother
For a kiss and a comforting word.
He was full of the dreams and ambitions
That youth is so ready to weave,
And proud of the clank of his sabre
And the chevrons of gold on his sleeve.

He came from the war in the evening—
The meadows were sprinkled with snow,
The drums and the bugles were silent,
And the steps of the soldier were slow.
He was wrapped in the flag of his country
When they laid him away in the mould,
With the glittering stars of a captain
Replacing the chevrons of gold.

With the heroes who slept on the hillside
He lies with a flag at his head,
But, blind with the years of her weeping,
His mother yet mourns for her dead.
The soldiers who fall in the battle
May feel but a moment of pain,
But the women who wait in the homesteads
Must dwell with the ghosts of the slain.

MINNA IRVING.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

HE offered himself for the land he loved,
But what shall we say for her?
He gave to his country a soldier's life;
'Twas dearer by far to the soldier's wife,
All honor to-day to her!

He went to the war while his blood was hot,
But what shall we say of her?
He saw himself through the battle's flame
A hero's reward on the scroll of fame:
What honor is due to her?
He offered himself, but his wife did more,
All honor to-day to her!
For dearer than life was the gift she gave
In giving the life she would die to save;
What honor is due to her?

He gave up his life at his country's call,
But what shall we say of her?
He offered himself as a sacrifice,
But she is the one who pays the price,
All honor we owe to her.

ELLIOTT FLOWER.

"BREAK THE NEWS GENTLY."

THERE on the ground he lay, a fireman so brave,
He'd risked his life, he'd fallen, a little child to save;
Life's stream was ebbing fast away, his comrades all stood by,
And listened to his dying words, while tears bedimmed each eye:

"Break the news to mother gently, tell her how her brave son died,
Tell her that he did his duty, as in life he ever tried;
Treat her kindly, boys, a friend be to her when I'm dead and gone.
Break the news to mother gently, do not let her weep or mourn."

There in her home she rests, that mother old and gray,
She lost a son, but others—they took his place that day;
And nobly do they care for her and honor her gray head,
In mem'ry of their comrade and the last words that he said:

"Break the news to mother gently, tell her how her brave son died,
Tell her that he did his duty, as in life he ever tried;
Treat her kindly, boys, a friend be to her when I'm dead and gone.
Break the news to mother gently, do not let her weep or mourn."

There on the wall it hangs, within the engine-room,
The picture of the bravest lad that ever faced his doom;
And, as they point it out and speak the virtues of the dead,
They tell about that awful night and the last words that he said:

"Break the news to mother gently, tell her how her brave son died,
Tell her that he did his duty, as in life he ever tried;
Treat her kindly, boys, a friend be to her when I'm dead and gone.
Break the news to mother gently, do not let her weep or mourn."

ON THE OTHER TRAIN.

"THERE, Simmons, you blockhead! Why didn't you trot that old woman aboard her train? She'll have to wait now until the 1.05 A.M."

"You didn't tell me."

"Yes, I did tell you. 'Twas only your confounded stupid carelessness."

"She——"

"*She!* You fool! What else could you expect of her! Probably she hasn't any wit; besides, she isn't bound on a very jolly journey—got a pass up the road to the poor-house. I'll go and tell her, and if you forget her to-night, see if I don't make mince-meat of you!" and our worthy ticket-agent shook his fist menacingly at his subordinate.

"You've missed your train, marm," he remarked, coming forward to a queer-looking bundle in the corner.

A trembling hand raised the faded black veil, and revealed the sweetest old face I ever saw.

"Never mind," said a quivering voice.

"'Tis only three o'clock now; you'll have to wait until the night train, which doesn't go up until 1.05."

"Very well, sir; I can wait."

"Wouldn't you like to go to some hotel? Simmons will show you the way."

"No, thank you, sir. One place is as good as another to me. Besides, I haven't any money."

"Very well," said the agent, turning away indifferently. "Simmons will tell you when it's time."

All the afternoon she sat there so quiet that I thought sometimes she must be asleep, but when I looked more closely I could see every once in a while a great tear rolling down her cheek, which she would wipe away hastily with her cotton handkerchief.

The depot was crowded and all was bustle and hurry until the 9.50 train going east came due; then every passenger left except the old lady. It is very rare indeed that any one takes the night express, and almost always, after I have struck ten, the depot becomes silent and empty.

The ticket agent put on his great coat, and bidding Simmons keep his wits about him for once in his life, departed for home.

But he had no sooner gone than that functionary stretched himself out upon the table, as usual, and began to snore vociferously. Then it was I witnessed such a sight as I never had before and never expect to again.

The fire had gone down—it was a cold night, and the wind howled dismally outside. The lamps grew dim and flared, casting weird shadows upon the wall. By and by I heard a smothered sob from the corner, then another. I looked in that direction. She had risen from her seat, and oh! the look of agony on the poor, pinched face.

"I can't believe it," she sobbed, wringing her thin, white hands. "Oh! I can't believe it! My babies! my babies! how often have I held them in my arms and kissed them; and how often they used to say back to me, 'Ise love you, mamma;' and now, O God! they've turned against me. Where am I going? To the poor-house! No! no! no! I cannot! I will not! Oh, the disgrace!"

And sinking upon her knees, she sobbed out in prayer: "O God! spare me this and take me home! O God, spare me this disgrace; spare me!"

The wind rose higher, and swept through the crevices icy cold. How it moaned and seemed to sob like something human that is hurt. I began to shake, but the kneeling figure never stirred. The thin shawl had dropped from her shoulders unheeded. Simmons turned over and drew his heavy blanket more closely around him.

Oh, how cold! Only one lamp remained, burning dimly; the other two had gone out for want of oil. I could hardly see, it was so dark.

At last she became quieter, and ceased to moan. Then I grew drowsy, and kind of lost the run of things after I had struck twelve, when some one entered the depot with a bright light. I started up. It was the brightest light I ever saw, and seemed to fill the room full of glory. I could see 'twas a man. He walked to the kneeling figure and touched her upon the shoulder. She started up and turned her face wildly around. I heard him say:

"'Tis train time, ma'am. Come!"

A look of joy came over her face.

"I'm ready," she whispered.

"Then give me your pass, ma'am."

She reached him a worn old book, which he took and from it read aloud:

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"That's the pass over our road, ma'am. Are you ready?"

The light died away and darkness fell in its place. My hand touched the stroke of one. Simmons awoke with a start, and snatched his lantern. The whistles sounded down brakes; the train was due. He ran to the corner and shook the old woman.

"Wake up, marm; 'tis train time."

But she never heeded. He gave one look at the white, set face, and dropping his lantern, fled.

The up-train halted, the conductor shouted "All aboard," but no one made a move that way.

The next morning, when the ticket agent came, he found her frozen to death. They whispered among themselves, and the coroner made out the verdict "apoplexy," and it was in some way hushed up.

They laid her out in the depot, and advertised for her friends, but no one came. So, after the second day they buried her.

The last look on the sweet old face, lit up with a smile so unearthly, I keep with me yet; and when I think of the occurrence of that night, I know that she went out on the other train, that never stopped at the poor-house.

SOME TWENTY YEARS AGO.

It were well worth while to insert this wonderfully beautiful and pathetic selection here to preserve it in enduring type, but it has the additional merit of being a most excellent piece for recitation. The author's assumed name was "James Pipes, of Pipesville." His real name you may see below the lines.

I'VE wandered to the village, Tom; I've sat beneath the tree
Upon the school house playground that sheltered you and me;
But none were there to greet me, Tom; and few were left to know,
Who played with us upon the green, some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom; bare-footed boys at play
Were sporting, just as we did then, with spirits just as gay.
But the "master" sleeps upon the hill, which coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place, some twenty years ago.

The old school house is altered now, the benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same our penknives once defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall; the bell swings to and fro;
It's music just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game beneath that same old tree;
I have forgot the name just now—you've played the same with me
On that same spot; 'twas played with knives, by throwing so and so;
The loser had a task to do—these twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still; the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom; the stream appears less wide;
But the grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we played the beau,
And swung our sweethearts—pretty girls—just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill close by the spreading beach
Is very low—'twas then so high that we could scarcely reach;
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,
To see how sadly I am changed, since twenty years ago.

Near by that spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name;
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark; 'twas dying sure but slow,
Just as she died, whose name you cut, some twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears
came to my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well, those early
broken ties;
I visited the old church yard, and took some
flowers to strow
Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty
years ago.

Some are in the church-yard laid, some sleep
beneath the sea;
But few are left of our old class, excepting you
and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom, and we
are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just
twenty years ago.

STEPHEN MARSELL.

ONLY A SOLDIER.

UNARMED and unattended walks the Czar,
Through Moscow's busy street one
winter's day.
The crowd uncover as his face they
see—
"God greet the Czar!" they say.

Along his path there moved a funeral,
Gray spectacle of poverty and woe,
A wretched sledge, dragged by one weary man,
Slowly across the snow.

And on the sledge, blown by the winter wind,
Lay a poor coffin, very rude and bare,
And he who drew it bent before his load,
With dull and sullen air.

The Emperor stopped and beckoned on the man;
"Who is 't thou bearest to the grave?" he said.
"Only a soldier, sire!" the short reply,
"Only a soldier, dead."

"Only a soldier!" musing, said the Czar;
"Only a Russian, who was poor and brave.
Move on. I follow. Such a one goes not
Unhonored to his grave."

He bent his head, and silent raised his cap;
The Czar of all the Russias, pacing slow,
Following the coffin, as again it went
Slowly across the snow.

The passers of the street, all wondering,
Looked on that sight, then followed silently;
Peasant and prince, the artisan and clerk,
All in one company.

Still, at they went the crowd grew ever more,
Till thousands stood around the friendless
grave,
Led by that princely heart, who royal, true,
Honored the poor and brave.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE pilgrim fathers—where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray,
As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
When the Mayflower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The pilgrim fathers are at rest:
When summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed.
Go stand on the hill where they lie:
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast,
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The land is holy where they fought,
And holy where they fell;
For by their blood that land was bought,
The land they loved so well.

Then glory to that valiant band,
The honored saviours of the land!
Oh! few and weak their numbers were—
A handful of brave men;
But to their God they gave their prayer,
And rushed to battle then.
The God of battles heard their cry,
And sent them the victory.

They left the ploughshare in the mould,
Their flocks and herds without a fold,
The sickle in the unshorn grain,
The corn half garnered on the plain,
And mustered, in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress;
To right those wrongs, come weal, come woe,
To perish, or o'ercome their foe.

And where are ye, O fearless men,
And where are ye to-day?
I call: the hills reply again,
That ye have passed away;
That on old Bunker's lonely height,
In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground,
The grass grows green, the harvest bright,
Above each soldier's mound.

The bugle's wild and warlike blast
Shall muster them no more;
An army now might thunder past,
And they not heed its roar.
The starry flag, 'neath which they fought
In many a bloody fray,
From their old graves shall rouse them not,
For they have passed away.

MASTER JOHNNY'S NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR.

IT was Spring the first time that I saw her,
for her papa and mamma moved in
Next door just as skating was over and
marbles about to begin,
For the fence in our back-yard was broken, and
I saw, as I peeped through the slat,
There were 'Johnny Jump-ups' all around her,
and I knew it was Spring just by that.

"I never knew whether she saw me—for she
didn't say nothing to me,
But 'Ma! here's a slat in the fence broke, and
the boy that is next door can see.'
But the next day I climbed on our wood-shed, as
you know Mamma says I've a right,
And she calls out, 'Well, peekin is manners!'
and I answered her, 'Sass is perlite!'

"But I wasn't a bit mad; no, Papa; and to
prove it, the very next day,
When she ran past our fence in the morning I
happened to get in her way,
For you know I am 'chunked' and clumsy, as
she says are all boys of my size,
And she nearly upset me, she did, Pa, and laughed
till tears came in her eyes.

"And then we were friends, from that moment,
for I knew that she told Kitty Sage—
And she wasn't a girl that would flatter—'that
she thought I was tall for my age,'
And I gave her four apples that evening, and
took her to ride on my sled,
And—'What am I telling you this for?' Why,
Papa, my neighbor is *dead!*

"You don't hear one half I am saying—I really
do think it's too bad!
Why, you might have seen crape on her door-
knob, and noticed to-day I've been sad;
And they've got her a coffin of rosewood, and
they say they have dressed her in white,
And I've never once looked through the fence,
Pa, since she died—at eleven last night.

"And Ma says its decent and proper, as I was
her neighbor and friend,
That I should go there to the funeral, and she
thinks that *you* ought to attend;
But I am so clumsy and awkward, I know I shall
be in the way,
And suppose they should speak to me, Papa, I
wouldn't know just what to say.

"So I think I will get up quite early, I know I sleep late, but I know
I'll be sure to wake up if our Bridget pulls the string that I'll tie to my toe,
And I'll crawl through the fence and I'll gather the 'Johnny Jump-ups' as they grew
Round her feet the first day that I saw her, and, Papa, I'll give them to you.

"For you're a big man, and you know, Pa, can come and go just where you choose,
And you'll take the flowers into her - and surely they'll never refuse;
But, Papa, don't *say* they're from Johnny; *they* won't understand, don't you see;
But just lay them down on her bosom, and, Papa, *she'll* know they're from me." BRET HARTE.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S DEATH.

Gen. Joseph Hooker, in command of the Army of the Potomac lying opposite Fredericksburg, Md., crossed the Rappahannock River early in May, 1863, and fought the severe battle of Chancellorsville, in which was killed the famous Southern general, Thomas J. Jackson, commonly known as Stonewall Jackson. He received this name at the first battle of Bull Run. Defeat seemed imminent, and one of the Confederate generals exclaimed: "Here stands Jackson like a stone wall, and here let us conquer or die!" Gen. Jackson's last words were: "Let us cross over the river, and lie down under the trees."

THE lightning flashed across the heaven, the distant thunder rolled,
And, swayed by gusts of angry winds, the far-off church bell tolled,
The billows crashed against the rocks that kiss the ocean's foam,
And eager pilots trimmed their sails and turned their skiffs for home.

As darkness fell upon the earth, and we were gathered round
Our blazing hearth, and listening to the storm's terrific sound,
We all looked up to Uncle Tom, who sat beside the fire,
A-dreaming of the bygone days, and of disaster dire.

For memory brought us back again to times of darkest woe,
When, strong in hand and light in heart, he fought the Northern foe.
He often spoke of '46—the fight on Mexic's plain—
How Buena Vista heights were reached while bullets fell like rain.

How Shields had gained Chapultepec, how Santa Anna fled,
And how the Sisters labored even where the bullets sped;
And oft he spoke of later times, but always with a sigh,
When South and North rose up to fight *en masse* for cause or die.

And as beside the fire he sat and piped his meerschaum well,
We asked, to pass the time away, that he a tale should tell.
He paused a moment, then he laid his good old pipe aside,
And said, "I'll tell you boys, to-night, how Stonewall Jackson died.

"We were retreating from the foe, for Fredericksburg was lost,
And on our flank, still threatening, appeared the Union host;
Down by the Rappahannock, in our dismal tents we lay,
And the lightest heart was heavy with our grave defeat that day.

"For 'tis better for a soldier like Montgomery to die,
Than live to see his comrades from a hated foeman fly;
But reverses often come upon defenders of the right,
And justice seldom conquers, boys, when nations go to fight.

"With heavy hearts we laid us down, but, mind you, not to sleep,
Nor did we turn aside to sing, or turn aside to weep,
But as we pondered o'er our griefs, a sudden moan was heard,
Far louder than the willow's moan, when by the wind 'tis stirred.

"It woke the camp from reverie, it woke the camp to fear;
And louder, louder grew the wail, most dreadful then to hear.
And nearer came the weeping crowd, and something stiff and still
Was borne, we knew not what it was, but followed with a will.

"At last within our Gen'ral's tent the precious load was laid,
And then a pallid soldier turned unto us all, and said:
'We thought it hard, my comrades brave, to lose the field to-day;
But harder will our struggle be, to labor in the fray;
For he is gone, our gallant chief, who could our hopes restore,
And rout and ruin is our fate, since Stonewall is no more.'

"I cannot tell you how we felt, or how we acted then,
For words are weak to tell a tale when grief has mastered men;
But this I know, I pulled the cloth from off brave Jackson's face,
And almost jumped with joy to see him gaze around the place.

"But, boys, it was a fleeting dream, a vacant stare he cast;
He did not see the canvas shaken by the sudden blast;
He did not see us weeping as we staunched the flowing blood,
But again in battle fighting, he was where the foemen stood.

"'Order Gen'ral Hill to action!' loud he cried, as he was wont;
And then he quickly added: 'Bring the infantry to front!'
As he saw the corps pass by him—as it were—in duty's call,
Suddenly he shouted: 'Drive them! charge upon them, one and all!'

"Then he turned aside, and, smiling, said with voice of one in ease:
'Let us cross the foaming river; let us rest beneath the trees.'
Then we waited, boys, and watched him, but no other word he said;
For adown the foaming river had our leader's spirit sped." PAUL M. RUSSELL.

THE STORY OF NELL.

YOU'RE a kind woman, Nan! Ay, kind and true!
God will be good to faithful folk like you!
You knew my Ned?
A better, kinder lad never drew breath.
We loved each other true, and we were wed
In church, like some who took him to his death;
A lad as gentle as a lamb, but lost
His senses when he took a drop too much.
Drink did it all—drink made him mad when crossed—
He was a poor man, and they're hard on such.
O Nan! that night! that night!
When I was sitting in this very chair,
Watching and waiting in the candle-light,
And heard his foot come creaking up the stair,
And turned and saw him standing yonder, white
And wild, with staring eyes and rumpled hair!
And when I caught his arm and called in fright,

He pushed me, swore, and to the door he passed
To lock and bar it fast.

Then down he drops just like a lump of lead,
Holding his brow, shaking, and growing whiter,
And—Nan—just then the light seemed growing brighter,
And I could see the hands that held his head,
All red! all bloody red!
What could I do but scream? He groaned to hear,
Jumped to his feet, and gripped me by the wrist;
'Be still, or I shall kill thee, Nell!" he hissed.

And I was still for fear.
"They're after me—I've knifed a man!" he said,
"Be still!—the drink—drink did it!—he is dead!"
Then we grew still, dead still. I couldn't weep;
All I could do was cling to Ned and hark,
And Ned was cold, cold, cold, as if asleep,
But breathing hard and deep.

The candle flickered out—the room grew dark
And—Nan!—although my heart was true and tried—
When all grew cold and dim,
I shuddered—not for fear of them outside,
But just afraid to be alone with him.
"Ned! Ned!" I whispered—and he moaned and shook,
But did not heed or look!
"Ned! Ned! speak, lad! tell me it is not true!"
At that he raised his head and looked so wild;
Then, with a stare that froze my blood, he threw
His arms around me, crying like a child,
And held me close—and not a word was spoken,
While I clung tighter to his heart and pressed him,
And did not fear him, though my heart was broken,
But kissed his poor stained hands and cried, and blessed him!

Then, Nan, the dreadful daylight, coming cold
With sound of falling rain—
When I could see his face, and it looked old,
Like the pinched face of one that dies in pain;
Well, though we heard folk stirring in the sun,
We never thought to hide away or run,
Until we heard those voices in the steet,
That hurrying of feet,
And Ned leaped up, and knew that they had come.

"Run, Ned!" I cried, but he was deaf and dumb;
"Hide, Ned!" I screamed, and held him; "Hide thee, man!"
He stared with blood-shot eyes and hearkened, Nan!
And all the rest is like a dream—the sound
Of knocking at the door—
A rush of men—a struggle on the ground—
A mist—a tramp—a roar;
For when I got my senses back again,
The room was empty, and my head went round!
God help him? God *will* help him! Ay, no fear!
It was the drink, not Ned—he meant no wrong·
So kind! So good!—and I am useless here,
Now he is lost that loved me true and long.

That night before he died,
I didn't cry—my heart was hard and dried;
But when the clocks went "one," I took my shawl
To cover up my face, and stole away,
And walked along the silent streets, where all
Looked cold and still and gray.
Some men and lads went by,
And turning round, I gazed, and watched 'em go,
Then felt that they were going to see him die,
And drew my shawl more tight, and followed slow.
More people passed me, a country cart with hay
Stopped close beside me, and two or three
Talked about *it!* I moaned, and crept away!

Next came a hollow sound I knew full well,
For something gripped me round the heart—and then
There came the solemn tolling of a bell!
O God! O God! how could I sit close by,
And neither scream nor cry?

As if I had been stone, all hard and cold,
I listened, listened, listened, still and dumb,
While the folk murmured, and the death-bell tolled,
And the day brightened, and his time had come.
All else was silent but the knell
Of the slow bell!
And I could only wait, and wait, and wait,
And what I waited for I couldn't tell—
At last there came a groaning deep and great—
St. Paul's struck "eight"—
I screamed, and seemed to turn to fire and fell!

God bless him, alive or dead!
He never meant no wrong, was kind and true.
They're wrought their fill of spite upon his head.
Why didn't they be kind, and take me too?
And there's the dear old things he used to wear,
And there's a lock of hair.
And Ned, my Ned! is fast asleep, and cannot hear me call.
God bless you, Nan, for all you've done and said!
But don't mind me, my heart is broke, that's all!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

LITTLE NAN.

THE wide gates swung open,
The music softly sounded,
And loving hands were heaping the soldiers' graves with flowers;
With pansies, pinks, and roses,
And pure, gold-hearted lilies,
The fairest, sweetest blossoms that grace the spring-time bowers.

When down the walk came tripping
A wee, bare-headed girlie,
Her eyes were filled with wonder, her face was grave and sweet;
Her small brown hands were crowded
With dandelions yellow—
The gallant, merry blossoms that children love to greet.

O, many smiled to see her,
That dimple-cheeked wee baby,
Pass by with quaint intentness, as on a mission bound;
And, pausing oft an instant,
Let fall from out her treasures
A yellow dandelion upon each flower-strewn mound.

The music died in silence,
A robin ceased its singing;
And in the fragrant stillness a bird-like whisper grew,
So sweet, so clear and solemn,
That smiles gave place to tear-drops;
"Nan loves 'oo darlin' soldier; an' here's a f'ower for 'oo."

ONE OF THE LITTLE ONES.

'TWAS a crowded street, and a cry of joy
Came from a ragged, barefoot boy—
A cry of eager and glad surprise,
And he opened wide his great black eyes
As he held before him a coin of gold
He had found in a heap of rubbish old
By the curb stone there.

"How it sparkles!" the youngster cried,
As the golden piece he eagerly eyed:
"Oh, see it shine!" and he laughed aloud;
Little heeding the curious crowd
That gathered around, "Hurrah!" said he,
"How glad my poor mother will be!
I'll buy her a brand-new Sunday hat,
And a pair of shoes for Nell, at that,
And baby sister shall have a dress—
There'll be enough for all, I guess;
And then I'll——"

"Here," said a surly voice
"That money's mine. You can take your choice
Of giving it up or going to jail."
The youngster trembled, and then turned pale

As he looked and saw before him stand
A burly drayman with outstretched hand;

Rough and uncouth was the fellow's face,
And without a single line or trace
Of the goodness that makes the world akin.
"Come, be quick! or I'll take you in,"
Said he.
"For shame!" said the listening crowd.
The ruffian seemed for the moment cowed.
"The money's mine," he blurted out;
"I lost it yesterday hereabout.
I don't want nothin' but what's my own
And I am going to have it."

The lad alone
Was silent. A tear stood in his eye,
And he brushed it away; he would not cry.
"Here, mister," he answered, "take it then;
If it's yours, it's yours; if it hadn't been——"
A sob told all he would have said,
Of the hope so suddenly raised, now dead.

And then with a sigh, which volumes told,
He dropped the glittering piece of gold
Into the other's hand. Once more
He sighed—and his dream of wealth was o'er.
But no! Humanity hath a heart
Always ready to take the part
Of childish sorrow, wherever found.

"Let's make up a purse"—the word went round
Through the kindly crowd, and the hat was passed
And the coins came falling thick and fast.

"Here, sonny, take this," said they. Behold,
Full twice as much as the piece of gold
He had given up was in the hand
Of the urchin. He could not understand
It all. The tears came thick and fast,
And his grateful heart found voice at last.

But, lo! when he spoke, the crowd had gone—
Left him, in gratitude, there alone.
Who'll say there is not some sweet, good-will
And kindness left in this cold world still?

G. L. CATLIN.

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

SHE was a bright and beautiful child, one who seemed born for a better career, yet one on whom the blight of intemperance had left its impress early.

Her father was a drunkard, a worthless, miserable sot, whose only aim and ambition in life seemed to be to contrive ways and means of satisfying the devouring fire that constantly burned within him.

Her mother had died when she was a mere child, leaving her to grow up a wild flower in the forest, uncultured and uncared for.

Yet she was very beautiful; her form and face were of wondrous perfection and loveliness; her disposition was happy and cheerful, notwithstanding the abuse to which she was continually subjected.

The years went by; she grew to be almost a woman. She could not go to school or church, because she had nothing respectable to wear; and had she gone her wicked father would have reviled her for her disposition to make something better of herself and for her simple piety. He sank lower and lower in the miserable slough of intemperance, and yet, when urged by well-meaning friends, to leave him she clung to him with an affection as unaccountable as it was earnest and sincere.

"If I should leave him he would die," she said. "If I stay and suffer with him here, some time I may save him and make him a worthy man."

Many would have given her a home, food and comfortable clothes, but she preferred to share her father's misery rather than selfishly forsake him in his unhappy infirmity.

The summer passed, the berries ripened

and disappeared from the bushes. The leaves turned to crimson and yellow, and fell from the trees. The cold November winds howled through the desolate hollows, while, scantily clad, she crouched in a corner of her inhospitable, unhappy home.

She was very ill; bad treatment, poor food, and exposure had brought on a fatal sickness. Her brow burned with fever. Even her wretched father, selfish and inebriated as he was, became alarmed at her condition as he staggered about the room upon his return at a late hour from the village tavern, where he had spent the evening with a company of dissolute companions.

"Father," she said, "I am very sick; the doctor has been to see me; he left a prescription. Will you not go to the village and get it filled?"

"They won't trust me, child," he said, gruffly.

"But I will trust you," she said sweetly. "There is a little money hidden in the old clock there, which I saved from picking and selling berries. You can take it; there is enough."

His eyes sparkled with a dangerous glitter.

"Money!" he exclaimed almost fiercely. "I didn't know you had money. Why didn't you tell me before? Didn't you know it belonged by right to me?"

She sighed pitifully.

He staggered to the clock, fumbled about for a few moments, and soon found what he was seeking.

"Yes, I'll go," he said, excitedly. "Give me the prescription."

He snatched it from her extended hand, opened the door and disappeared.

The night grew colder. The sick girl crept into bed and tossed and turned restlessly. The oil in the old lamp burned out. The windows rattled, a storm came, and rain and hail beat upon the window panes. The old clock struck the hour of midnight. The drunkard did not return.

Poor girl, her soul became filled with apprehension and fear for him.

"I must go for him," she said. "He will perish, and it will be my fault." She crawled out of bed, drew on her scanty apparel and worn shoes, threw a ragged shawl over her head and shoulders, and went forth into the darkness, heroically facing the driving storm.

The morning came, clear, cloudless and beautiful. The earth was cold and frosty. A neighbor, going early to the village, found two lifeless forms lying by the roadway. Beside the dead man lay an empty black bottle. The girl's white arms were clasped about his neck. Her soul had gone to intercede for him before the Mercy Seat on high.

EUGENE J. HALL.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BEAUTIFUL faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes, where earth fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like song of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministry to and fro,
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Heavy burdens of homely care
With patience, grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful grave where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep,
Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep.

TROUBLE IN THE AMEN CORNER.

'TWAS a stylish congregation, that of Theophrastus Brown,
And its organ was the finest and the biggest in the town,
And the chorus, all the papers favorably commented on it,
For 'twas said each female member had a forty-dollar bonnet.

Now in the "amen corner" of the church sat Brother Eyer,
Who persisted every Sabbath-day in singing with the choir;
He was poor, but genteel-looking, and his heart as snow was white,
And his old face beamed with sweetness when he sang with all his might.

His voice was cracked and broken, age had touched his vocal chords,
And nearly every Sunday he would mispronounce the words
Of the hymns, and 'twas no wonder, he was old and nearly blind,
And the choir rattling onward always left him far behind.

Then the pastor called together in the lecture-room one day
Seven influential members who subscribe more than they pay,
And having asked God's guidance in a printed prayer or two,
They put their heads together to determine what to do.

They debated, thought, suggested, till at last "dear Brother York,"
Who last winter made a million on a sudden rise in pork,
Rose and moved that a committee wait at once on Brother Eyer,
And proceed to rake him lively for "disturbin' of the choir."

Of course the motion carried, and one day a coach and four,
With the latest style of driver, rattled up to Eyer's door;
And the sleek, well-dressed committee, Brothers Sharkey, York, and Lamb,
As they crossed the humble portal took good care to miss the jam.

They found the choir's great trouble sitting in his old arm-chair,
And the summer's golden sunbeams lay upon his thin white hair;
He was singing "Rock of Ages" in a voice both cracked and low,
But the angels understood him, 'twas all he cared to know.

Said York: "We're here, dear brother, with the vestry's approbation,
To discuss a little matter that affects the congregation;"
"And the choir, too," said Sharkey, giving Brother York a nudge,
"And the choir, too!" he echoed with the graveness of a judge.

"It was the understanding when we bargained for the chorus
That it was to relieve us, that is, do the singing for us;
If we rupture the agreement, it is very pain, dear brother,
It will leave our congregation and be gobbled by another.

"We don't want any singing except that what we've bought!
The latest tunes are all the rage; the old ones stand for naught;
And so we have decided—are you listening, Brother Eyer?—
That you'll have to stop your singin', for it flurry-tates the choir."

The old man slowly raised his head, a sign that he did hear,
And on his cheek the trio caught the glitter of a tear;
His feeble hands pushed back the locks white as the silky snow,
As he answered the committee in a voice both sweet and low;

"I've sung the psalms of David for nearly eighty years,
They've been my staff and comfort and calmed life's many fears;
I'm sorry I disturb the choir, perhaps I'm doing wrong;
But when my heart is filled with praise, I can't keep back a song.

"I wonder if beyond the tide that's breaking at my feet,
In the far-off heavenly temple, where the Master I shall greet,—
Yes, I wonder when I try to sing the songs of God up higher.
If the angel band will church me for disturbing heaven's choir."

A silence filled the little room; the old man bowed his head;
The carriage rattled on again, but Brother Eyer was dead!
Yes, dead! his hand had raised the veil the future hangs before us,
And the Master dear had called him to the everlasting chorus.

The choir missed him for awhile, but he was soon forgot,
A few church-goers watched the door; the old man entered not.
Far away, his voice no longer cracked, he sings his heart's desires,
Where there are no church committees and no fashionable choirs. C. T. HARBAUGH.

LITTLE MAG'S VICTORY.

'TWAS a hovel all wretched, forlorn and poor,
With crumbling eves and a hingeless door,
And windows where pitiless midnight rains
Beat fiercely in through the broken panes,
And tottering chimneys, and moss-grown roof,
From the heart of the city far aloof,
Where Nanny, a hideous, wrinkled hag,
Dwelt with her grandchild, "Little Mag."

The neighbors called old Nanny a witch.
The story went that she'd once been rich—
Aye, rich as any lady in town—
But trouble had come and dragged her down
And down; then sickness, and want, and age
Had filled the rest of her life's sad page,
And driven her into the slums to hide
Her shame and misery till she died.

The boys, as she hobbled along the street,
Her coming with yells and hoots would greet;
E'en grown folks dreaded old Nan so much
That they'd shun, in passing, her very touch,
And a mocking word or glance would send.

Poor little Mag was her only friend:
Faithful and true was the child, indeed.
What did she ever care or heed
For those cruel words, and those looks of scorn,
In patient silence they all were borne;
But she prayed that God would hasten the day
That would take her sorrow and care away.

Alas! that day—that longed-for boon,
That ending of sorrow—came all too soon.
For there came a day when a ruffian crowd,
With stones, and bludgeons, and hootings loud,
Surrounded old Nanny's hovel door,

Led on by a drunken brute, who swore,
In blasphemous oaths, and in language wild,
She had stolen a necklace from off his child.

Crouched in a corner, dumb with fear,
The old hag sat, with her grandchild near,
As the furious mob of boys and men,
Yelling, entered her dingy den.
"Kill her!" shouted the brutal pack.
"Cowards!" screamed Little Mag. "Stand back!"
As she placed her fragile form before
Her poor old grandmother, on the floor,
And clasped her about the neck, and pressed
The thin gray hairs to her childish breast.
"Cowards!" she said. "Now, do your worst.
If either must die, let *me* die first!"

Cowed and abashed, the crowd stood still,
Awed by that child's unaided will;
One by one, in silence and shame,
They all stole out by the way they came,
Till the fair young child and the withered crone
Were left once more in that room—alone.

But stop! What is it the child alarms?
Old Nan lies dead in her grandchild's arms!

GEORGE L. CATLIN.

LIFE'S BATTLE.

ALAS! I'm growing old, my hair, once thick and brown,
Is now quite white and silky, and sparse about the crown;
A year, that once seemed endless, now, passes like a dream,
Yet my boat still rides the billows, as it floats along the stream.

My eye, once like the eagle's, is now much dimmed by age,
And art alone enables me to read the printed page,
Yet still it rests with quickened glance upon each lovely scene.
As years roll by with silent pace and changes come between.

Life is full of gladness if we but make it so,
There's not a wave of sorrow but has an undertow.
A stout heart and a simple faith gives victory o'er the grave,
And God awaits all patiently, all powerful to save.

'Tis not a cross to live, nor is it hard to die,
If we but view the future with steadfast, fearless eye,
Looking ever on the bright side, where falls the sun's warm beam,
Our boats will ride the billows as they float along the stream.

WAYNE HOWE PARSONS.

THE LOST KISS.

I PUT by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

So I gather it up—where was broken
The tear—faded thread of my theme,
Telling how, as one night I sat writing,
A fairy broke in on my dream.
A little inquisitive fairy
My own little girl, with the gold
Of the sun in her hair, and the dewy
Blue eyes of the fairies of old.

'Twas the dear little girl that I scolded—
"For was it a moment like this,"
I said, when she knew I was busy,
"To come romping in for a kiss?

Come rowdying up from her mother
And clamoring there at my knee
For 'One 'ittle kiss for my dolly
And one 'ittle uzzer for me?'"

God pity the heart that repelled her
And the cold hand that turned her away!
And take from the lips that denied her
This answerless prayer of to-day!
Take, Lord, from my mem'ry forever
That pitiful sob of despair,
And the patter and trip of the little bare feet
And the one piercing cry on the stair!

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over all.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

EXECUTION OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THE Queen arrived in the hall of death. Pale but unflinching she contemplated the dismal preparations. There lay the block and the axe. There stood the executioner and his assistant. All were clothed in mourning. On the floor was scattered the sawdust which was to soak her blood, and in a dark corner lay the bier. It was nine o'clock when the Queen appeared in the funereal hall. Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, and certain privileged persons, to the number of more than two hundred, were assembled. The hall was hung with black cloth; the scaffold, which was elevated about two feet and a half above the ground, was covered with black frieze of Lancaster; the arm-chair in which Mary was to sit, the footstool on which she was to kneel, the block on which her head was to be laid, were covered with black velvet.

The Queen was clothed in mourning like the hall and as the ensign of punishment. Her black velvet robe, with its high collar and hanging sleeves, was bordered with ermine. Her mantle, lined with marten sable, was of satin, with pearl buttons and a long train. A chain of sweet-smelling beads, to which was attached a scapulary, and beneath that a golden cross, fell upon her bosom. Two rosaries were suspended to her girdle, and a long veil of white lace, which in some measure softened this costume of a widow and of a condemned criminal, was thrown around her.

Arrived on the scaffold, Mary seated herself in the chair provided for her, with her face toward the spectators. The Dean of Peterborough, in ecclesiastical costume, sat on the right of the Queen, with a black velvet footstool before him. The Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury were seated, like him, on the right, but upon larger chairs. On the other side of the Queen stood the Sheriff, Andrews, with white wand. In front of Mary were seen the executioner and his assistant, distinguishable by their vestments of black velvet with red crape round the left arm. Behind the Queen's chair, ranged by the wall, wept her attendants and maidens.

In the body of the hall, the nobles and citizens from the neighboring counties were guarded by musketeers. Beyond the balustrade was the bar of the tribunal. The sentence was read; the Queen protested against it in the name of royalty and of innocence, but accepted death for the sake of the faith. She then knelt before the block and the executioner proceeded to remove her veil. She repelled him by a gesture, and turning toward the Earls with a blush on her forehead, "I am not accustomed," she said, "to

be undressed before so numerous a company, and by the hands of such grooms of the chamber."

She then called Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, who took off her mantle, her veil, her chains, cross and scapulary. On their touching her robe, the Queen told them to unloosen the corsage and fold down the ermine collar, so as to leave her neck bare for the axe. Her maidens weepingly yielded her these last services. Melvil and the three other attendants wept and lamented, and Mary placed her finger on her lips to signify that they should be silent. She then arranged the handkerchief embroidered with thistles of gold with which her eyes had been covered by Jane Kennedy.

Thrice she kissed the crucifix, each time repeating, "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." She knelt anew and leant her head on that block which was already scored with deep marks, and in this solemn attitude she again recited some verses from the Psalms. The executioner interrupted her at the third verse by a blow of the axe, but its trembling stroke only grazed her neck; she groaned slightly, and the second blow separated the head from the body. LAMARTINE.

OVER THE RANGE.

HALF-SLEEPING, by the fire I sit,
I start and wake, it is so strange
To find myself alone, and Tom
Across the Range.

We brought him in with heavy feet
And eased him down; from eye to eye,
Though no one spoke, there passed a fear
That Tom must die.

He rallied when the sun was low,
And spoke; I thought the words were strange;
"It's almost night, and I must go
Across the Range."

"What, Tom?" He smiled and nodded: "Yes,
They've struck it rich there, Jim, you know,
The parson told us; you'll come soon;
Now Tom must go."

I brought his sweetheart's pictured face:
Again that smile, so sad and strange,
"Tell her," said he, "that Tom has gone
Across the Range."

The last night lingered on the hill.
"There's a pass, somewhere," then he said,
And lip, and eye, and hand were still;
And Tom was dead.

Half-sleeping, by the fire I sit:
I start and wake, it is so strange
To find myself alone, and Tom
Across the Range. J. HARRISON MILLS.

THE STORY OF CRAZY NELL.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"COME, Rosy, come!" I heard the voice and looked
Out on the road that passed my window wide,
And saw a woman and a fair-haired child
That knelt and picked the daisies at the side.

The child ran quickly with its gathered prize,
And, laughing, held it high above its head;
A light glowed bright within the woman's eyes,
And in that light a mother's love I read.

She took the little hand, and both passed on;
The prattle of the child I still could hear,
Mixed with the woman's fond, caressing tone,
That came in loving words upon my ear.

"Come, Rosy, come!" Years, many years had gone,

But yet had left the recollection of that scene—
The woman and the fair-haired child that knelt
And picked the daisies on the roadside green.

I looked. The old familiar road was there—
A woman, wan and stooping, stood there too;
And beckoned slowly, and with vacant stare
That fixed itself back where the daisies grew.

"Come, Rosy, come!" I saw no fair-haired child
Run from the daisies with its gathered prize;
"Come, Rosy, come!" I heard no merry laugh
To light the love-glow in the mother's eyes.

"Come, Rosy, come!" She turned, and down the road
The plaintive voice grew fainter on my ear;
Caressing tones—not mixed with prattle now,
But full of loving words—I still could hear.

I, wondering, asked a gossip at my door;
He told the story—all there was to tell:
A little mound the village churchyard bore;
And this, he said, is only Crazy Nell.

JOSEPH WHITTON.

LITTLE SALLIE'S WISH.

The following poem was written from *facts*, concerning a sweet little girl who lived in New York. When Summer came her parents took a cottage in the country, where the scene described was enacted.

I HAVE seen the first robin of Spring, mother dear,
And have heard the brown darling sing;
You said, "Hear it and wish, and 'twill surely come true,"
So I've wished such a beautiful thing.

I thought I would like to ask something for you,
But couldn't think what there could be
That you'd want, while you had all these beautiful things;
Besides you have papa and me.

So I wished for a ladder, so long that 'twould stand
One end by our own cottage door,
And the other go up past the moon and the stars,
And lean against heaven's white floor.

Then I'd get you to put on my pretty white dress,
With my sash and my darling new shoes;
And I'd find some white roses to take up to God,
The most beautiful ones I could choose.

And you, dear papa, would sit on the ground,
And kiss me, and tell me "good-bye;"
Then I'd go up the ladder, far out of your sight,
Till I came to the door in the sky.

I wonder if God keeps the door fastened tight?
If but one little crack I could see,
I would whisper, "Please, God, let this little girl in,
She's as weary and tired as can be.

"She came all alone from the earth to the sky,
For she's always been wanting to see
The gardens of heaven, with their robins and flowers;
Please, God, is there room there for me?"

And then when the angels had opened the door,
God would say, "Bring the little child here."
But He'd speak it so softly, I'd not be afraid,
And He'd smile just like you, mother dear.

He would put His kind arms round your dear little girl,
And I'd ask Him to send down for you,
And papa, and cousin, and all that I love—
Oh, dear, don't you wish 'twould come true?

The next Spring time, when the robins came home,
They sang over grasses and flowers,
That grew where the foot of the long ladder stood,
Whose top reached the heavenly bowers.

And the parents had dressed the pale, still child
For her flight to the Summer land,
In a fair white robe, with one snow-white rose
Folded tight in her pulseless hand.

And now at the foot of the ladder they sit,
Looking upward with quiet tears,
Till the beckoning hand and the fluttering robe
Of the child at the top re-appears.

DROWNED AMONG THE LILIES.

HOW the reeds and rushes quiver
On the low banks of the river,
And the leaning willows shiver
In a strange and deep affright,
And the water moans and murmurs
As it eddies round the lilies,
Like a human soul in sorrow,
Over something hid from sight.

How the shadows haunt the edges
Of the river, where the sedges
To the lilies whisper ever
Of some strange and awful deed!
How the sunshine, timid, frightened,
Dares not touch the spot it brightened
Yesterday, among the shadows
Of the lily and the reed.

What is that that floats and shimmers
Where the water gleams and glimmers,
In and out among the rushes,
Growing thick, and tall, and green?
Something yellow, long and shining,
Something wondrous fair and silken,
Like a woman's golden tresses,
With a broken flower between.

What is that, so white and slender,
Hidden, almost, by the splendor
Of a great white water lily,
Floating on the river there?
'Tis a hand stretched up toward Heaven,
As, when we would be forgiven,
We reach out our hands, imploring,
In an agony of prayer.

Tremble, reeds, and moan and shiver,
At your feet, in the still river,
Lies a woman, done forever,
With life's mockery and woe.
God alone can know the sorrow,
All the bitterness and heartache.
Ended in the moaning river
Where the water lilies blow.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

THE FATE OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

THE sunny land of France with streams of noblest blood was dyed,
Nor could a monarch's royal veins suffice the insatiate tide;
And youth and beauty knelt in vain, and mercy ceased to shine,
And Nature's holiest ties were loosed beneath the guillotine.

Wild war and rapine, hate and blood, and terror ruled supreme,
Till all who loved its vine-clad vales had ceased of peace to dream;
But there was one whose lover's blood wrote vengeance in her soul,
Whom zeal for France and blighted hopes had bound in fast control.

Dark "Discord's demon," fierce Marat, his country's fellest foe,
Belzance's executioner, the fount of war and woe;
Demon alike in mind and face, he dreamt not of his fall,
Yet him the noble maiden doomed to vengeance and to Gaul.

O! had an artist seen them there as face to face they stand;
The noblest and the meanest mind in all that bleeding land;
The loveliest and most hideous forms that pencil could portray—
A picture might on canvas live that would not pass away.

"Point out the foes of France," he said, "and ere to-morrow shine,
The blood, now warm within their veins, shall stain the guillotine."
"The guillotine!" the maid exclaimed, the steel a moment gleams,

A moment more 'tis in his heart; adieu to all his dreams!

Before her judges Charlotte stands, undaunted, undismayed,
While eyes that never wept are wet with pity for the maid,
Unstained as beautiful she stands before the judgment seat,
Resigned to fate, her heart is calm while others wildly beat!

Alas! too sure her doom is read in those stern faces, while
Fear from her looks affrighted fled, where shone Minerva's smile;
Hope she had none, or, if perchance she had, that hope was gone,
Yet in its stead 'twas not despair but brightest triumph shone!

"What was the cause?" "His crimes," she said, her bleeding country's foe,
Inspired her hand, impelled the steel, and laid the tyrant low;
Though well she knew her blood would flow for him she caused to bleed,
Yet what was death?—The crowning wreath that graced the noble deed!

Her doom is passed, a lovely smile dawns slowly o'er her face,
And adds another beauty to her calm majestic grace;
She does not weep, she does not shrink, her features are not pale,
The firmness that inspired her hand forbids her heart to fail!

'Tis morn; before the Tuilleries the dawn is breaking gray,
And thousands through the busy streets in haste pursue their way;
What means the bustle and the throng, the scene is nothing new—
A fair young lady, doomed to die, each day the same they view.

Before that home of bygone kings a gloomy scaffold stands,
Upreared in Freedom's injured name to manacle her hands;
Some crowd to worship, some insult, the martyr in her doom,
But over friends and foes a cloud is cast of sombre gloom.

She stands upon the fatal spot angelically fair,
The roses of her cheek concealed beneath her flowing hair;
"Greater than Brutus," she displays no sign of fear or dread,
But in a moment will be still and silent with the dead.

Her neck is bared, the fatal knife descends, and all is o'er,
The martyred heroine of France—of freedom dreams no more;
The insults of the wretched throng she hears no longer now,
But Death, man's universal friend, sits on her pallid brow!

In life, fear never blanched her cheek; but now 'tis calm and pale,
Love and her country asked revenge, and both her fate bewail;
She fell, more glorious in her fall than chief or crowned queen,
A martyr in a noble cause, without a fault to screen!

CLARE S. MCKINLEY.

THE LITTLE VOYAGER.

THREE little children in a boat
On seas of opal spendor;
The willing waves their treasure float
To rhythm low and tender;
Over their heads the skies are blue—
Where are the darlings sailing to?

They do not know—we do not know,
Who watch their pretty motions;
Safe moored within the harbor, though
They sail untraveled oceans;
They rock and sway and shut their eyes;
"No land in sight!" the helmsman cries!

"Oh, little children have you heard
Of ships that sail for pleasure;
And never wind or wave hath word
Of all their vanished treasure?
They were as blithe and gay as you
And sailed away as fearless, too!"

Then from the pleasure-freighted crew
One spake—a little maiden,
With sunny hair, and eyes of blue,
And lashes fair, dew-laden,
Her wise head gave a thoughtful nod—!
"Perhaps—they sailed—away to God!"

MRS. M. L. BAYNE

THE DREAM OF ALDARIN.

This selection won a gold medal at a Commencement of the Mt. Vernon Institute of Elocution in Philadelphia. It is a remarkable embodiment of tragedy and pathos.

A CHAMBER with a low, dark ceiling, supported by massive rafters of oak; floors and walls of dark stone, unrelieved by wainscot or plaster—bare, rugged, and destitute.

A dim, smoking light, burning in a vessel of iron, threw its red and murky beams over the fearful contents of a table. It was piled high with the unsightly forms of the dead. Prostrate among these mangled bodies, his arms flung carelessly on either side, slept and dreamed Aldarin—Aldarin, the Fratricide.

He hung on the verge of a rock, a rock of melting bitumen, that burned his hands to masses of crisped and blackened flesh. The rock projected over a gulf, to which the cataracts of earth might compare as the rivulet to the vast ocean. It was the Cataract of Hell. He looked below. God of Heaven, what a sight! Fiery waves, convulsed and foaming, with innumerable whirlpools crimsoned by bubbles of flame. Each whirlpool swallowing millions of the lost. Each bubble bearing on its surface the face of a soul, lost and lost forever.

Born on by the waves, they raised their hands and cast their burning eyes to the skies, and shrieked the eternal death-wail of the lost.

Over this scene, awful and vast, towered a figure of ebony blackness, his darkened brow concealed in the clouds, his extended arms grasping the infinitude of the cataract, his feet resting upon islands of bitumen far in the gulf below. The eyes of the figure were fixed upon Aldarin, as he clung with the nervous clasp of despair to the rock, and their gaze curdled his heated blood.

He was losing his grasp; sliding and sliding from the rock, his feet hung over the gulf. There was no hope for him. He must fall—fall—and fall forever. But lo! a stairway, built of white marble, wide, roomy and secure, seemed to spring from the very rock to which he clung, winding upward from the abyss, till it was lost in the distance far, far above. He beheld two figures slowly descending—the figure of a warrior and the form of a dark-eyed woman.

He knew those figures; he knew them well. They were his victims! Her face, his wife's! beautiful as when he first woed her in the gardens of Palestine; but there was blood on her vestments, near the heart, and his lip was spotted with one drop of that thick, red blood. "This," he muttered, "this, indeed, is hell, and yet I must call for aid—call to them!" How the thought writhed like a serpent round his very heart.

He drew himself along the rugged rock, clutching the red-hot ore in the action. He wanted but a single inch, a little inch and he might grasp the marble of the stairway. Another and a desperate effort. His fingers

clutched it, but his strength was gone. He could not hold it in his grasp. With an eye of horrible intensity he looked above. "Thou wilt save me, Ilmerine, my wife. Thou wilt drag me up to thee." She stooped. She clutched his blackened fingers and placed them around the marble. His grasp was tight and desperate. "Julian, O Julian! grasp this hand. Aid me, O Julian! my brother!" The warrior stooped, laid hold on his hand and drawing it toward the casement, wound it around another piece of marble.

But again his strength fails. "Julian, my brother; Ilmerine, my wife, seize me! Drag me from this rock of terror! Save me! O save me!" She stooped. She unwound finger after finger. She looked at his horror-stricken face and pointed to the red wound in her heart. He looked toward the other face. "Thou, Julian, reach me thy hand. Thy hand, or I perish!" The warrior slowly reached forth his hand from beneath the folds of his cloak. He held before the eyes of the doomed a goblet of gold. It shone and glimmered through the foul air like the beacon fire of hell.

"Take it away! 'Tis the death bowl!" shrieked Aldarin's livid lips. "I murdered thee. Thou canst not save." He drew back from the maddening sight. He lost his hold, he slid from the rock, he fell.

Above, beneath, around, all was fire, horror, death; and still he fell. "Forever and forever," rose the shrieks of the lost. All hell groaned aloud, "Ever, ever. Forever and forever," and his own soul muttered back, "This—this—is—hell!"

GEORGE LIPPARD.

IN THE MINING TOWN.

"'TIS the last time, darling," he gently said,
As he kissed her lips like the cherries red,
While a fond look shone in his eyes of brown.
"My own is the prettiest girl in town!
To-morrow the bell from the tower will ring
A joyful peal. Was there ever a king
So truly blessed, on his royal throne,
As I shall be when I claim my own?"

'Twas a fond farewell, 'twas a sweet good-by,
But she watched him go with a troubled sigh.
So, into the basket that swayed and swung
O'er the yawning abyss, he lightly sprung.
And the joy of her heart seemed turned to woe
As they lowered him into the depths below.
Her sweet young face, with its tresses brown,
Was the fairest face in the mining town.

Lo! the morning came; but the marriage-bell,
High up in the tower, rang a mournful knell
For the true heart buried 'neath earth and stone,
Far down in the heart of the mine, alone.
A sorrowful peal on their wedding-day,
For the breaking heart and the heart of clay,
And the face that looked from the tresses brown,
Was the saddest face in the mining town.

Thus time rolled along on its weary way,
Until fifty years, with their shadows gray,
Had darkened the light of her sweet eyes' glow,
And had turned the brown of her hair to snow.
Oh! never the kiss from a husband's lips,
Or the clasp of a child's sweet finger-tips,
Had lifted one moment the shadows brown
From the saddest heart in the mining town.

Far down in the depths of the mine, one day,
In the loosened earth they were digging away,
They discovered a face, so young, so fair;
From the smiling lip to the bright brown hair
Untouched by the finger of Time's decay.
When they drew him up to the light of day,
The wondering people gathered 'round
To gaze at the man thus strangely found.

Then a woman came from among the crowd,
With her long white hair and her slight form bowed.
She silently knelt by the form of clay,
And kissed the lips that were cold and gray.

Then, the sad old face, with its snowy hair
On his youthful bosom lay pillowed there.
He had found her at last, his waiting bride,
And the people buried them side by side.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

TOMMY'S PRAYER.

This beautiful poem is full of the pathos and suffering of poverty. It should be delivered with expression and feeling. Although lengthy the interest is sustained throughout.

IN a dark and dismal alley where the sunshine never came,
Dwelt a little lad named Tommy, sickly, delicate and lame;
He had never yet been healthy, but had lain since he was born,
Dragging out his weak existence well nigh hopeless and forlorn.

He was six, was little Tommy, 'twas just five years ago
Since his drunken mother dropped him, and the babe was crippled so.
He had never known the comfort of a mother's tender care,
But her cruel blows and curses made his pain still worse to bear.

There he lay within the cellar from the morning till the night,
Starved, neglected, cursed, ill-treated, naught to make his dull life bright;
Not a single friend to love him, not a living thing to love—
For he knew not of a Saviour, or a heaven up above.

'Twas a quiet summer evening; and the alley, too, was still;
Tommy's little heart was sinking, and he felt so lonely, till,
Floating up the quiet alley, wafted inwards from the street,
Came the sound of some one singing, sounding, oh! so clear and sweet.

Eagerly did Tommy listen as the singing nearer came—
Oh! that he could see the singer! How he wished he wasn't lame.
Then he called and shouted loudly, till the singer heard the sound,
And on noting whence it issued, soon the little cripple found.

'Twas a maiden, rough and rugged, hair unkempt and naked feet,
All her garments torn and ragged, her appearance far from neat;
"So yer called me," said the maiden, "wonder wot yer wants o' me;
Most folks call me Singing Jessie; wot may your name chance to be?"

"My name's Tommy; I'm a cripple, and I want to hear you sing,
For it makes me feel so happy—sing me something, anything."
Jessie laughed, and answered, smiling, "I can't stay here very long,
But I'll sing a hymn to please you, wot I calls the 'Glory song.'"

Then she sang to him of Heaven, pearly gates and streets of gold,
Where the happy angel children are not starved or nipped with cold;
But where happiness and gladness never can decrease or end,
And where kind and loving Jesus is their Sovereign and their Friend.

Oh! how Tommy's eyes did glisten as he drank in every word
As it fell from "Singing Jessie"—was it true, what he had heard?

And so anxiously he asked her: "Is there really such a place?"
And a tear began to trickle down his pallid little face.

"Tommy, you're a little heathen; why, it's up beyond the sky,
And if yer will love the Saviour, yer shall go there when yer die."
"Then," said Tommy; "tell me, Jessie, how can I the Saviour love,
When I'm down in this 'ere cellar, and he's up in Heaven above?"

So the little ragged maiden who had heard at Sunday-school
All about the way to Heaven, and the Christian's golden rule,
Taught the little cripple Tommy how to love and how to pray,
Then she sang a "Song of Jesus," kissed his cheek and went away.

Tommy lay within the cellar which had grown so dark and cold,
Thinking all about the children in the streets of shining gold;
And he heeded not the darkness of that damp and chilly room,
For the joy in Tommy's bosom could disperse the deepest gloom.

"Oh! if I could only see it," thought the cripple, as he lay.
"Jessie said that Jesus listens and I think I'll try and pray;"
So he put his hands together, and he closed his little eyes,
And in accents weak, yet earnest, sent this message to the skies:

"Gentle Jesus, please forgive me, as I didn't know afore,
That yer cared for little cripples who is weak and very poor,
And I never heard of Heaven till that Jessie came to-day
And told me all about it, so I wants to try and pray.

"You can see me, can't yer, Jesus? Jessie told me that yer could,
And I somehow must believe it, for it seems so prime and good;
And she told me if I loved you, I should see yer when I die,
In the bright and happy heaven that is up beyond the sky.

"Lord, I'm only just a cripple, and I'm no use here below,
For I heard my mother whisper she'd be glad if I could go;
And I'm cold and hungry sometimes; and I feel so lonely, too,
Can't yer take me, gentle Jesus, up to Heaven along o' you?

"Oh! I'd be so good and patient, and I'd never cry or fret;
And yer kindness to me, Jesus, I would surely not forget;
I would love you all I know of, and would never make a noise—
Can't you find me just a corner, where I'll watch the other boys?

Oh! I think yer'll do it, Jesus, something seems to tell me so,
For I feel so glad and happy, and I do so want to go;
How I long to see yer, Jesus, and the children all so bright!
Come and fetch me, won't yer, Jesus? Come and fetch me home to-night!"

Tommy ceased his supplication, he had told his soul's desire,
And he waited for the answer till his head began to tire;
Then he turned towards his corner, and lay huddled in a heap,
Closed his little eyes so gently, and was quickly fast asleep.

Oh, I wish that every scoffer could have seen his little face
As he lay there in the corner, in that damp and noisome place;

For his countenance was shining like an angel's, fair and bright,
And it seemed to fill the cellar with a holy, heavenly light.

He had only heard of Jesus from a ragged singing girl,
He might well have wondered, pondered, till his brain began to whirl;
But he took it as she told it, and believed it then and there,
Simply trusting in the Saviour, and His kind and tender care.

In the morning, when the mother came to wake her crippled boy,
She discovered that his features wore a look of sweetest joy,
And she shook him somewhat roughly, but the cripple's face was cold—
He had gone to join the children in the streets of shining gold.

Tommy's prayer had soon been answered, and the Angel Death had come
To remove him from his cellar, to His bright and heavenly home
Where sweet comfort, joy and gladness never can decrease or end,
And where Jesus reigns eternally, his Sovereign and his Friend.

I. F. NICHOLS.

ROBBY AND RUTH.

ROBBY and Ruth strolled out one day,
Over the meadows, beyond the town;
The robins sang, and the fields looked gay,
And the orchards dropped their blossoms down:
But they took no thought of song or flower,
For this, to them, was love's sweet hour;
And love's hour is fleet,
And swift love's feet,
When a lad and a winsome lassie meet!

Robby and Ruth in the church were wed,
Ere the orchard apples began to fall;
"Till death shall part," were the words they said,
And love's pure sunlight hallowed all.
Ah! never a bride more sweet and fair
Wore orange-blooms in her sunny hair!
The maiden sung,
And the joy-bells rung
And echoed the orchards and groves among.

Robby and Ruth kept house together,
Till both were old and bent and gray,
And little they cared for outside weather,
For home's sweet light gilded all their way;
And many a precious nestling came
To be called by the dear old household name;
And the love that blessed
When first confessed
Remained in their hearts a constant guest.

Robby and Ruth grew weary at last—
Bobby went first the shining way;
And when the earth on *his* grave was cast,
The faithful Ruth could no longer stay;
And daisy ne'er blossomed or wild-rose grew
O'er hearts more tender, leal and true!
Love's vows were sweet
When they sat at Love's feet,
And Heaven makes love itself complete.

LOUISA S. UPHAM.

RECITATIONS FOR CHILDREN.

The perplexing question of obtaining something suitable for the "little tots" to recite, is solved by the choice collection of pieces here presented. The pathetic, the humorous, the beautiful, in short, every variety of recitation for the young people, may be found in the following pages, including drills and motion recitals, and selections for special occasions, all of which are entertaining and admirably suited to the little folks.

TWO LITTLE MAIDENS.

A SORRY little maiden
Is Miss Fuss-and-Feather,
Crying for the golden moon,
Grumbling at the weather;
The sun will fade her gown,
The rain will spoil her bonnet,
If she ventures out,
And lets it fall upon it.

A merry little maiden
Is Miss Rags-and-Tatters,
Chatting of the twinkling stars
And many other matters;
Dancing in the sunshine,
Pattering through the rain,
Her clothes never cause her
A single thought or pain.

AGNES CARR.

THE WAY TO SUCCEED.

DRIVE the nail aright, boys,
Hit it on the head;
Strike with all your might, boys,
While the iron's red.

When you've work to do, boys,
Do it with a will;
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,
Gazing at the sky,
How can you ever get up, boys,
If you never try?

Though you stumble oft, boys,
Never be downcast;
Try, and try again, boys—
You'll succeed at last.

WHEN PA BEGINS TO SHAVE.

WHEN Sunday mornin' comes around
My pa hangs up his strop,
An' takes his razor out an' makes
It go c'flop! c'flop!
An' then he gits his mug an' brush
An' yells t' me, "Behave!"
I tell y'u, things is mighty still—
When pa begins t' shave.

Then pa he stirs his brush around
An' makes th' soapsuds fly;
An' sometimes, when he stirs too hard,
He gits some in his eye.
I tell y'u, but it's funny then
To see pa stamp and rave;
But y'u mustn't git ketched laffin'—
When pa begins t' shave.

Th' hired hand he dassent talk,
An' even ma's afeard,
An' y'u can hear th' razor click
A-cuttin' through pa's beard!
An' then my Uncle Bill he laffs
An' says: "Gosh! John, you're brave,"
An' pa he swears, an' ma jest smiles—
When pa begins t' shave.

When pa gits done a-shavin' of
His face, he turns around,
And Uncle Bill says: "Why, John,
Yu'r chin looks like plowed ground!"
An' then he laffs—jest laffs an' laffs,
But I got t' behave,
Cos things's apt to happen quick—
When pa begins t' shave.

HARRY DOUGLASS ROBBINS.

A BOY'S VIEW.

GIRL is very nice! Everybody who has not the misfortune to be girl will allow this. Nice girl will allow it also as far as itself is concerned. Strange girl is objectionable in the eyes of girl generally.

Powder improves girl sometimes, but it seldom finds this out until it is suggested to it by one of experience.

Healthy girl costs its parents less money for doctors' bills, but persons who write romantic tales for circulating libraries choose unhealthy and pasty faced girl to write about—the swooning kind preferred.

If I were not boy I think I should like to be girl. It's best fun to be boy when their's plenty of girl about.

MAMMY'S CHURNING SONG.

SET still, honey, let ole Mammy tell yer
'bout de churn,
Wid de cream en clabber dashin',
En de buttermilk er-splashin'.
Dis de chune hit am er-singin' 'fore hit 'gin ter turn:

Jiggery, jiggery, jiggery, jum,
Bum-bum-bum,
But-ter-come,
Massa give old nigger some.

Jump down, honey, en fotch me dat rag fum de table, fer ter wipe off dis hyah led. Tole yer so, dat milk gwine ter splatter up hyah 'reckly! Dar now, dat's er good chile, git back in mer lap.

Now de cream, en milk, en clabber's churnin' up so fas',
Hyah hit splatterin' en er-splutterin',
En er-mixin', en er-mutterin',
In de churn en roun' de dasher, singin' ter de las';

Jiggery, jiggery, jiggery, jum,
Bum-bum-bum,
But-ter-come,
Massa gib old nigger some.

Uh-er! Teck kyah, honey, keep dem fingers way fum dar! Butter mos' come now: set still jis' er leetle w'ile longer.

Sooen de lumps ob butter 'll be er-floatin' on de top—
Now de ole churn 's fa'rly hummin',
Tell yer wot, de butter comin'—
Done come! Mammy's arm so ti-yerd, now she's gwine ter stop.

Jiggery, jiggery, jiggery, jum,
Bum-bum-bum,
But-ter-come,
Mammy 'll gib de baby some.

Dar now! [*removing the top and giving the dasher a circular motion*] jis' peep in dar en see de lumps ob yaller butter er-huddlin' tergedder. Now run fotch yer leetle blue mug, en Mammy 'll gib yer some nice sweet buttermilk right outen dis hyah churn.

EDWARD A. OLDHAM

THE TWENTY FROGS!

TWENTY froggies went to school.
Down beside a rushy pool;
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean.
"We must be in time," said they;
"First we study, then we play;
That is how we keep the rule
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive.
From his seat upon the log,
Taught them how to say "Ker-chug,"
Also how to dodge a blow
From the sticks which bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast;
Bullfrogs they became at last;
Not one dunce among the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot;
Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be;
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

ONLY A BIRD.

ONLY a bird! and a vagrant boy
Fits a pebble with a boyish skill
Into the fold of a supple sling.
"Watch me hit him. I can an' I will."
Whirr! and a silence chill and sad
Falls like a pall on the vibrant air,
From a birchen tree, whence a shower of song
Has fallen in ripples everywhere.

Only a bird! and the tiny throat
With quaver and trill and whistle of flute,
Bruised and bleeding and silent lies
There at his feet. Its chords are mute.
And the boy, with a loud and boisterous laugh,
Proud of his prowess and brutal skill,
Throws it aside with a careless toss—
"Only a bird! it was made to kill."

Only a bird! yet far away
Little ones clamor and cry for food—
Clamor and cry, and the chill of night
Settles over the orphan brood.
Weaker and fainter the moaning call
For a brooding breast that shall never come.
Morning breaks o'er a lonely nest,
Songless and lifeless; mute and dumb.

MARY MORRISON.

THE WAY TO DO IT.

Teach the child to make all the gestures and facial expressions. This is a captivating recital for any "little tot" who can do it well, and this will require patient practice.

I'LL tell you how I speak a piece:
First, I make my bow;
Then I bring my words out clear
And plain as I know how.

Next, I throw my hands up—so!
Then I lift my eyes:
That's to let my hearers know
Something doth surprise.

Next, I grin and show my teeth,
Nearly every one,
Shake my shoulders, hold my sides:
That's the sign of fun.

Next, I start, and knit my brows,
Hold my head erect:
Something's wrong, you see, and I
Decidedly object.

Then I wabble at my knees,
Clutch at shadows near,
Tremble well from top to toe.
That's the sign of fear.

Now I start, and with a leap,
Seize an airy dagger.
"Wretch!" I cry: that's tragedy,
Every soul to stagger.

Then I let my voice grow fraint,
Gasp, and hold my breath,
Tumble down and plunge about:
That's a villain's death.

Quickly then I come to life,
Perfectly restored;
With a bow my speech is done.
Now you'll please applaud.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

WE MUST ALL SCRATCH.

For five little children and one older, a girl, who takes the part of the mother. They stand in a row and each steps forward and recites the verse.

SAID the first little chicken,
With a queer little squirm,
"I wish I could find
A fat little worm."

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
"I wish I could find
A fat little bug."

Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeal,
"I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal."

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief,
"I wish I could find
A green little leaf."

Said the fifth little chicken,
With a faint little moan,
"I wish I could find
A wee gravel stone."

"Now, see here," said the mother,
From the green garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast,
Just come here and scratch."

KITTY AT SCHOOL.

COME, Kitty dear, I'll tell you what
We'll do this rainy day;
Just you and I, all by ourselves,
At keeping *school*, will play.

The teacher, Kitty, I will be;
And *you* shall be the class;
And you must close attention give,
If you expect to pass.

Now, Kitty, "C-A-T" spells *cat*.
Stop playing with your tail!
You are so heedless, I am sure
In spelling you will fail.

"C-A" oh, Kitty! *do* sit still!
You must not chase that fly!
You'll never learn a single word,
You do not even try.

I'll tell you what my teacher says
To me most ev'ry day—
She says that girls can never learn
While they are full of play.

So try again—another word;
"L-A-C-E" spells "*lace*."
Why, Kitty, it is not polite
In school to wash your face!

You are a naughty, naughty puss,
And keep you in I should;
But then, I love you, dear, so much
I don't see how I could!

O, see! the sun shines bright again!
We'll run out doors and play;
We'll leave our school and lessons for
Another rainy day.

KATE ULMER.

A FELLOW'S MOTHER.

"A FELLOW'S mother," said Fred the wise,
With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes,
"Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt
By a thump, or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt.

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings,
Rags and buttons, and lots of things;
No matter how busy she is, she'll stop
To see how well you can spin your top.

"She does not care—not much, I mean—
If a fellow's face is not always clean;
And if your trousers are torn at the knee
She can put in a patch that you'd never see.

"A fellow's mother is never mad,
But only sorry if you are bad,
And I'll tell you this, if you're only true,
She'll always forgive whate'er you do.

"I'm sure of this," said Fred the wise,
With a manly look in his laughing eyes,
"I'll mind my mother, quick, every day,
A fellow's a baby that don't obey."

M. E. SANGSTER.

THE STORY KATIE TOLD.

NOW, stay right still and listen, kitty-cat, and I'll tell you a story.

Once there was a girl.

She was a pretty good little girl, and minded her papa 'n' mamma everything they said, only sometimes she didn't, and then she was naughty; but she was always sorry, and said she wouldn't do so any more, and her mamma'd forgive her.

She was going to hang up her stocking.

"You'll have to be pretty good, 'lest 'twon't be filled," said her mamma.

"'Less maybe there'll be a big bunch of sticks in it," said her papa.

Do you think that's a nice way to talk, kitty-cat? I don't.

So the little girl was good as she could be, 'less she was bigger, and didn't cry and slap her little sister hardly any at all, and always minded her mamma when she came where the chimney was, 'specially much.

So she hung up her stocking.

And in the night she got awake, and wanted it to come morning; but in the morning she didn't get awake till 'twas all sunshiny out doors.

Then she ran quick as she could to look at her stocking where she'd hung it; and true's you live, kitty-cat, there wasn't the leastest thing in it—not the leastest bit of a scrimp!

Oh, the little girl felt dreadfully! How'd you feel, s'pose it had been you, kitty-cat?

She 'menced to cry, the little girl did, and she kept going harder 'n harder, till by'mby she screeched orfly, and her mamma came running to see what the matter was.

"Mercy me!" said her mamma. "Look over by the window 'fore you do that any more, Kathie."

That little girl's name was Kathie too, kitty-cat, just the same's mine.

So she looked over by the window, the way her mamma said, and—oh! there was the loveliest dolly's house you ever saw in all your born life.

It had curtains to pull to the sides when you wanted to play, and pull in front when you didn't.

There was a bed-room, kitty-cat, and a dinner-room, and a kitchen, and a parlor, and they all had carpets on.

And there was the sweetest dolly in the parlor, all dressed up in blue silk! Oh, dear! And a penano, to play real little

tunes on, and a rocking-chair, and—O kitty-cat! I can't begin to tell you half about it.

I can't about the bed-room, either, and the dinner-room.

But the kitchen was the very bestest of all. There was a stove—a teeny tonty mite of a one, kitty-cat,—with dishes just zactly like mamma's, only littler, of course, and fry-pans and everything; and spoons to stir with, and a rolling-pin, and two little cutters-out, and the darlingest baker-sheet ever you saw!

And the first thing that little girl did was to make some teenty mites of cookies, 'cause her mamma let her; and if you'll come right down stairs, kitty-cat, I'll give you one.

'Cause I was that little girl, kitty-cat, all the time.

A LITTLE ROGUE.

GRANDMA was nodding, I rather think;
Harry was sly and quick as a wink;
He climbed in the back of her great arm-chair,
And nestled himself very snugly there;
Grandma's dark locks were mingled with white,
And quick this fact came to his sight;
A sharp twinge soon she felt at her hair,
And woke with a start, to find Harry there.
"Why, what are you doing, my child?" she said;
He answered, "I'se pulling a basting fread?"

MATTIE'S WANTS AND WISHES.

I WANTS a piece of cal'co
To make my doll a dess;
I doesn't want a big piece;
A yard'll do, I guess.
I wish you'd fred my needle,
And find my fimble, too—
I has such heaps o' sewin'
I don't know what to do.

I wants my Maud a bonnet;
She hasn't none at all;
And Fred must have a jacket;
His ozzer one's too small.
I wants to go to grandma's;
You promised me I might.
I know she'd like to see me;
I wants to go to-night.

She lets me wipe the dishes,
And see in grandpa's watch—
I wish I'd free, four pennies
To buy some butter-scotch.
My Hepsy tored her apron
A tum'lin' down the stair,
And Cæsar's lost his pantloons.
And needs anozzer pair.

I wants some newer mittens—
I wish you'd knit me some,
'Cause most my fingers freezes,
They leaks so in the fum.
I wored 'em out last summer,
A pullin' George's sled;
I wish you wouldn't laugh so—
It hurts me in my head.

I wish I had a cookie;
I'm hungry's I can be.
If you hasn't pretty large ones,
You'd better bring me free.
I wish I had a p'ano—
Won't you buy me one to keep?
O, dear! I feels so tired,
I wants to go to sleep.

GRACE GORDON.

WON'T AND WILL.

SHA'N'T and Won't were two little brothers,
Angry, and sullen, and gruff;
Try and Will are dear little sisters,
One can scarcely love them enough.

Sha'n't and Won't looked down on their noses,
Their faces were dismal to see;
Try and Will are brighter than roses
In June, and as blithe as a bee.

Sha'n't and Won't are backward and stupid,
Little, indeed, did they know;
Try and Will learn something new daily,
And seldom are heedless or slow.

Sha'n't and Won't loved nothing, no, nothing,
So much as to have their own way;
Try and Will give up to their elders,
And try to please others at play.

Sha'n't and Won't came to terrible trouble:
Their story is awful to tell;
Try and Will are in the schoolroom,
Learning to read and spell.

WILLIE'S BREECHES.

The boy's garments should suit the description contained in the piece. In reciting the last two lines he should point to his head, stretch out his hands to show them, look down at his feet, and then catch hold of his pants and spread them out on the sides, putting on at the same time a look of pride.

I'M just a little boy, you know,
And hardly can remember,
When people ask how old I am,
To tell 'em four last 'vember.
And yet for all I am so small,
I made so many stitches
For mamma's fingers, that she put
Her little boy in breeches.

You may be sure that I was glad;
I marched right up and kissed her,
Then gave my bibs and petticoats,
And all, to baby sister.
I never whine, now I'm so fine,
And don't get into messes;
For mamma says, if I am bad,
She'll put me back in dresses!

There's buttons up and down my legs,
And buttons on my jacket;
I'd count 'em all, but baby makes
Just now, an awful racket.
She's sitting there, behind the chair,
With blocks, and dolls, and kitty,
A playing "go to gran'ma's house,"
Alone, 'n that's a pity.

I think I'll go and help her some,
I'm sure it would amuse me;
So I won't bother any more
To talk—if you'll excuse me.
But first I'll stand before the glass,
From top to toe it reaches;
Now look! there's head, and hands, and feet,
But all the rest is breeches!

ETTA G. SALSBURY.

LITTLE DORA'S SOLILOQUY.

I TAN'T see what our baby boy is dood for anyway:
He don't know how to walk or talk, he don't know how to play;
He tears up ev'ry single zing he posser-bil-ly tan,
An' even tried to break, one day, my mamma's bestest fan.
He's al'ays tumblin' 'bout ze floor, an' gives us awful scares,
An' when he goes to bed at night, he never says his prayers.

On Sunday, too, he musses up my go-to-meetin' clothes,
An' once I foun' him hard at work a-pinc'in' Dolly's nose;
An' ze uzzer day zat naughty boy (now what you s'pose you zink?)
Upset a dreat big bottle of my papa's writin' ink;
An', 'stead of kyin' dood an' hard, as course he ought to done,
He laughed and kicked his head 'most off, as zough he zought 'twas fun.

He even tries to reach up high, an' pull zings off ze shelf,
An' he's al'ays wantin' you, of course, jus' when you wants you'self.
I rather dess, I really do, from how he pulls my turls,
Zey all was made a-purpose for to 'noy us little dirls;
An' I wish zere wasn't no such zing as naughty baby boys——
Why—why, zat's him a-kyin' now; he makes a dreffful noise,
I dess I better run and see, for if he has—boo-hoo!—
Felled down ze stairs and killed his-self, whatever s-s-s'all I do!

THE SQUIRREL'S LESSON.

TWO little squirrels, out in the sun,
One gathered nuts, and the other had none;
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain;
"Summer is still just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate:
He roused him at last, but he roused him too late;
Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud,
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room were placed,
One always perfect, the other disgraced;
"Time enough yet for my learning," he said;
"I will climb, by and by, from the foot to the head."

Listen, my darling; their locks are turned gray;
One as a Governor sitteth to-day;
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door
Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day;
One is at work, the other at play,
Living uncared for, dying unknown—
The busiest hive hath ever a drone.

LITTLE KITTY.

ONCE there was a little kitty,
Whiter than snow;
In the barn she used to frolic,
Long time ago;
In the barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro;
For she heard the kitty coming,
Long time ago.

Two black eyes had little kitty,
Black as a sloe;
And they spied the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Nine pearl teeth had little kitty,
All in a row;
And they bit the little mousie,
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
Little mousie cried, "Oh!"
But she got away from kitty,
Long time ago.
Kitty White so shyly comes,
To catch the mousie Gray;
But mousie hears her softly step
And quickly runs away.

LABOR SONG.

This is a charming exercise for boys and girls. Each should be dressed in the costume of the character to be represented, and, as far as possible, should go through the motions called for by the part. The properties can all be placed on the stage before the performance begins. Each character comes in alone, those who have already entered remaining until the close. All unite in singing the chorus, after each performer has spoken or sung (according to choice) the part he or she is to act. Music suitable for this selection is herewith furnished. Come in promptly and avoid long pauses.
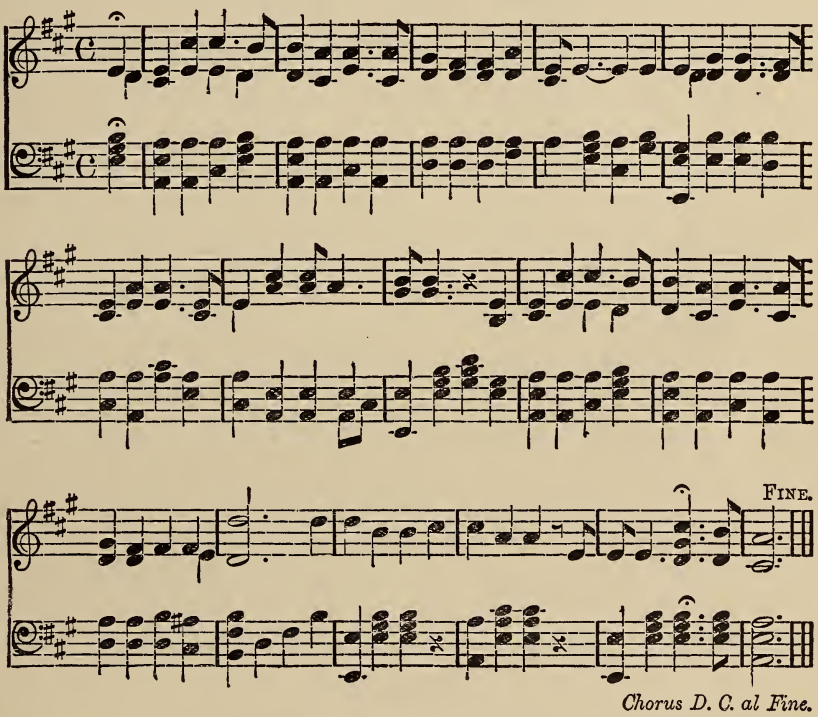
THE FARMER (*with scythe and dressed like a farmer.*)

I'M glad I am a husbandman,
My acres broad to till,
And in the Autumn of the year
My many barns to fill.

How happy is the laborer,
His heart is light and gay,
And merrily his song rings out,
Throughout the livelong day.

THE FARMER'S WIFE (*kneading bread*).

I'm glad I am a farmer's wife,



Chorus D. C. al Fine.

How happy is the farmer's life,
'Tis one of peace and joy,
To reap and sow, and plow and mow,
And thus the time employ.

CHORUS.

How happy is the laborer,
For when the day is o'er,
The evening shadows gather round,
That he may work no more;

The wheaten bread to knead,
And when the men come home from work
Their hungry mouths to feed.
I keep my house in perfect trim,
I sweep and dust and bake,
And when the busy day is done,
Sweet is the rest I take.—CHORUS.

THE FARMER'S GIRL (*with broom and milk pail*).

I'm glad I am a farmer's girl,

I love the farmer's life,
And if I ever wed at all,
I'll be a farmer's wife.
My milking pails make music sweet,
I'm happy all the day,
Work gives my cheek the glow of health,
And drives dull care away.—CHORUS.

THE FARMER'S BOY (*with rake*).

I'm glad I am a farmer's boy,
To plant and rake and hoe—
I get upon old Dobbin's back,
And don't I make him go?
I shout and make the welkin ring,
I sing my merry song,
And, roaming through the fields and woods,
I'm jolly all day long. [*Boy whistles Chorus.*

DAIRY MAID (*with churn.*)

I'm glad I am a dairy maid,
My butter is so yellow;
I know the lad that catches me
Will be a lucky fellow.
I'm glad I am a dairy maid,
My heart is light and gay,
And with my milk and cream and churn,
I'm happy all the day.—CHORUS.

WASHERWOMAN (*with tub and washboard*).

I'm glad I am a washerwoman,
Ye know me by my look,
I'll wash and starch your snowy clothes,
And fold them like a book;
Then sind me in your orders quick
For I've no time for fooling;
(*Spoken*).
I'll do thim to the best of my ability,
Ontirely sure.—CHORUS.

THE SHOEMAKER (*shoe, last and hammer*).

I'm glad I am a shoemaker,
With hammer, last and shoe;
Without the slippers that I make,
What would the ladies do?
I cut the leather, fit the last—
To me, my work is play—
From morn to night, with heart so light,
I sing and peg away.—CHORUS.

THE BLACKSMITH (*with anvil and hammer*).

I'm glad I am a blacksmith,
A noble horse to shoe,
I hold within my lap his hoof,
And whack the shoe-nail through;
I swing the hammer and I know
Just how to make a hit,
And indigestion, if you please,
Don't trouble me a bit.—CHORUS.

THE SCHOOL-TEACHER (*with slate, book and rule; three or four children to take part of scholars*).

I'm glad I am a school-teacher,
With slate and book and rule,
To teach the young idea to shoot,
And extirpate the fool.
The heights of knowledge I point out,
And upward lead the way,
And with my pupils pressing on,
I'm happy every day.—CHORUS.

WHAT BABY SAID.

I AM here. And if this is what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very flannelly world and smells of paregoric awfully. It's a dreadful light world, too, and makes me blink, I tell you. And I don't know what to do with my hands; I think I'll dig my fists in my eyes. No, I won't. I'll scratch at the corner of my blanket and chew it up, and then I'll holler; whatever happens, I'll holler. And the more paregoric they give me, the louder I'll yell. That old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth, sidewise like, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilt snuff in it last night, and when I hollered she trotted me. That comes of being a two-

days-old baby. Never mind; when I'm a man, I'll pay her back good.

There's a pin sticking in me now, and if I say a word about it, I'll be trotted or fed; and I would rather have catnip-tea. I heard folks say, "Hush! don't wake up Emeline's baby;" and I suppose that pretty, white-faced woman on the pillow is Emeline.

No, I was mistaken; for a chap was in here just now and wanted to see Bob's baby and looked at me and said I was a funny little toad, and looked just like Bob. He smelt of cigars. I wonder who else I belong to! Yes, there's another one—that's "Gamma." "It was Gamma's baby, so it was." I declare, I don't know who I belong to; but I'll holler, and maybe I'll find out. There comes snuffy with catnip tea. I'm going to sleep. I wonder why my hands won't go where I want them to!

ONE LITTLE ACT.

I SAW a man, with tottering steps,
Come down a graveled walk, one day;
The honored frost of many years
Upon his scattered thin locks lay.
With trembling hands he strove to raise
The latch that held the little gate,
When rosy lips looked up and smiled,—
A silvery child-voice said, "Please wait."

A little girl oped wide the gate,
And held it till he passed quite through,
Then closed it, raising to his face
Her modest eyes of winsome blue.

"May Heaven bless you, little one,"
The old man said, with tear-wet eyes;
"Such deeds of kindness to the old
Will be rewarded in the skies."

'Twas such a little thing to do—
A moment's time it took—no more;
And then the dancing, graceful feet
Had vanished through the school-room door.
And yet I'm sure the angels smiled,
And penned it down in words of gold;
'Tis such a blessed thing to see
The young so thoughtful of the old.

THE LITTLE ORATOR.

Lines written for Edward Everett, when a child.

PRAY, how should I, a little lad,
In speaking make a figure?
You're only joking, I'm afraid—
Do wait till I am bigger.

But, since you wish to hear my part,
And urge me to begin it,
I'll strive for praise, with all my heart,
Though small the hope to win it.

I'll tell a tale how Farmer John
A little roan colt bred, sir,
And every night and every morn
He watered and he fed, sir.

Said Neighbor Joe to Farmer John,
"Aren't you a silly dolt, sir,
To spend such time and care upon
A little useless colt, sir?"

Said Farmer John to Neighbor Joe,
"I bring my little roan up,
Not for the good he now can do,
But will do when he's grown up."

The moral you can well espy,
To keep the tale from spoiling;
The little colt, you think, is I—
I know it by your smiling.

And now, my friends, please to excuse
My lisping and my stammers;
I, for this once, have done my best,
And so—I'll make my manners.

THADDEUS MASON HARRIS.

A GENTLEMAN.

I KNEW him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale—
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time for play;
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street;
Off came his little cap.
My door was shut; he waited there
Until I heard his rap.
He took the bundle from my hand,
And when I dropped my pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me—
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along;
His voice is gently pitched;
He does not fling his books about
As if he were bewitched,
He stands aside to let you pass;
He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself,
He serves you if he can;
For, in whatever company,
The manners make the man.
At ten or forty, 'tis the same;
The manner tells the tale,
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

BABIES AND KITTENS.

THERE were two kittens, a black and a gray,
And grandma said with a frown:
"It never will do to keep them both,
The black one we had better drown."

"Don't cry, my dear," to tiny Bess,
"One kitten is enough to keep,
Now run to nurse, for 'tis growing late
And time you were fast asleep."

The morning dawned, and rosy and sweet,
Came little Bess from her nap,
The nurse said, "Go in mamma's room,
And look in grandma's lap."

"Come here," said grandma, with a smile,
From the rocking-chair, where she sat,
"God has sent you two little sisters,
What do you think of that?"

Bess looked at the babies a moment,
With their wee heads, yellow and brown,
And then to grandma soberly said:
"Which one are you going to drown?"

L. M. HADLEY.

A DISSATISFIED CHICKEN.

THERE was a little chicken that was shut up in a shell,
He thought to himself, "I'm sure I cannot tell
What I am walled in here for—a shocking coop I find,
Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind."

He went out in the barnyard one lovely morn in May,
Each hen he found spring-cleaning in the only proper way;
"This yard is much too narrow—a shocking coop I find,
Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind."

He crept up to the gateway and slipped betwixt a crack,
The world stretched wide before him, and just as widely back;

"This world is much too narrow—a shocking coop I find,
Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind.

"I should like to have ideals, I should like to tread the stars,
To get the unattainable, and free my soul from bars;
I should like to leave this dark earth, and some other dwelling find
More fitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind.

"There's a place where ducks and pleasure boats go sailing to and fro,
There's one world on the surface and another world below."
The little waves crept nearer and, on the brink inclined,
They swallowed up the chicken with an enterprising mind.

A. G. WATERS

THE LITTLE TORMENT.

MY name's Jack. I'm eight years old. I've a sister Arathusa, and she calls me a little torment. I'll tell you why: You know Arathusa has got a beau, and he comes to see her every night, and they turn the gas 'way, 'way down 'till you can't hardly see. I like to stay in the room with the gas on full blaze, but Arathusa skites me out of the room every night.

I checked her once, you better believe. You know she went to the door to let Alphonso in, and I crawled under the sofa. Then they came in, and it got awful dark, and they sat down on the sofa, and I couldn't hear nothing but smack! smack! smack! Then I reached out and jerked Arathusa's foot. Then she jumped and said, "Oh, mercy, what's that?" and Alphonso said she was a "timid little creature." "Oh, Alphonso, I'm happy by your side, but when I think of your going away it almost breaks my heart."

Then I snickered right out, I couldn't help it, and Arathusa got up, went and peeked through the keyhole and said, "I do believe that's Jack, nasty little torment, he's always where he isn't wanted." Do you know this made me mad, and I crawled out from under the sofa and stood up before her and said, "You think you are smart because you have got a beau. I guess I know what you've been doing; you've been sitting on Alphonso's lap, and letting him kiss you like you let Bill Jones kiss you. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. If it hadn't been for that old false front of yours, Pa would have let me have a bicycle like Tom Clifford's. You needn't be grinding them false teeth of yours at me, I ain't a-going out of here. I ain't so green as I look. I guess I know a thing or two. I don't care if you are 28 years old, you ain't no boss of me!"

THE REASON WHY.

A BOSTON master said, one day,
"Boys, tell me, if you can, I pray,
Why Washington's birthday should shine
In to-day's history, more than mine?"
At once such stillness in the hall
You might have heard a feather fall;
Exclaims a boy not three feet high,
"Because *he* never told a lie!"

A CHILD'S REASONING.

SHE was ironing dolly's new gown,
Maid Marian, four years old,
With her brows puckered down
In a painstaking frown
Under her tresses of gold.

'Twas Sunday, and nurse coming in
Exclaimed in a tone of surprise:
"Don't you know it's a sin
Any work to begin
On the day that the Lord sanctifies?"

Then, lifting her face like a rose,
Thus answered this wise little tot:
"Now, don't you suppose
The good Lord He knows
This little iron ain't hot?"

A SWELL DINNER.

A PLAIN, grave man once grew quite celebrated;
Dame Grundy met him with her blandest smile,
And Mrs. Shoddy, finding him much feted,
Gave him a dinner in her swellest style.

Her dining-table was a blaze of glory;
Soft light from many colored candles fell
Upon the young, the middle aged, and hoary—
On beauty and on those who "made up" well.

Her china was a miracle of beauty—
No service like it ever had been sold,
And, being unsmuggled, with the price and duty,
Was nearly worth its weight in gold.

The flowers were wonderful—I think that maybe
Only another world has flowers more fair;
Each rose was big enough to brain a baby,
And there were several bushels of them there.

The serving was the acme of perfection;
Waiters were many, silent, deft, and fleet;
Their manners seemed a reverent affection
And oh! what stacks of things there were to eat!

And yet the man, for all this honor singled,
Would have exchanged it with the greatest joy
For one plain meal of pork and cabbage mingled,
Cooked by his mother when he was a boy.

LITTLE JACK.

HE wore a pair of tattered pants,
A ragged roundabout,
And through the torn crown of his hat
A lock of hair stuck out;
He had no shoes upon his feet,
No shirt upon his back;
His home was on the friendless street,
His name was "Little Jack."

One day a toddling baby-boy
With head of curly hair
Escaped his loving mother's eyes,
Who, busy with her care,
Forgot the little one, that crept
Upon the railroad near
To play with the bright pebbles there,
Without a thought of fear.

But see! around the curve there comes
A swiftly flying train—
It rattles, roars! the whistle shrieks
With all its might and main;
The mother sees her child, but stands
Transfixed with sudden fright!
The baby clasps his little hands
And laughs with low delight.

Look! look! a tattered figure flies
Adown the railroad track!
His hat is gone, his feet are bare!
'Tis ragged "Little Jack!"
He grasps the child, and from the track
The babe is safely tossed—
A slip! a cry! the train rolls by—
Brave "Little Jack" is lost.

They found his mangled body there,
Just where he slipped and fell,
And strong men wept who never cared
For him when he was well.
If there be starry crowns in heaven
For little ones to wear,
The star in "Little Jack's" shall shine
As bright as any there!

EUGENE J. HALL.

A STORY OF AN APPLE.

LITTLE Tommy and Peter and Archy and Bob
Were walking one day, when they found
An apple; 'twas mellow and rosy and red,
And lying alone on the ground.

Said Tommy: "I'll have it." Said Peter: "'Tis mine."
Said Archy: "I've got it; so there!"
Said Bobby: "Now let us divide in four parts,
And each of us boys have a share."

"No, no!" shouted Tommy, "I'll have it myself."
Said Peter: "I want it, I say."
Said Archy: "I've got it, and I'll have it all;
I won't give a morsel away."

Then Tommy, he snatched it, and Peter, he fought,
('Tis sad and distressing to tell!)
And Archy held on with his might and his main,
Till out of his fingers it fell.

Away from the quarrelsome urchins it flew,
And then down a green little hill
That apple it rolled, and it rolled, and it rolled
As if it would never be still.

A lazy old brindle was nipping the grass
And switching her tail at the flies,
When all of a sudden the apple rolled down
And stopped just in front of her eyes.

She gave but a bite and a swallow or two—
That apple was seen nevermore!
"I wish," whimpered Archy and Peter and Tom,
"We'd kept it and cut it in four."

SYDNEY DAYRE.

IDLE BEN.

IDLE Ben was a naughty boy;
(If you please, this story's true;)
He caused his teachers great annoy,
And his worthy parents, too.

Idle Ben, in a boastful way,
To his anxious parents told,
That, while he was young, he thought he'd play,
And he'd learn when he grew old.

"Ah, Ben!" said his mother, and dropped a tear,
"You'll be sorry for this by-and-by."
Says Ben, "To me, that's not very clear,
But at any rate I'll try."

So Idle Ben, he refused to learn,
Thinking that he could wait;
But, when he had his living to earn,
He found it was just too late.

Little girls, little boys, don't delay your work;
Some day you'll be women and men:
Whenever your task you're inclined to shirk,
Take warning by Idle Ben.

BABY ALICE'S RAIN.

THE drouth had been long—oh, very long—
The whole long month of blithesome May;
The rain-clouds seemed to have wandered wrong,
From the pinched, brown land so far away:
Leaves fell; and the blue-birds hushed their song,
As field and forest grew dim and gray.

Then one night the clouds had gathered: the wind
Came in from the east; but it needed trust
To believe that the soft rain lurked behind,
To cool the fierce heat and to lay the dust:
So soon we forget that God is kind!
So easily cease to hope and to trust!

But it rained at morning: oh, welcome fall
Of the drops from heaven, that had such need!
Those drops that have fallen alike on all,
Of the kindly thought and the cruel deed,
Since the plant of life was so tiny and small
When the Mighty Hand had just dropped the seed.

Did we wonder, to see it come at last—
This coveted blessing?—wee Alice did not,
As quick to the window all dimpled she passed,
Springing up in glee from her little cot,
And bearing a love so holy and vast
In such limited space—dear baby tot!

"Look, mamma! look, papa!—oh yes, it yanes!
"I tought dere ood be some 'ittle showers!
"Detoration Day—Dod take such pains!
"Don't 'u see Dod's waterin' de soldiers' f'owers?"
Oh, lips of the children!—there's something re remains
Yet, of Eden's prime, in this world of ours.

JOHN HAY FURNESS.

GIVE US LITTLE BOYS A CHANCE.

HERE we are! don't leave us out,
Just because we're little boys!
Though we're not so bold and stout,
In the world we'll make a noise.
You are many a year ahead,
But we'll step by step advance;
All the world's before *you* spread—
Give us little boys a chance!

Never slight us in our play;
You were once as small as we;
We'll be big, like you, some day,
Then perhaps *our* power you'll see.
We will meet you, when we'er grown
With a brave and fearless glance;
Don't think all this world's *your* own—
Give us little boys a chance!

Little hands will soon be strong
For the work that they must do;
Little lips will sing their song
When these early days are through.
So, you big folks, if we're small,
On our toes you needn't dance;
There is room enough for all—
Give us little boys a chance!

PUSS IN THE OVEN.

WHILE sitting at our breakfast rather late
One winter's morn a little after eight,
We heard a noise;
But from the shuffling of feet and legs,
Of drinking coffee and of eating eggs,
We girls and boys
Thought little of it, but looked at one another;
Fred looked at Polly—Polly at her brother.
Just then we heard a feeble cry, so wee,
Where could it come from—and what could it be?
"It's puss," cried one, "she must be in the 'aery.'"

And so we went with footsteps soft and wary.
But, no; Puss in the aery was not found,
And once again we heard the plaintive sound,
"M e-o-w, M-e-w,"
What could we do?

We looked again and Clara searched the house;
Was pussy in the coal-hole, with a mouse?
"M-e-w, M-e-o-w,"
Much louder now.
"She s in the cupboard," so, we search the shelves,
But find no pussy. Have some fairy elves
Been imitating puss? But once again
Poor pussy gives a cry as if in pain;
The drawers are searched; in every little nook
Where puss could hide we take a hasty look.

"M-e-w, M-e-o-w,"
Still louder now,
We all look frightened, so while one declares
That pussy's hidden underneath the stairs;
And while we stood upon the kitchen rug,
Wondering where pussy was so nice and snug,
The oven door was opened just a bit
To warm some toast, *when out jumped little Kit!*
And as she shook her furry brindled form,
She seemed to say, "My bed was rather warm."

WHAT WAS IT?

GUESS what he had in his pocket.
Marbles and tops and sundry toys
Such as always belong to boys,
A bitter apple, a leathern ball?—
Not at all.

What did he have in his pocket?
A bubble-pipe, and a rusty screw,
A brassy watch-key, broken in two.
A fish-hook in a tangle of string?—
No such thing.

What did he have in his pocket?
Ginger-bread crumbs, a whistle he made,
Buttons, a knife with a broken blade,
A nail or two and a rubber gun?—
Neither one.

What *did* he have in his pocket?
Before he knew it slyly crept
Under the treasures carefully kept,
And away they all of them quickly stole—
'Twas a hole! SIDNEY DAYRE.

THE COBBLER'S SECRET.

A WAGGISH cobbler once in Rome,
Put forth this proclamation,
That he was willing to disclose
For due consideration,
A secret which the cobbling world
Could ill afford to lose;
The way to make in one short day
A hundred pairs of shoes.
From every quarter soon there came
A crowd of eager fellows;
Tanners, cobblers, bootmen, shoemen,
Jolly leather sellers,
All redolent of beef and smoke,
And cobbler's wax and hides;
Each fellow paid his thirty pence
And called it cheap besides.

Silence! The cobbler enters
And casts around his eyes,
Then curls his lips—the rogue!—then frowns,
And looks most wondrous wise;
"My friends," he says, "'tis simple quite,
The plan that I propose;
And every man of you, I think,
Might learn it if he chose.
A good sharp knife is all you need
In carrying out my plan;
So easy is it none can fail
Let him be child or man.
To make a hundred pairs of shoes,
Just go back to your shops,
And take a hundred pairs of boots
And cut off all their tops!"

A SAD CASE.

I'M a poor little kitty,
And alas! when born, so pretty,
That the morning I was found,
Instead of being drowned,
I was saved to be the toy
Of a dreadful baby-boy,
Who pinches and who pokes me,
Holds me by my throat and chokes me,
And when I could vainly try
From his cruel clutch to fly,
Grabs my tail, and pulls so hard
That some day, upon my word!
I am sure 'twill broken be,
And then everybody'll see
Such a looking Kitty!

That baby has no pity!
Thinks I'm "only a kitty"—
I won't stand it, nor would you!
'Tis no use to cry out m-e-w!
Listen! Some day I shall scratch,
And he'll find he's met his match:
That within my little paws
There are ever so many claws!
And it won't be very long,
If this sort of thing goes on,
Till there'll be a kitten row
Such as has not been till now;
Then, my lad, there will be found,
Left upon that battle-ground,
Such a looking Baby!

CLARA D. BATES.

THE HEIR APPARENT.

A small boy who can adopt the air and demeanor of the "afflicted parent" will make this soliloquy very amusing.

A BABY! Yes—a baby—a real, definite, unquestionable baby! *What of it?* o you ask. Well, that's queer. Don't know what a baby is? I'm sorry for you. My advice is—go and get one.

Heigho! I'm weighted down with my responsibility. Solferino in color—no hair on its head—kicks—yowls—mews—whines—sneezes—squints—makes up mouths—it's a singular circumstance—*that* baby is, and—but never mind.

Cross? I guess that's a beginning of the truth, so far as *it's* concerned, but, why did it happen along just at the moment when muslin, linen and white flannel were the highest they had been since Adam built a hen-house for Mrs. Eve's chickens? when the doctors charge two dollars a squint, four dollars a grunt, and, on account of the scarcity in the country, take what is left in a man's pocket, no discount for cash, and send bill for balance, Jan. 1st? Queer, isn't it? (*A pause.*)

A queer little thing is that baby; a speck of a nose like a wart, head as bald as a squash, and no place to hitch a waterfall; a mouth just situated to come the gum-game and chew milk. Oh! you should hear her sing. I have stuffed my fur cap down its throat, given it the smoothing-iron to play with; but that little red lump that looks as if it couldn't hold blood enough to keep a musketo from fainting, persists to swallow its fists, and the other day they dropped down its throat, to the crook in its elbows. *That* stopped its music, and I was happy for one and a half minutes.

It is a pleasant thing to have a baby in the house—one of your achy kind. Think of the pleasures of a father in his night costume, trembling in the midnight hour, with his warm feet upon a square yard of oilcloth, dropping paregoric in a teaspoon, by moonlight, the nurse thumping at the door, and the wife of your bosom crying "hurray," and the baby yelling till the fresco drops from

the ceiling. It's a nice time to think of dress coats, pants, ties, and white kids.

Its mother says the darling is troubled with—oh, don't mention it. I have got to get up in the cold and shiver while the milk warms—it uses the bottle. I tried to stop its growth the other night; it was no go. I rocked so hard that I missed stays, and sent it slap clear across the room, upsetting the flower-stand. It didn't make any noise then! Oh, no! I was a happy man. Oh, yes. (*A pause.*) That baby's mother says only wait until it gets bleached (it's been vaccinated) and old enough to crawl about and feed on pins. Yes, I'm going to wait. Won't it be delightful?

John, run for the doctor; it's fallen into the slop pail; it's choking with a peach-skin; or it has fallen down stairs; or has swallowed the tack-hammer; or shows signs of the mumps, croup, whooping cough, small pox, cholera infantum, or some other curious thing to let the doctor take the money laid by for my winter's donation to the poor.

Shampooing, curling my hair, wearing nice clothes, going to parties? Oh, no more of that! No—more—of—that. A baby—oh! I'm an old fellow now. Adieu, vain world!

AN EGG A CHICKEN.

"AN egg a chicken! Don't tell me!
For didn't I break an egg to see?
There was nothing inside but a yellow ball,
With a bit of mucillage round it all—
Neither beak nor bill,
Nor toe nor quill,
Not even a feather
To hold it together;
Not a sign of life could any one see.
An egg a chicken? You can't fool me!

An egg a chicken! Didn't I pick
Up the very shell that had held the chick—
So they said?—and didn't I work half a day
To pack him in where he couldn't stay?
Let me try as I please,
With squeeze upon squeeze,
There is scarce space to meet
His head and his feet.
No room for any of the rest of him—so
That egg never held that chicken I know."

Mamma heard the logic of her little man,
Felt his trouble, and helped him, as mothers can!
Took an egg from the nest—it was smooth and round:
"Now, my boy, can you tell me what makes this sound?"

Faint and low, tap, tap;
Soft and slow, rap, rap;
Sharp and quick,
Like a prisoner's pick.
"Hear it peep, inside there!" cried Tom, with a shout;
"How did it get in, and how can it get out?"

Tom was eager to help—he could break the shell.
Mamma smiled and said, "All's well that ends well.
Be patient awhile yet my boy." Click, click,
And out popped the bill of a dear little chick.
No room had it lacked.
Though snug it was packed,
There it was, all complete,
From its head to its feet.
The softest of down and the brightest of eyes,
And so big—why, the shell wasn't half its size.

Tom gave a long whistle, "Mamma, now I see
That an egg is a chicken—though the how beats me
An egg isn't a chicken, that I know and declare
Yet a egg isn't a chicken—see the proof of it there
Nobody can tell
How it came in that shell;
Once out all in vain
Would I pack it again.
I think 'tis a miracle, mamma mine,
As much as that of the water and wine.'

ONE OF GOD'S LITTLE HEROES.

THE patter of feet was on the stair,
As the Editor turned in his sanctum chair,
And said—for weary the day had been—
"Don't let another intruder in."

But scarce had he uttered the words, before
A face peered in at the half-closed door,
And a child sobbed out—"Sir, mother said
I should come and tell you that Dan is dead."

"And pray who is 'Dan'?" The streaming eyes
Looked questioning up, with a strange surprise:
"Not know him?—Why, sir, all day he sold
The papers you print, through wet and cold.

"The newsboys say that they could not tell
The reason his stock went off so well:
I knew!—with a voice so weak and low,
Could any one bear to say him 'No?'

"And the money he made, whatever it be,
He carried straight home to mother and me:
No matter about his rags, he said,
If only he kept us clothed and fed.

"And he did it, sir—trudging through rain and cold,
Nor stopped till the last of his sheets was sold;
But he's dead—he's dead! and we miss him so!
And mother—she thought you might like to know!"

In the paper, next morning, as "leader," ran
A paragraph thus: "The newsboy Dan,
One of God's little heroes, who
Did nobly the duty he had to do—
For mother and sister earning bread,
By patient endurance and toil—is dead."

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

WHAT THE COWS WERE DOING.

LITTLE Rosie, walking slowly
Past the verdant meadow, sees
Many cows and some are standing,
Others lying 'neath the trees.

In the road stands little Rosie,
Caring not for dust or mud,
While her eyes are bent upon them
As they calmly chew their cud.

Great surprise her face expresses,
For awhile her lips are dumb;
Then she cries out, "Mamma! Mamma!
All the cows are chewing gum!"

MAMMA'S HELP.

"YES, Bridget has gone to the city,
And papa is sick, as you see,
And mamma has no one to help her
But two-year old Lawrence and me.

"You'd like to know what I am good for,
'Cept to make work and tumble things down;
I guess there aren't no little girlies
At your house at home, Dr. Brown.

"I've brushed all the crumbs from the table,
And dusted the sofa and chairs,
I've polished the hearthstone and fender,
And swept off the area stairs.

"I've wiped all the silver and china,
And just dropped one piece on the floor,
Yes, Doctor, it broke in the middle,
But I 'spect it was cracked before.

"And the steps that I saved precious mamma!
You'd be s'prised, Doctor Brown, if you knew.
She says if it wasn't for Bessie
She couldn't exist the day through!

"It's 'Bessie, bring papa some water!'
And 'Bessie dear, run to the door!'
And 'Bessie love, pick up the playthings
The baby has dropped on the floor!"

"Yes, Doctor, I'm 'siderably tired,
I've been on my feet all the day;
Good-bye! well, perhaps I will help you
When your old Bridget 'goes off to stay!'"

HOW TWO BIRDIES KEPT HOUSE.

THE morning was sunshiny, lovely, and clear,
And two little wrens were both hovering near,
Chirping and warbling with wonderful zest,
Looking for some place to build them a nest.

They searched the veranda, examined the trees,
But never a place could they find that would please;
Till Mabel, whose eyes were as blue as the sky,
And very observing, their trouble did spy.

Then, quick as the thought darted through her wee head,
"I'll help you, dear birdies," she lispingly said;
"You just wait a minute, I'll give you my shoe;
'Twill make you a nice nest—as good as if new."

With much toil and trouble she undid the knot,
Took off the small shoe, and picked out a spot
Behind a large pillar: there tucked it away;
And soon she forgot it in innocent play.

But the wrens chirped, "Why, here's a nest ready-made,
In the very best place, too, and quite in the shade!"
They went to work quickly, without more ado,
To keep house like the woman "that lived in a shoe."

When evening shades came, at the close of the day,
And dear little Mable was tired of play,
She thought of the birdies, and went off alone,
To see, if she could, what the birdies had done,

With heads under their wings the wrens were asleep;
Side by side, in the shoe, they were cuddled down deep,
Then, clapping her hands, Mable said, "Keep my shoe;
My new ones I'll wear, and this one's for you."

WHY HE WOULDN'T DIE.

LISTEN, my boy, and you shall know
A thing that happened a long time ago,
When I was a boy not as large as you,
And the youngest of all the children, too.
I laugh even now as I think it o'er,
And the more I think I laugh the more.
'Twas the chilly eve of an autumn day;
We were all in the kitchen, cheery and gay;
The fire burned bright on the old brick hearth,
And its cheerful light gave zest to our mirth.
My elder sister, addressing me,
"To-morrow's Thanksgiving, you know," said she;

"We must kill the chickens to-night, you see.
Now light the lantern and come with me;
I will wring their necks until they are dead,
And have them all dressed ere we go to bed."

My sister, unused to sights of blood,
And, pale with excitement, trembling stood;
But summoning courage, she laid her plans,
And seized the old rooster with both her hands,
And, with triumph written all over her face,
Her victim bore to the open space.
Then she wrung and wrung with might and main,
And wrung and twisted and wrung again,

'Till, sure that the spark of life had fled,
She threw him down on the ground for dead.

But the rooster would not consent to die,
And be made up into chicken-pie,
So he sprang away with a cackle and bound,
Almost as soon as he touched the ground,
And hiding away from the candle's light,
Escaped the slaughter of that dark night.
My sister, thus brought to sudden stand,
And looking at what she held in her hand,
Soon saw why the rooster was not dead—
She had wrung off his tail instead of his head!

THE SICK DOLLY.

It needs a cute little girl who can make appropriate gestures to recite this piece.

MY dolly is very sick!
I don't know what to do;
Her little forehead it scowls quite horrid,
Her lips are turning blue.

She's got a dreadful pain,
I know it from her face;
I'll fetch a pellet and make her smell it,
From mamma's medicine-case.

There, there, my child, lie still;
That's sure to do you good.
Now don't be ugly, I'll wrap you snugly
All in your scarlet hood.

I know what made her sick!
She's had too much to eat!
A piece of cheese, six blackberries
And a little bit of meat!
That's too much for a doll,
(Hush, Baby dear, don't cry!)
All those blackberries, besides stewed cherries.
And huckleberry pie.

I ought to be ashamed
(That's just what mamma said)
To let my dolly commit such folly,
And get a pain in her head.

Some gruel would do her good;
What fun 'twill be to make it!
Just flour and water, and then, my daughter,
You'll have to wake and take it!

I'd like to be a cook!
How nice the gruel *does* smell!
Oh, there it goes all over her nose!
Now dolly has got well.

DAYS OF THE WEEK.

For seven little boys and girls. Teacher or some large boy or girl should speak.

THE days of the week once talking together
About their housekeeping, their friends and the weather,
Agreed in their talk it would be a nice thing
For all to march, and dance, and sing;
So they all stood up in a very straight row,
And this is the way they decided to go:

(*Let seven children stand up, and as day of week is called, take places, each one equipped with the things the speaker mentions.*)

First came little Sunday, so sweet and good,
With a book in her hand, at the head she stood.
Monday skipped in with soap and a tub,
Scrubbing away with a rub-a-dub-dub;
With board and iron comes Tuesday bright,
Talking to Monday in great delight.
Then Wednesday—the dear little cook—came in,
Riding cock horse on his rolling-pin
Thursday followed, with broom and brush,
Her hair in a towel, and she in a rush.

Friday appeared, gayly tripping along;
He scoured the knives and then he was gone.
Saturday last, with a great big tub,
Into which we all jump for a very good rub.
(*The children march and sing to the tune of "Good Morning, Merry Sunshine."*)

Children of the week are we,
Happy, busy, full of glee.
Often do we come this way,
And you meet us every day.
Hand in hand we trip along,
Singing, as we go, a song.
Each one may a duty bring,
Though it be a little thing.

(*All bow, and, taking up the articles, retire from the stage in order, Sunday, Monday etc.*)

MARY ELY PAGE.

POPPING CORN.

AND there they sat, a popping corn,
John Styles and Susan Cutter—
John Styles as fat as any ox
And Susan fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn,
And raked and stirred the fire,
And talked of different kinds of care,
And hitched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan she the popper shook,
Then John he shook the popper,
Till both their faces grew as red
As saucepans made of copper.

And then they shelled, and popped and ate,
All kinds of fun a-poking,
While he haw-hawed at her remarks,
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped, and still they ate—
John's mouth was like a hopper—
And stirred the fire and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine—the clock struck ten,
And still the corn kept popping;
It struck eleven, and then struck twelve,
And still no signs of stopping.

And John he ate, and Sue she thought—
The corn did pop and patter—
Till John cried out, "The corn's afire!
Why, Susan, what's the matter?"

Said she, "John Styles, it's one o'clock;
You'll die of indigestion;
I'm sick of all this popping corn—
Why don't you pop the question?"

HOW THE FARMER WORKS.

For Several Boys.

THIS is the way the happy farmer (1)
Plows his piece of ground,
That from the little seeds he sows
A large crop may abound.

This is the way he sows the seed, (2)
Dropping with careful hand,
In all the furrows well prepared
Upon the fertile land.

This is the way he cuts the grain (3)
When bending with its weight;
And thus he bundles it in sheaves, (4)
Working long and late.

And then the grain he threshes thus, (5)
And stores away to keep;
And thus he stands contentedly (6)
And views the plenteous heap.

1. Arms extended forward as though holding a plow. 2. A motion as of taking seed out of a bag or basket, and scattering with the right hand. 3. Motion as of cutting with a scythe. 4. Arms curved and extended forward. 5. Hands as though grasping a flail. Strike with some force. 6. Erect position arms folded, or hands on the hips.

THE BIRDS' PICNIC.

THE birds gave a picnic, the morning was fine,
They all came in couples, to chat and to dine;
Miss Robin, Miss Wren and the two Misses Jay,
Were dressed in a manner decidedly gay.

And Bluebird, who looks like a handful of sky,
Dropped in with her spouse as the morning wore by;
The yellow-birds, too, wee bundles of sun,
With brave chickadees, came along to the fun.

Miss Phœbe was there, in her prim suit of brown;
In fact, all the birds in the fair leafy town.
The neighbors, of course, were politely invited;
Not even the ants and the crickets were slighted.

The grasshoppers came, some in gray, some in green,
And covered with dust, hardly fit to be seen:
Miss Miller flew in, with her gown white as milk;
And Lady Bug flourished a new crimson silk.

The bees turned out lively, the young and the old,
And proud as could be, in their spencers of gold;
But Miss Caterpillar, how funny of her,
She hurried along in her mantle of fur.

There were big bugs in plenty, and gnats great and small—
A very hard matter to mention them all.
And what did they do? Why, they sported and sang,
Till all the green wood with their melody rang.

Whoe'er gave a picnic so grand and so gay?
They hadn't a shower, I'm happy to say.
And when the sun fell, like a cherry-ripe red,
The fire-flies lighted them all home to bed.

A VERY SMART DOG.

For a boy eight or ten years old.

I HAVE a pretty little dog, he's just about so high,[1]
And sometimes you would think he knew as much as you[2] or I;[3]
When e'er a letter I would write, he jumps around in glee,[4]
For then he knows that he can take it to the mail for me,[5]

I hold a stick out in my hands,[6] o'er it he jumps in joy—
He shoulders[7] arms as soberly as any soldier boy—
He jumps on table, box[8] or chair, which e'er I tell him to.
I think he is the smartest dog—now, really do not you?

My little dog will sit up straight[9] and open wide his eyes,
And hold his pretty paws just so,[10] and look so very wise.
If e'er to him I crossly speak[11] I very soon regret,
And just as soon my little dog my anger will forget.

He says bow-wow-wow-wow-wow-wow,
No word but this alone,
And yet he is the smartest dog that ever I have known.

At place marked 1 hold right hand out, palm downwards, as if measuring height. At place marked 2, point to audience. At 3, the reciter points to himself. At 4, downward motion of hand. At 5, point to right. At 6, hold out both hands, as if holding stick. At 7, double up right arm, with hand in front of shoulder. At 8, point to left. At 9, hold head up very straight. At 10, cross hands on breast. At 11, hold out right hand, with finger pointed, as if in command.

OPPORTUNITY.

ADDRESSED TO THE BOYS OF AMERICA.

A JUDGESHIP is vacant, the ermine awaits
The shoulder of youth, brave, honest and true,
Some one will be standing by fame's open gates,
I wonder, my boys, will it be one of you?

The president's chair of a great railroad maze,
Is empty to-day, for death claimed his due,
The directors are choosing a man for his place,
I wonder, my boys—Will it be one of you?

A pulpit is waiting for some one to fill,
Of eloquent men there are only a few,
The man who can fill it must have power to thrill;
The best will be chosen—Will it be one of you?

The great men about us will pass to their rest,
The places be filled by the boys who pursue
The search for the highest, the noblest—the best,
I wonder who'll fill them; I hope 'twill be you.

THE LITTLE LEAVES' JOURNEY.

A motion exercise for six little girls.

SOME little leaves one autumn day
From maple[1] branches high,
Looked down[2] upon the lovely world
And upward[3] at the sky;
Then each one sighed, "Had I[4] but wings,
[5]Away, away I'd fly."

At last the wind[6] aweary grew
Of hearing them complain,
He[7] shook the sturdy maple boughs
With all his might and main;
He shook[8] the little leaflets all,
And down[9] they fell like rain.

They huddled[10] close in little heaps
To keep all snug and warm,
When Nature[11] came, a tender nurse,
With bed[12] clothes on her arm;
She tucked[13] them 'neath soft snowy folds
And hid[14] them from the storm.

1. Motion upward with right hand. 2. Look downward. 3. Look upward. 4. Wave hands back and forth. 5. Extend right arm. 6. Close eyes, faces expressive of weariness. 7. Double the hands up, moving them quickly backwards and forwards. 8. Same as 7. 9. Move hands downward. 10. Put palms of hands together. 11. Look toward right. 12. Extend right arm, looking at same. 13. Downward motion with right hand. 14. Motion toward the north.

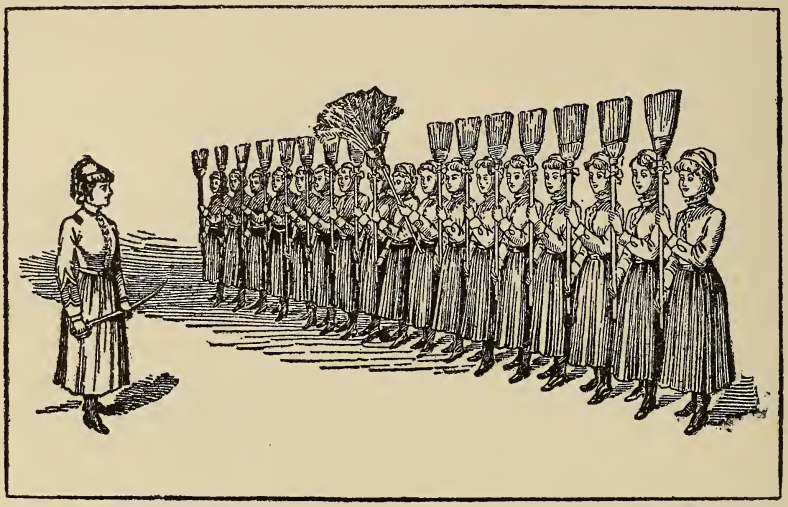
THE BROOM DRILL.

Marches and drills by the little folks are always very attractive and entertaining. The preparation for these benefits young people by requiring them to move the body quickly and gracefully, assuming an erect attitude, then other positions at the word of command. Such exercises also aid in forming a habit of strict attention.

The Broom Drill is one of the most entertaining, and can readily be learned. It should be practiced until it can be performed promptly and without any mistakes. Twelve or sixteen girls—in fact, any even number, according to the size of the stage—may take part in it.

All should be dressed alike, in blouse waist of Turkey red chintz, sleeves and collar trimmed with white braid; skirt made of white cheese cloth, trimmed above the hem with band of red chintz, four or five inches wide; a red cap completes the costume

During the marching there should be music, and the notes of the piano should be struck sharply. Any good march will answer for the music. The following exercises conform very nearly to the "Manual of Arms" used in the army. The cuts will be found very serviceable in showing the different positions.



STANDING in rank near the front side of the stage, the teacher gives the command to "present arms," "carry arms," "trail arms," etc. Each command consists of two words: the first is to indicate what the pupil is to do, and on the second word the movement is made, all acting in concert.

The following exercises are suitable for this drill, and always prove very entertaining to the audience.

Carry—ARMS!—The broom is held in the right hand, handle upward, with the hand clasping the handle where it joins the brush. The left hand hangs at the side. (Fig. 1.)

Present—ARMS!— Place the broom with the right hand in front of the centre of the body, clasping the handle with the left hand above



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

the right. Hold the broom perfectly perpendicular. (Fig. 2.)

Order—ARMS!—Let go the handle with the left hand, and carry the broom to the side with the right hand; then drop the broom to the floor. (Fig. 3.)

In place—REST!—Grasp the handle with both hands, the left above the right, and place both hands in front of the lower part of the breast. (Fig. 4.)

Trail—ARMS!—Grasp the handle with the right hand and incline it forward, the broom behind, resting on the floor. (Fig. 5.)

crossing opposite the middle of left shoulder; right forearm horizontal; forearms and handle near the body. (Fig. 7.)

Secure—ARMS!—Advance the broom slightly with the right hand, turn the handle to the front with the left hand. At the same time change the position of the right hand, placing it further up the handle, drop the handle to the front, placing the broom where joined with the handle, under the right arm. (Fig. 8.)

Reverse—ARMS!—Lift the broom vertically with the right hand, clasp the stick with the



FIG. 5.



FIG. 6.



FIG. 7.



FIG. 8.

Attention—CHARGE!—Half face to the right, carrying the heel six inches to the rear and three inches to the right of the left, turning the toes of both feet slightly inward; at the same time drop the stick into the left hand, elbow against the body, point of stick at the height of the chin, right hand grasping the stick just above the brush and supporting it firmly against the right hip. (Fig. 6.)

Port—ARMS!—Raise and throw the broom diagonally across the body; grasp it smartly with both hands, the right, palm down at the base of the stick; the left, palm up, thumb clasping stick; handle sloping to the left and left hand; then, with the right hand grasp the handle near the brush. Reverse the broom, the handle dropping to the front, the broom passing between the breast and right forearm. Press the handle under the arm with the left hand until the right elbow can hold it in place against the body; pass left hand behind the back and clasp the stick. (Fig. 9.)

Inspection—ARMS!—This is executed from the "carry arms" position. Lift the broom quickly with the right hand, bringing it in front of the centre of the body; then grasp the handle with the left hand, placed near the chin, and hold it. (Fig. 10.)

MOVEMENTS OF ATTACK AND DEFENSE.

These can be executed only with open ranks, the pupils being placed seven or eight feet apart. To so place them, the teacher will give the order—

Right (or Left) open Ranks—MARCH!—The pupils face to the right or left, according to the order given, except the one at the extreme end of the line. The others march, the last of the file halting at every four or five steps from the one in the rear, until all are the same distance apart. They then face front. To close the rank, turn to the right or left and march toward the pupil standing at the end until halted by the one ahead. Then face front.

Attention—GUARD!—At the command *guard*, half face to the right, carry back and place the right foot about twice its length to the rear and nearly the same distance to the right, the feet at little less than a right angle, the right toe pointing squarely to the right, both knees bent slightly, weight of the body held equally on both legs; at the same time throw the end of the stick to the front, at the height of the chin, grasping it lightly with both hands, the right just above the brush, the left a few inches higher; the right hand in line with the left hip and both arms held free from the body and without constraint. (Fig. 11.)

Being at the Guard—ADVANCE!—Move the left foot quickly forward, twice its length; follow with the right foot the same distance.

RETIRE!—Move the right foot quickly to the rear, twice its length; follow with the left foot the same distance.



FIG. 9.



FIG. 10.



FIG. 11.

Front—PASS!—Advance the right foot quickly, fifteen inches in front of the left, keeping right toe squarely to the right; advance the left foot to its relative position in front.

Rear—PASS!—Carry the left foot quickly fifteen inches to the rear of the right; place the right foot in its relative position in rear, keeping the right toe squarely to the right.

Right—VOLT!—Face to the right, turning on the ball of the left foot, at the same time

carry the right foot quickly to its position in rear.

Left—VOLT!—Face to the left, turning on the ball of the left foot, at the same time carry the right foot quickly to its position in rear.



FIG. 12.



FIG. 13.



FIG. 14.

Right rear and left rear volts are similarly executed, facing about on the ball of the left foot.



FIG. 15.

Quarte—PARRY!—Hold the broom in front of the left shoulder with the right hand, handle upward, the fingers of the left hand on the handle, the left elbow touching the right wrist. (Fig. 12.)

Seconde—PARRY!—Move the point of the broom-handle quickly to the left, describing a semi-circle from left to right, the left elbow in front of the body, the flat of the broom under the right forearm, the right elbow two or three inches higher than the right shoulder. (Fig. 13.)



FIG. 16.

Prime—PARRY.—Carry the broom to the

left, covering the left shoulder, the handle downward, the left forearm behind the handle, the right arm in front of and above the eyes. (Fig. 14.)



FIG. 17.

THRUSTS.

TO THRUST IN TIERCE.—Straighten the right leg, extend both arms, keeping point of handle at height of the breast, broom at right side of head. (Fig. 15.)



FIG. 19.

THRUST IN QUARTE.—The same as tierce, but with the broom on the left side of the head.

LUNGES.

The lunges are the same as the thrusts, except that the left foot is extended farther in front. (Fig. 16.)



FIG. 18.

Broom to Front—ONE!—Raise handle nearly straight up and down, drop it into the hollow of the right shoulder.—Two!—Strike quickly by pushing the broom forward, the handle always resting on the right shoulder. (Fig. 17.)

Right Short—THRUST!—ONE!—Hold the broom with the right hand to the rear, left hand by the right breast, the point of the



FIG. 20.

handle opposite the centre of the body.—Two!—Thrust forward. (Fig. 18.)

High Prime—PARRY!—Raise the broom

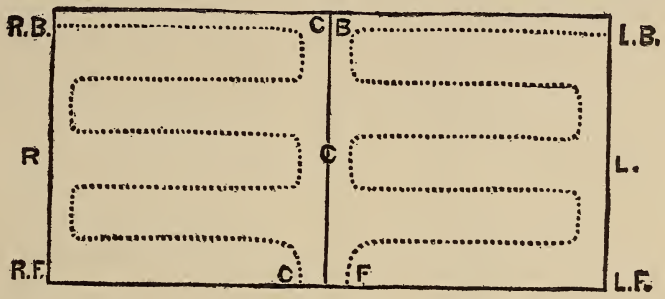
with both hands in front of and higher than the head. Hold the handle firmly with the right hand, the broom being to the right; turn the knuckles of the left hand to the front, and let other end of broom handle rest on the thumb and forefinger. (Fig. 19.)

To Guard when Kneeling.—Bring the toe of the left foot square in front, plant the right foot to the rear, kneel on the right knee, bending the left, hold the broom at an angle of 45 degrees, pointing directly to the front, the right hand pressed firmly against the side, the left hand holding the point of handle upward. (Fig. 20.)

THE MARCH.

There should be music while the pupils are coming upon the stage and leaving. Any spirited march will answer.

Girls enter from right and left sides of stage at the back, eight on each side, and march in single files according to the diagram furnished below.



When they meet at C F, separate and march to L F and R F, then up sides of stage to back, then across back to C B. When they meet at C B, form couples and march in twos forward on centre line. At C F first couple turn to R F, second to L F, third to R F, fourth to L F, etc. March up sides to back, and when couples meet at C B march in fours to C F. First four turn to R F, second four to L F, etc. March up sides to back.

When the fours meet at C B, form eights and march toward front and halt for drill. During the march they "carry brooms" in the right hand, the stick resting against the right shoulder and nearly vertical, the arm hanging at nearly its full length near the body, the hand grasping the handle of the broom just above the sweep (the brush part), which rests flat against the side of skirt. The thumb and forefinger must be in front.

RECITATIONS FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

It is so difficult to obtain really good selections to be recited at Sunday-school anniversaries and similar occasions, that those here presented will be much appreciated. They have the merit of containing good sentiments and are therefore appropriate. The best lessons for young and old are often conveyed in simple language.

LITTLE SERVANTS.

OH, what can little hands do
To please the King of heaven?
The little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery;—
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh, what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say:—
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh, what can little eyes do
To please the King of heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
Can learn to read God's holy book;—
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh, what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven?
The hearts, if God his Spirit send,
Can love and trust the children's Friend;—
Such grace to mine be given.

When hearts, eyes, lips and hands unite
To please the King of heaven,
And serve the Saviour with delight,
They are most precious in his sight;—
Such grace to mine be given.

WILLIE AND THE BIRDS.

A little black-eyed boy of five
Thus spake to his mamma:
"Do look at all the pretty birds;
How beautiful they are!
How smooth and glossy are their wings;
How beautiful their hue;
Besides, mamma, I really think
That they are *pious*, too!"

"Why so, my dear?" the mother said,
And scarce suppressed a smile;
The answer showed a thoughtful head,
A heart quite free from guile:
"Because, when each one bows his head,
His tiny bill to wet,
To lift a thankful glance above
He never does forget;
And so, mamma, it seems to me
That very pious they must be."

Dear child, I would a lesson learn
From this sweet thought of thine,
And heavenward, with a glad heart, turn
These earth-bound eyes of mine;
Perfected praise, indeed is given,
By babes below, to God in heaven.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Lord, teach a little child to pray,
And oh! accept my prayer;
Thou canst hear all the words I say,
For Thou art everywhere.

A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord by Thee;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.

Teach me to do whate'er is right,
And when I sin, forgive;
And make it still my chief delight
To serve Thee while I live.

GOD LOVES ME.

God cares for every little child
That on this great earth liveth;
He gives them homes and food and clothes,
And more than these God giveth;—

He gives them all their loving friends;
He gives each child its mother;
He gives them all the happiness
Of loving one another.

He makes the earth all beautiful;
He gives us eyes to see;
And touch and hearing, taste and smell,
He gives them all to me.

And, better still, he gives his word,
Which tells how God's dear Son
Gathered the children in his arms
And loves them—every one.

What can a little child give God?
From his bright heavens above
The great God smiles, and reaches down
To take his children's love.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

This beautiful poem is admirably adapted for a church entertainment when spoken by a little girl.

"Now I lay"—say it, darling;
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger tips.

"Down to sleep"—"to sleep," she murmured
And the curly head dropped low;
"I pray the Lord"—I gently added,
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly,
Fainter still—"my soul to keep;"
When the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened,
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Suppose the little cowslip
Should hang its little cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up."
How many a weary traveler
Would miss its fragrant smell!
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dew-drops
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dew-drop do?
I'd better roll away."
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveler on his way;
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too!
It needs a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by its love.

A LOT OF DON'TS.

I believe, if there is one word that grown-up folks are more fond of using to us little folks, than any other word in the big dictionary, it is the word D-o-n-t.

It is all the time "Don't do this," and "Don't do that," and "Don't do the other," until I am sometimes afraid there will be nothing left that we can do.

Why, for years and years and years, ever since I was a tiny little tot, this word "Don't" has been my torment. It's "Lizzie, don't make a noise, you disturb me," and "Lizzie, don't eat so much candy, it will make you sick," and "Lizzie, don't be so idle," and "Don't talk so much," and "Don't soil your clothes," and "Don't" everything else. One day I thought I'd count how many times I was told not to do things! Just think! I counted twenty-three "don'ts," and

I think I missed two or three little ones besides.

But now it is my turn. I have got a chance to talk, and I'm going to tell some of the big people when to Don't! That is what my piece is about. First, I shall tell the papas and mammas—Don't scold the children, just because you have been at a party the night before, and so feel cross and tired. Second, Don't fret and make wrinkles in your faces, over things that cannot be helped. I think fretting spoils big folks just as much as it does us little people. Third, Don't forget where you put your scissors, and then say you s'pose the children have taken them. Oh! I could tell you ever so many "don'ts," but I think I'll only say one more, and that is—Don't think I mean to be saucy, because all these don'ts are in my piece, and I had to say them. E. C. Rook.

LITTLE WILLIE AND THE APPLE.

Little Willie stood under an apple tree old,
The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold,
Hanging temptingly low—how he longed for a bite,
Though he knew if he took one it wouldn't be right.

Said he, "I don't see why my father should say,
'Don't touch the old apple tree, Willie, to-day;'
I shouldn't have thought, now they're hanging so low,
When I asked for just one, he would answer me, 'No.'

"He would never find out if I took but just one,
And they do look so good, shining out in the sun,
There are hundreds and hundreds, and he wouldn't miss
So paltry a little red apple as this."

He stretched forth his hand, but a low mournful strain
Came wandering dreamily over his brain;
In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid,
Which the angel of conscience quite frequently played:—

And he sang, "Little Willie, beware, O beware!
Your father is gone, but your Maker is there.
How sad you would feel, if you heard the Lord say,
'This dear little boy stole an apple to-day.'"

Then Willie turned round, and, as still as a mouse,
Crept slowly and carefully into the house.
In his own little chamber he knelt down to pray
That the Lord would forgive him, and please not to say,
"Little Willie almost stole an apple to-day."

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

The curtains drawn across the light
Made darkness in the room,
And in our watching eyes and hearts
Fear wrought an answering gloom.

Grief-wrung, we heard from lips we loved
The moanings of distress,
And vainly strove to stifle pain
With helpless tenderness.

We scarcely marked the three-years boy
Who stood beside the bed,
From whose wet cheeks and quivering lips
The frightened dimples fled.

Till all at once, with eager hope,
A thrill in every word,
Our darling cried, "I guess I'll speak
About it to the Lord!"

He sank upon his bended knee,
And clasped his hands in prayer,
While, like a glory, from his brow
Streamed back his golden hair.

"O Lord!" he said, "dear grandma's sick;
We don't know what to do!
If I could only make her well,
I'm sure I would. Won't you?"

He rose; o'er all his childish face
A subtle radiance shone,

As one who on the mount of faith
Had talked with God alone.

We gazed each in the other's eyes,
We almost held our breath
Before the fearless confidence
That shamed our tardy faith.

But, when our yearning glances sought
The sufferer's face again,
A look of growing ease and rest
Replaced the lines of pain.

Quick as his trusting prayer to raise,
Its answer to discern,
The child climbed up to reach her lips,
Which kissed him in return.

"Grandma"—the ringing accents struck
A new, triumphant chord—
"I *knew* you would be better soon,
Because I asked the Lord!"

MARY A. P. HUMPHREY.

"MAYN'T I BE A BOY?"

"Mayn't I be a boy?" said our Mary,
The tears in her great eyes blue;
"I'm only a wee little lassie—
There's nothing a woman can do.

"'Tis so; I heard Cousin John say so—
He's home from a great college, too—
He said so just now in the parlor;
'There's nothing a *woman* can do.'"

"My wee little lassie, my darling,"
Said I, putting back her soft hair,
"I want you, my dear little maiden,
To smooth away all mother's care.

"Who is it, when pa comes home weary,
That runs for his slippers and gown?
What eyes does he watch for at morning,
Looking out from their lashes of brown?

"And can you do nothing, my darling,
What was it that pa said last night?
'My own little sunbeam is coming,
I know, for the room is so bright.'

"And there is a secret, my Mary—
Perhaps you will learn it some day—
The hand that is willing and loving
Will do the most work on the way.

"And the work that is sweetest and dearest—
The great work that so many ne'er do—
The work of making folks happy
Can be done by a lassie like you."

GIVE YOUR BEST.

See the rivers flowing
Downward to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free!
Yet, to help their giving,
Hidden springs arise;
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies.

Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread;
Load the air with perfumes
From their beauty shed;
Yet their lavish spending
Leaves them not in dearth,
With fresh life replenished
By their mother earth.

Give thy heart's best treasures;
From fair Nature learn;
Give thy love, and ask not,
Wait not, a return.
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty
God will give thee more.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

THE BIRDS.

For six children and an older scholar, who takes the part of teacher, and recites the "Response." Stand in a row and step forward as you recite your lines.

HUMMING-BIRD.

I wish I were a humming-bird,
A tiny little thing,
With feathers light and airy,
And a brilliant rainbow wing;
Fleet as a sound, I'd fly, I'd fly,
Away from fear and harm,
Over the flowers and through the air,
Inhaling heavenly balm.

LARK.

I'd rather be a lark to rise,
When the sleep of night is done;
And higher, higher through the skies
Soar to the morning sun;
And clearer, sweeter, as I rise,
With rapture I would sing,
While diadems from heaven's own light
Would sparkle on my wings.

NIGHTINGALE.

I'd like to be a nightingale;
She sings the sweetest song;
The daylight gone, her voice is heard
In tune the whole night long.
The stars look down from heaven's dome,
The pale moon rolls along;
And maybe angels live up there,
And listen to her song.

EAGLE.

Of all the birds that sing so sweet,
Or roam the air so free,
With pinions firm, and proud, and strong,
The eagle I would be;
On some high mount whose rugged peaks
Beyond the clouds do rest,
There, in the blaze of day, I'd find
My shelter and my rest.

DOVE.

The humming-bird's a pretty thing,
The lark flies very high,
The eagle's very proud and strong,
The nightingale sings lullaby;
But, as I want a nature
That every one can love,
And would be gentle, mild, and sweet,
I think I'll be a dove.

CHICKADEE.

I'll tell you what I want to be—
A little, merry, chickadee;
In the storm and in the snow.
When the cold winds fiercely blow,
Not to mind the wintry blast,
Nor how long the storm may last,
Active, merry, blithe and free,
This's the bird I'd like to be.

RESPONSE.

I do not want to be a bird,
And really had not you
Much rather be like all the birds,
And yet be children too?
The humming-bird, from bloom to bloom
Inhales the heavenly balm;
So we from all may gather good,
And still reject the harm.
And, like the lark, our minds arise,
By inspirations given,
To bathe our souls, as she her wings,
In the pure light of heaven.

The nightingale sings all the night,
In sweet, harmonious lays;
So, in the night of sorrow, we
Should sing our Maker's praise.
The eagle, firm, and proud, and strong,
On his own strength relying,
Soars through the storm, the lightning's glare
And thunders bold defying.
Till far above the clouds and storm,
High on some mountain crest,
He finds the sun's clear light at last,
And there he goes to rest.

Be ours a spirit firm and true,
Bold in the cause of right,
Ever steadily onward moving,
And upward to the light;
But still as gentle as the dove,
As loving and as true;
Every word and act be kindness,
All life's journey through;
Always thankful, happy, free;
Though life's tempests fiercely blow;
Cheerful as a chickadee
Flying through the wintry snow.

MYRA A. SHATTUCK.

"COME UNTO ME."

As children once to Christ were brought
That he might bless them there,
So now we little children ought
To seek the Lord by prayer.

And as so many years ago
Poor babes his pity drew,
I'm sure he will not let me go
Without a blessing too.

Then while, this favor to implore,
My little hands are spread,
Do thou thy sacred blessing pour,
Dear Jesus, on my head.

THERE IS A TEETOTALER.

This piece should be spoken by a spirited boy, and as he goes upon the stage, some one should cry out, "There's a teetotaler!"

Yes, sir, here *is* a teetotaler, from the crown of his head to the tips of his toes. I've got on teetotal boots, too, that never will walk in the way of a drunkard. The other day a man asked me about our White Ribbon Army. He wanted to know what use there is in making so many promises. I told him the use was in *keeping* the promises more than in *making* them.

The boys which belong to our Army have something to do besides loafing at the corners of the streets, and smoking the stumps of cigars they pick out of the gutters It makes me sick to think of it!

Some boys are dreadfully afraid of losing their liberty, so they won't sign our pledge. I saw four or five of them the other day. They had been off, somewhere, having what they call a jolly time; and they were so drunk they couldn't walk straight. They lifted their feet higher than a sober boy would to go upstairs, and I watched them till one fell down and bumped his nose.

Thinks I to myself, there's liberty for you, but it's just such liberty as I don't want. I would rather walk straight than crooked, I would rather stand up than fall down, and I would rather go to a party with my sisters, and some other pretty girls, than hide away with a lot of rough fellows, to guzzle beer and whisky.

There are plenty of other reasons why I am a teetotaler. When I grow up, I would rather be a *man* than a walking wine-cask or rum-barrel; I would rather live in a *good* house than a *poor* one, and I would rather be loved and respected than despised and hated.

Now, if these are not reasons enough for being a teetotaler, I will give you some more the next time we meet.

AN APPEAL FOR BENEFICENCE.

For a small boy.

The boy that spoke first to-night said you were all welcome. I shan't take it back You *are* welcome. You're welcome to see and hear; but you're just twice as welcome to *give*. We love to look at you, and we're *willing* you should look at us. We're glad to have you hear *us;* but we want to hear *you*. You haven't any speeches ready? All right! We don't want to hear those. We can make those ourselves—as you've seen.

What we do want to hear is the rustling of Greenbacks and the clinking of Silver, as the ushers pass the boxes round. That's a kind of music that we appreciate, for it gets us our library-books, our papers, our banners, and everything else that a Sunday-School needs; and then it's a kind of music that we can't make ourselves, and everybody prizes what he can't do himself. We do our best now. This school has given —— dollars for benevolent objects, during the past year. Isn't such a school worth helping? We mean to do better by-and-by, when *we* get hold of the money-bags. Just now, *you* must do the giving.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO A NEW PASTOR.

To be spoken by a small girl.

DEAR PASTOR:—The old folks have asked you to come and be their pastor, and we children want to know if you won't come and be ours too. I am sure little folks need a pastor just as much as big ones do. I

think they do more, because big folks ought to be able to take care of themselves.

We think the Sunday-school belongs especially to us, as we are allowed to say more there than we are in church, so we would like you to come into the Sunday-school and work with us there, and we will gladly pay you with our love and sunny smiles. (We can't give you our pennies because they have to go across the ocean to the poor heathen.) If you could only come around through our classes every week and help us just a little by a word of good cheer, I am sure we would feel that you belonged to us and we to you.

I know pastors have an awful lot to do, and they say it is real hard work to preach, but if you could say just a little less to the old folks, and a little more to the young folks, we will help you build up the church and make it a big success. So, I hope, dear pastor, you will let us call you our own, and when you come among us you may be sure we will love you and welcome you as the children's friend.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO A NEW SUPERINTENDENT.

To be spoken by a small boy.

Dear Mr. Blank:—I am sent out here to-day to tell you how glad we are that you are to be our new superintendent. I welcome you in the name of the school, and do it most heartily. Boys know a good thing when they see it—if they didn't Farmer Jones wouldn't have to put up sticky fly-paper on his peach trees—just to catch flies, of course. So, when we were told that you had been chosen for our new superintendent, we said "that's all right."

There must be an engineer to every train if it is to be run properly, at the same time a great deal depends on the train and how it is made up. Now, I believe there is good stuff in our Sunday-school. We would make a good train if guided by a good engineer. We can't run ourselves and keep on the track, that's sure. We are quite certain, to begin with, that we are on the right track, and we know that Mr. Blank can keep us there. To get to the end of our journey safely, though, will depend much on how well our train hangs together. This, boys and girls, is our part, and we must do our best.

We know that love will make the wheels go round and charity will bind us together, tighter than any cord. We hope our engineer will be proud of his train.

OPENING ADDRESS FOR A SUNDAY-SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

I have always been told that children should be seen and not heard, but this is children's night and we are going to be seen and heard too.

We are very glad to welcome the old folks. There are so many here their presence would lead us to think they believe boys and girls can do something after all. Their eyes are on us, and I hope, children, that you have brought your best behavior with you, because this is a good time and place to use it. Perhaps I may be allowed to suggest that you keep your eye on the old folks, just to see that they conduct themselves properly.

Boys and girls, we have a great deal to say that is worth hearing, and I hope you will speak out loud and prompt so that our audience will not miss any of the good things. We want to make this the best exhibition we have ever given, so that when our elders go home they will have a better impression of us than they ever had before.

CLOSING ADDRESS FOR A SUNDAY-SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

When I found that our superintendent had put me *last* on the programme, I felt, as boys often do, that it would be much nicer to be

first, but he said it was a good plan to keep the best wine till the last, so I feel all right about it. I know, too, that you will not question the superintendent's good taste. I mean about *me*, not the *wine*. He wants me to say we are all very much obliged to you for coming, and we hope you have had a much bigger treat than you expected.

These exhibitions mean work for the boys and girls, as well as for the teachers, but *work* does everybody good, especially boys who love base-ball better than Sunday-school. I hope our efforts have been a credit to ourselves and to the Sunday-school, of which we are all so proud.

PRESENTATION ADDRESS TO A PASTOR.

For a young lady.

DEAR PASTOR:—It is our delight at this season of gifts and good will, to present to you a slight token of the esteem in which you are held by your Sunday School. To say we all love you is to repeat what you must already know.

"Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," but words do not always answer our purpose. We like to put them into some tangible form, and so to-night we present you with this —— which comes as an expression of our sincere love and good wishes.

We ask you to accept this, not for its intrinsic value, but as a gift from loyal scholars, who recognize and appreciate your constant and untiring efforts to minister to their needs in every way and at all times.

Do not thank us, dear Pastor. We are discharging but a mite of the indebtedness we owe you, and you will only add to that debt if you persist in returning thanks to us. You know how Church people abhor debts, and we are trying to put into practice some of your preaching. We hope the token will be a constant reminder, if that were necessary, of our unceasing interest in you and your work.

A PRESENTATION ADDRESS TO A TEACHER.

DEAR TEACHER:—We take this occasion to acknowledge publicly our deep and sincere appreciation of the faithful service you have rendered us. It is our desire to tender you some tangible expression of the sincere feeling we have for you and to impress upon you the love and good will felt by every pupil.

I, therefore, present you this —— asking you to associate it forever with the names and faces of the donors. Through your kind and prayerful aid many of us have been led into the way of truth, and will, therefore, gratefully remember you as long as we live.

A PRESENTATION ADDRESS TO A SUPERINTENDENT.

For a young man.

MR. SUPERINTENDENT:—We are going to make you a present to-night, and I for one think you deserve it.

Our School has the reputation of being a *live* one, and it is a good deal because there is a *live* man at the head of it. In the past year that you have been with us, your patience must have been sorely tried, for while most of the children are naturally good, some are naturally unruly. The young men and young women from whom we expect the best conduct are often, strange to say, more attentive to each other than to their lessons. But having been first a boy yourself, and perhaps later a beau, you have not had the heart to be too severe on those who are still young pupils in the school of experience.

By your untiring efforts you have brought the Sunday School up to a standard of unusual excellence. For its free and vigorous life, we are largely indebted to you. As a token of that fact please accept this gift. We wish its intrinsic value were twice as great. But if it conveys, even in a slight degree, the

esteem in which you are held by all our scholars, young and old, it will serve the purpose for which it was procured.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME AFTER ILLNESS.

To be spoken by a young lady.

DEAR MR. BLANK:—I feel unable to fully express to you our joy at seeing you once more in your place in the Sunday School. It has been hard for us to be deprived of your presence, for you had made yourself invaluable to us, but added to the personal loss we felt at your absence was the greater sorrow that you had been called upon to pass through so much physical suffering.

But, we know that God's hand is always leading us, and the same wise purpose that causes the shadows to fall, also makes the sun to shine, and "the darker the shadow, the brighter the sunshine." When, for a time, it was feared that you might not be restored to us, we felt we could not have it so, but our prayers were heard, and our thanks are deep and sincere that you are again in our midst. We pray that you may long be permitted to glorify Him who is the great physician, in the work to which you are returned.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME AFTER ABSENCE.

To be spoken by a young man.

DEAR PASTOR:—I want to speak in behalf of the younger members of your flock and add our hearty welcome to that already voiced by our elders. We congratulate you on your safe return, and rejoice with you that change and rest have reinvigorated your physical health. As you come, bringing the fresh fruits of added experience and observation, you will find us all eager to benefit by what has enriched your store.

Welcome home, then, to all that has suffered by your absence. The Church with its manifold offices has often felt the need of your strength and wisdom. Welcome to the Sunday-school where your words of help and counsel have guided us many times, and where your presence has been most uplifting.

Welcome to the homes and hearts of the young and old alike. There is not a fireside in our midst that has not been cheered by your frequent and timely visits. In the seasons of joy and sorrow which must come to all homes alike, there has been no one to whom we could turn and be so sure of loving sympathy as yourself.

Welcome to the privileges and responsibilities of your calling and to the honor of your old title—The Pastor who loves the children. We want to give fresh assurance of our hearty co-operation in that work which you are about to resume. We have learned in your absence how much and how great is that work.

Let it be our privilege to share it with you and so prove by our deeds, the love we have for your labors.

MAY HATHEWAY.

PART III.

PROGRAMMES FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

CONTAINING

Charming Exercises for Fourth-of-July Celebrations; Washington's Birthday; Christmas and Thanksgiving; Decoration Day; Public School Exhibitions; Arbor Day; Harvest Homes; Evening Entertainments, Etc., Etc.

INCLUDING A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

DIALOGUES, TABLEAUX, SUBJECTS FOR DEBATE, ETC.

PROGRAMME NO. 1 FOR FOURTH OF JULY.

The following programme can be varied as occasion may require by additional exercises or by substituting others for those here suggested. The platform should be decorated with flags and patriotic emblems. In addition to the singing of patriotic airs, there should be music by a band or orchestra. Each of the children should be furnished with a small flag. Let all the exercises be very spirited.

MUSIC By the Band or Orchestra.

SINGING Tune: "America."

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

READING The Declaration of Independence.

RECITATION . . The Fourth of July.

TO the sages who spoke, to the heroes who bled,
To the day and the deed, strike the harp-strings of glory!
Let the song of the ransomed remember the dead,
And the tongue of the eloquent hallow the story,
O'er the bones of the bold
Be that story long told,
And on fame's golden tablets their triumphs enrolled

Who on freedom's green hills freedom's banner unfurled,
And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world!

They are gone—mighty men!—and they sleep in their fame:
Shall we ever forget them? Oh, never! no, never!
Let our sons learn from us to embalm each great name,
And the anthem send down—"Independence forever!"
Wake, wake, heart and tongue!
Keep the theme ever young;
Let their deeds through the long line of ages be sung
Who on freedom's green hills freedom's banner unfurled,
And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world!

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

MUSIC..... By Band or Orchestra.

READING The Vow of Washington.

THE sword was sheathed: in April's sun
Lay green the fields by freedom won;
And severed sections, weary of debates,
Joined hands at last and were United States.

O city, sitting by the sea!
How proud the day that dawned on thee,
When the new era, long desired, began,
And, in its need, the hour had found the man!

One thought the cannon salvos spoke;
The resonant bell-tower's vibrant stroke,
The voiceful streets, the plaudit-echoing halls,
And prayer and hymn borne heavenward from St. Paul's!

How felt the land in every part
The strong throb of a nation's heart,
As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,
His pledge to union, liberty and law!

That pledge the heavens above him heard,
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred;
In world-wide wonder listening peoples bent
Their gaze on freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed? Of honor sold
And hopes deceived all history told.
Above the wrecks that strewed the mournful past
Was the long dream of ages true at last?

Thank God! the people's choice was just,
The one man equal to his trust,
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good,
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude!

His rule of justice, order, peace,
Made possible the world's release;
Taught prince and serf that power is but a trust,
And rule, alone, which serves the ruled, is just;

That freedom generous is, but strong
In hate of fraud and selfish wrong,
Pretense that turns her holy truths to lies,
And lawless license masking in her guise.

Land of his love! with one glad voice
Let thy great sisterhood rejoice;
A century's suns o'er thee have risen and set,
And, God be praised, we are one nation yet.

And still, we trust, the years to be
Shall prove his hope was destiny,
Leaving our flag with all its added stars
Unrent by faction and unstained by wars!

Lo! where with patient toil he nursed
And trained the new-set plant at first,
The widening branches of a stately tree
Stretched from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

And in its broad and sheltering shade,
Sitting with none to make afraid,
Were we now silent, through each mighty limb,
The winds of heaven would sing the praise of him.

Our first and best—his ashes lie
Beneath his own Virginian sky.
Forgive, forget, O true and just and brave,
The storm that swept above thy sacred grave!

For, ever in the awful strife
And dark hours of the nation's life,
Through the fierce tumult pierced his warning word,
Their father's voice his erring children heard!

The change for which he prayed and sought
In that sharp agony was wrought;
No partial interest draws its alien line
'Twixt North and South, the cypress and the pine!

One people now, all doubt beyond,
His name shall be our Union-bond;
We lift our hands to heaven, and here, and now,
Take on our lips the old Centennial vow.

For rule and trust must needs be ours;
Chooser and chosen both our powers
Equaled in service as in rights; the claim
Of duty rests on each and all the same.

Then let the sovereign millions, where
Our banner floats in sun and air,
From the warm palm-lands to Alaska's cold,
Repeat with us the pledge a century old!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

DECLAMATION . . . The Little Mayflower.

AND now—for the fulness of time is come—let us go up, in imagination to yonder hill, and look out upon the November scene. That single dark speck, just discernible through the perspective glass, on the waste of waters, is the fated vessel. The storm moans through her tattered canvas, as she creeps, almost sinking, to her anchorage in Provincetown harbor; and there she lies, with all her treasures, not of silver and gold (for of these she has none), but of courage, of patience, of zeal, of high spiritual daring.

So often as I dwell in imagination on this scene; when I consider the condition of the Mayflower, utterly incapable, as she was, of living through another gale; when I survey the terrible front presented by our coast to the navigator who, unacquainted with its channels and roadsteads, should approach it in the stormy season, I dare not call it a mere piece of good fortune, that the general north and south wall of the shore of New England should be broken by this extraordinary projection of the cape, running out into the ocean a hundred miles, as if on purpose to receive and encircle the precious vessel.

As I now see her, freighted with the destinies of a continent, barely escaped from the perils of the deep, approaching the shore precisely where the broad sweep of this most remarkable headland presents almost the only point at which, for hundreds of miles, she could, with any ease, have made a harbor, and this, perhaps, the very best on the seaboard, I feel my spirit raised above the sphere of mere natural agencies.

I see the mountains of New England rising from their rocky thrones. They rush forward into the ocean, settling down as they advance; and there they range themselves, as a mighty bulwark around the heaven-directed vessel. Yes, the everlasting God himself stretches out the arm of his mercy and his power, in substantial manifestation, and gathers the meek company of his worshipers as in the hollow of his hand.

EDWARD EVERETT.

MARCH Our Naval Cadets.

(Twelve or more boys dressed in naval costume and carrying flags.)

SINGING . . . TUNE: Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

O LAND of a million brave soldiers,
Who severed the bonds of despair;
O, land of a million true-hearted
Who failed not to do and to dare!
May ever thy shores gleam before us,
With harvests whose wealth shall not cease.
May ever in beauty bend o'er us,
The wings of the white dove of peace.

CHORUS.

Hail the glory of Freedom's glad light!
Hail the passing of Slavery's night!
Hail the triumph of Truth over Error!
Hail the glory of Freedom's glad light!

Though hushed is the voice of the cannon
Though silent the loud battle cry,
There's many to-day, who if needful,
For Freedom would suffer and die.
Columbia's sons still are loyal,
Columbia's sons still are true,
'Neath the emblem of Justice and Mercy
The banner of red, white and blue.

RECITATION To the Ladies.

(To be prefaced with the following statement: "In the year 1768, the people of Boston resolved that they would not import any tea, glass, paper, or other commodities commonly brought from Great Britain, until the act imposing duties upon all such articles should be repealed. This poetical appeal to the ladies of the country, to lend a 'helping hand' for the furtherance of that resolution, appeared in the Boston *News Letter*, anonymously.")

YOUNG ladies in town, and those that live round,
Let a friend at this season advise you;
Since money's so scarce, and times growing worse,
Strange things may soon hap and surprise you.

First, then, throw aside your topknots of pride;
Wear none but your own country linen;
Of economy boast, let your pride be the most
To show clothes of your own make and spinning.

What if homespun they say is not quite so gay
As brocades, yet be not in a passion,
For when once it is known this is much worn in town,
One and all will cry out—'Tis the fashion!

And, as one, all agree, that you'll not married be
To such as will wear London factory,
But at first sight refuse, tell 'em such you will choose
As encourage our own manufactory.

No more ribbons wear, nor in rich silks appear;
Love your country much better than fine things;
Begin without passion, 'twill soon be the fashion
To grace your smooth locks with a twine string.

Throw aside your Bohea, and your Green Hyson tea,
And all things with a new-fashion duty;
Procure a good store of the choice Labrador,
For there'll soon be enough here to suit you.

These do without fear, and to all you'll appear
Fair, charming, true, lovely and clever;
Though the times remain darkish, young men may be sparkish,
And love you much stronger than ever.

Then make yourselves easy, for no one will teaze ye,
Nor tax you, if chancing to sneer
At the sense-ridden tools, who think us all fools;
But they'll find the reverse far and near.

MUSIC By Band or Orchestra.

TABLEAU . . . Conquered and Conqueror.

(A soldier dressed as a British redcoat is lying down, resting on one elbow and holding up his hand to ward off his foe. A soldier dressed in Continental uniform stands over him, pointing a bayonet at his breast.)

MUSIC By Band or Orchestra.

PROGRAMME NO. 2, FOR FOURTH OF JULY.

MUSIC By Band or Orchestra.

SINGING TUNE: America.

GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave!
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

For her our prayers shall rise
To God above the skies,
On him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye!
To thee alone we cry,
God save the State.

Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;

Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

READING . . Declaration of Independence.

RECITATION Our Natal Day.

OH, the Fourth of July!
When fire-crackers fly,
And urchins in petticoats tyrants defy!
When all the still air
Creeps away in despair,
And clamor is king, be the day dark or fair!
When freedom's red flowers
Fall in star-spangled showers,
And liberty capers for twenty-four hours.
When the morn's ushered in
By a sleep-crushing din,
That tempts us to use philological sin;
When the forenoon advances
With large circumstances,
Subjecting our lives to debatable chances;
When the soldiers of peace
Their attractions increase,
By marching, protected with clubs of police;
When the little toy gun
Has its share of the fun,
By teaching short-hand to the favorite son.

Oh, the Fourth of July!
When grand souls hover nigh!
When Washington bends from the honest blue sky!
When Jefferson stands—
Famous scribe of all lands—
The charter of heaven in his glorified hands!
When his comrade—strong, high,
John Adams—comes nigh,
(For both went to their rest the same Fourth of July!)
When Franklin—grand, droll—
That could lightnings control,
Comes here with his sturdy, progressive old soul;
When freedom's strong staff—
Hancock—with a laugh,
Writes in memory's album his huge autograph!

But let thought have its way,
And give memory sway;
Do we think of the cost of this glorified day?
While the harvest-field waves,
Do we think of those braves
In the farms thickly planted with thousands of graves?
How the great flag up there,
Clean and pure as the air,
Has been drabbled with blood-drops, and trailed in despair?

Do we know what a land
God hath placed in our hand,
To be made into star-gems, or crushed into sand?
Let us feel that our race,
Doomed to no second place,
Must glitter with triumph, or die in disgrace!
That millions unborn,
At night, noon, and morn,
Will thank us with blessings, or curse us with scorn,
For raising more high
Freedom's flag to the sky,
Or losing forever the Fourth of July!

WILL CARLETON.

SINGING. Tune: "Hold the Fort."

OH, behold in all its beauty,
Freedom's flag unfurled!
Glorious flag—to us the fairest
In the wide, wide world.

CHORUS.

Proudly float, O flag of Freedom,
Fair Columbia's pride!
For thy stars and stripes of beauty,
Many a hero died.

Great the price of Freedom's purchase—
'Twas the price of life;
Oh, the pain and loss and sorrow
Ere the end of strife.

Ever mindful of the struggle,
Let us all be true
To the colors of our nation—
Red, and white and blue.

RECITATION . . . The Banner of the Sea.

BY wind and wave the sailor brave has fared
To shores of every sea;
But never yet have seamen met or dared
Grim death for victory
In braver mood than they who died
On drifting decks, in Apia's tide,
While cheering every sailor's pride,
The banner of the free!

Columbia's men were they who then went down,
Not knights nor kings of old,
But brighter far their laurels are than crown
Or coronet of gold;
Our sailor true, of any crew,
Would give the last long breath he drew
To cheer the old red, white and blue,
The banner of the bold!

With hearts of oak, through storm and smoke and flame,
Columbia's seamen long
Have bravely fought and nobly wrought, that shame
Might never dull their song;
They sing the country of the free,
The glory of the rolling sea,
The starry flag of liberty,
The banner of the strong!

We ask but this, and not amiss the claim,
A fleet to ride the wave,
A navy great to crown the State with fame,
Though foes or tempests rave;
Then, as our fathers did of yore,
We'll sail our ships to every shore,
On every ocean wind will soar
The banner of the brave!

Oh! this we claim, that never shame may ride
On any wave with thee,
Thou Ship of State, whose timbers great abide
The home of liberty!
For, so, our gallant Yankee tars,
Of daring deeds and honored scars,
Will make the banner of the stars
The banner of the sea.

HOMER GREEN.

MUSIC Cornet Solo.

ORATION . . What America has Done for the World.

WHAT has this nation done to repay the world for the benefits we have received from others? We have been repeatedly told, and sometimes, too, in a tone of affected impartiality, that the highest praise which can fairly be given to the American mind, is that of possessing an enlightened selfishness; that if the philosophy and talents of this country, with all their effects, were forever swept into oblivion, the loss would be felt only by ourselves; and that if to the accuracy of this general charge, the labors of Franklin present an illustrious, it is still but a solitary, exception.

The answer may be given, confidently and triumphantly. Without abandoning the fame of our eminent men, whom Europe has been slow and reluctant to honor, we would reply, that the intellectual power of this people has exerted itself in conformity to the general system of our institutions and manners; and therefore, that, for the proof of its existence and the measure of its force, we must look not so much to the works of prominent individuals, as to the great aggregate results; and if Europe has hitherto been wilfully blind to the value of our example and the exploits of our sagacity, courage, invention, and freedom, the blame must rest with her, and not with America.

Is it nothing for the universal good of mankind to have carried into successful operation a system of self-government, uniting personal liberty, freedom of opinion, and equality of rights, with national power and dignity; such as had before existed only in the Utopian dreams of philosophers? Is it nothing, in moral science, to have anticipated in sober reality, numerous plans of reform in civil and criminal jurisprudence, which

are, but now, received as plausible theories by the politicians and economists of Europe? Is it nothing to have been able to call forth on every emergency, either in war or peace, a body of talented patriots always equal to the difficulty?

Is it nothing to have, in less than a half-century, exceedingly improved the sciences of political economy, of law, and of medicine, with all their auxiliary branches; to have enriched human knowledge by the accumulation of a great mass of useful facts and observations, and to have augmented the power and the comforts of civilized man, by miracles of mechanical invention? Is it nothing to have given the world examples of disinterested patriotism, of political wisdom, of public virtue; of learning, eloquence, and valor, never exerted save for some praiseworthy end? It is sufficient to have briefly suggested these considerations; every mind would anticipate me in filling up the details.

No—Land of Liberty! thy children have no cause to blush for thee. What though the arts have reared few monuments among us, and scarce a trace of the muse's footstep is found in the paths of our forests, or along the banks of our rivers; yet our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, and by great and holy deeds of peace. Its wide extent has become one vast temple and hallowed asylum, sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the persecuted of every sect, and the wretched of all nations.

Land of Refuge—Land of Benedictions! Those prayers still arise, and they still are heard: "May peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces!" "May there be no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in thy streets!" "May truth flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from Heaven!"

GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.

MARCH . . Daughters of the Revolution.

(Twelve or more little girls, dressed in Continental costume and carrying flags. They should be drilled to perform a march.)

RECITATION *Stand up for Liberty.*

YE sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
For those rights which unstained from your sires had descended.
May you long taste the blessings your valor has brought,
And your sons reap the soil which your fathers defended.
Let our patriots destroy anarch's pestilent worm,
Lest our liberty's growth should be checked by corrosion;
Then let clouds thicken round us: we heed not the storm;
Our realm feels no shock but the earth's own explosion.
Foes assail us in vain,
Though their fleets bridge the main;
For our altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain;
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmoved, at its portal would Washington stand,
And repulse, with his breast, the assaults of the thunder!
His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct, with its point, every flash to the deep!
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Let fame to the world sound America's voice;
No intrigues can her sons from their government sever:

Her pride are her statesmen—their laws are her choice,
And shall flourish till liberty slumbers forever.
Then unite heart and hand,
Like Leonidas' band,
And swear to the God of the ocean and land
That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE, JR.

MUSIC By Band or Orchestra.

RECITATION . . . Off with Your Hat as the Flag Goes By.

OFF with your hat as the flag goes by!
And let the heart have its say;
You're man enough for a tear in your eye
That you will not wipe away.

You're man enough for a thrill that goes
To your very finger tips—
Ay! The lump just then in your throat that rose
Spoke more than your parted lips.

Lift up the boy on your shoulder high,
And show him the faded shred—
Those stripes would be red as the sunset sky
If death could have dyed them red.

The man that bore it, with death has lain
These thirty years or more—
He died that the work should not be vain
Of the men who bore it before.

The man that bears it is bent and old,
And ragged his beard and gray;
But see his proud form grow young and bold,
At the tune that he hears them play.

The old tune thunders through all the air,
And strikes right into the heart;
If it ever calls for you, boy, be there!
Be there and ready to start!

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
Uncover the youngster's head!
Teach him to hold it holy and high,
For the sake of its sacred dead.

H. C. BUNNER.

RECITATION . . . The Young American.

SCION of a mighty stock!
Hands of iron—hearts of oak—
Follow with unflinching tread
Where the noble fathers led.

Craft and subtle treachery,
Gallant youth! are not for thee;
Follow thou in word and deeds
Where the God within thee leads!

Honesty with steady eye,
Truth and pure simplicity,
Love that gently winneth hearts—
These shall be thy only arts:

Prudent in the council train,
Dauntless on the battle-plain,
Ready at the country's need
For her glorious cause to bleed!

Where the dews of night distill
Upon Vernon's holy hill;
Where above it, gleaming far,
Freedom lights her guiding star:

Thither turn the steady eye,
Flashing with a purpose high;
Thither, with devotion meet,
Often turn the pilgrim feet!

Let the noble motto be,
God—the country—liberty!
Planted on religion's rock,
Thou shalt stand in every shock.

TABLEAU . . . Surrender of Cornwallis.

(American and British soldiers in the background. Washington in front and Cornwallis handing him his sword).

MUSIC By Band or Orchestra.

PROGRAMME FOR A CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT.

(A Christmas tree always pleases young people, and what interests them is sure to be appreciated by older persons. In the absence of a Christmas tree, loaded with decorations and gifts, the room should be trimmed with evergreens; in fact, such decorations are always in order at the merry Christmas time)

SONG . . Christmas Bells,
Tune: "Ring the Bells of Heaven."

RING, O bells, in gladness,
Tell of joy to-day;
Ring and swing o'er all the world so wide.
Banish thoughts of sadness,
Drive all grief away,
For it is the Merry Christmas tide.

CHORUS.

Ring, O bells, from spire and swelling dome,
Ring and bid the peaceful ages come;
Banish thoughts of sadness,
Drive all grief away,
For it is the Merry Christmas Day.

Ring, O bells, the story
From the ages far;
Of the Christmas joy and song and light;
How the wondrous glory
Of the Christmas star
Led the shepherds onward through the night!

Ring, O bells, in gladness
Of the Saviour King;
May your silver chimings never cease;
Banish thoughts of sadness
And all nations bring
Glorious dawning of the Day of Peace.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES . . To be Selected.

RECITATION . . A Letter to Santa Claus.

BLESSED old Santa Claus! king of delights!
What are you doing these long winter nights?
Filling your budgets with trinkets and toys—
Wonderful gifts for the girls and the boys?
While you are planning for everything nice,
Pray let me give you a bit of advice.

Don't take it hard, if I say in your ear,
Santa, I think you were partial last year;
Loading the rich folks with everything gay,
Snubbing the poor ones who came in your way:
Now, of all times in the year, I am sure
This is the time to remember the poor.

Little red hands that are aching with cold,
You should have mittens your fingers to hold;
Poor little feet, with your frost-bitten toes,
You should be clothed in the warmest of hose.
On the dark hearth I would kindle a light,
Till the sad faces were happy and bright.

Don't you think, Santa, if all your life through,
Some one had always been caring for you,
Watching to guard you by night and by day,
Giving you gifts you could never repay,
Sometimes, at least, you would sigh to recall
How many children have nothing at all?

Safe in your own quiet chamber at night,
Cozy and warm in your blankets so white,
Wouldn't you think of the shivering forms
Out in the cold and the wind and the storms?
Wouldn't you think of the babies who cry,
Pining in hunger and cold till they die?

Blessed old Nick! I was sure, if you knew it.
You would remember, and certainly do it;
This year, at least, when you open your pack,
Pray give a portion to all who may lack;
Then if you chance to have anything over,
Bring a small gift to your friend—Kitty Clover

RECITATION . Christmas in all the Lands.

(For four children. They recite singly and then in concert, beginning with the words in the last verse, "Lo, want and sin," etc.)

FIRST CHILD.

FROM the wild Northland where the wolf's long howl
Stirs the depths of down in the ocean fowl,
And the white bear prowls with stealthy creep
To the spot where the seal lies fast asleep,

And the sledges flash through the silence vast
Like a glittering dream, now here, now past,—
On this waste of sparkle and waste of snow
'Neath skies aflame with a crimson glow;
The feet of the Christ-child softly fall,
And Christmas dawn brings cheer to all.

SECOND CHILD.

'Tis the homestead low in the quiet vale
Where the farm-dog follows Dobbin's trail
To the pasture lot, now cold and bare,
And sniffs with glee the snow-filled air.
In this home of busy household joys,
'Mong the rosy girls and sturdy boys,
Sweet peace descends on wings of light,
And all exclaim, "'Tis Christmas night,
The dear Christ-child is hovering near
Let each one share our Christmas cheer."

THIRD CHILD.

'Tis the prairies vast where cyclones sweep,
And their sturdy men world-harvests reap,
Where the skies are such an airy blue
An angel's robe might flutter through;
And the lark flings down her music sweet
A chain of song, each link complete;
Then a white day comes, so bland or wild,
It bears in arms the sweet Christ-child,
And hearts touch heart and hands touch hand,
While Christmas light illumes the land.

FOURTH CHILD.

'Tis the land of palms and of orange trees,
Whose lamps of gold swing in the breeze,
Where the pickaninny's black eyes glow,
O'er swarthy cheeks and teeth of snow,
And the dusky hand is raised to bless
The gift that makes his misery less;
For rich and poor and young and old
Stand in the charmed ring of gold
Which Christmas brings. Lo, want and sin
Flee from the blessed eyes of Him,
The dear Christ-child, who far and near
Gives Christmas love and Christmas cheer.

G. A. BROWN.

MUSIC Cornet Solo, or Choir.

READING . . . Santa Claus on the Train.

ON a Christmas eve an emigrant train
Sped on through the blackness of night,
And cleft the pitchy dark in twain
With the gleam of its fierce headlight.

In a crowded car, a noisome place,
Sat a mother and her child;
The woman's face bore want's wan trace,
But the little one only smiled,

And tugged and pulled at her mother's dress,
And her voice had a merry ring,
As she lisped, "Now, mamma, come and guess
What Santa Claus'll bring."

But sadly the mother shook her head,
As she thought of a happier past;
"He never can catch us here," she said
"The train is going too fast."

"O, mamma, yes, he'll come, I say,
So swift are his little deer,
They run all over the world to-day;—
I'll hang my stocking up here."

She pinned her stocking to the seat,
And closed her tired eyes;
And soon she saw each longed-for sweet
In dreamland's paradise.

On a seat behind the little maid
A rough man sat apart,
But a soft light o'er his features played,
And stole into his heart.

As the cars drew up at a busy town
The rough man left the train,
But scarce had from the steps jumped down
Ere he was back again.

And a great big bundle of Christmas joys
Bulged out from his pocket wide;
He filled the stocking with sweets and toys
He laid by the dreamer's side.

At dawn the little one woke with a shout,
'Twas sweet to hear her glee;
"I knowed that Santa Claus would find me out;
He caught the train you see."

Though some from smiling may scarce refrain,
The child was surely right,
The good St. Nicholas caught the train,
And came aboard that night.

For the saint is fond of masquerade
And may fool the old and wise,
And so he came to the little maid
In an emigrant's disguise.

And he dresses in many ways because
He wishes no one to know him,
For he never says, "I am Santa Claus,"
But his good deeds always show him.

HENRY C. WALSH.

RECITATION The Waifs.

AT the break of Christmas day,
Through the frosty starlight ringing,
Faint and sweet and far away,
Comes the sound of children, singing,
Chanting, singing,
"Cease to mourn,
For Christ is born,
Peace and joy to all men bringing!"

Careless that the chill winds blow,
Growing stronger, sweeter, clearer,
Noiseless footfalls in the snow
Bringing the happy voices nearer;
Hear them singing,
"Winter's drear,
But Christ is here,
Mirth and gladness with him bringing!"

"Merry Christmas!" hear them say,
As the east is growing lighter;
"May the joy of Christmas day
Make your whole year gladder, brighter!"
Join their singing,
"To each home
Our Christ has come,
All Love's treasures with him bringing!"

MARGARET DELAND.

SONG Welcome Santa Claus.
Tune: "Hold the Fort."

FROM the cold and frosty northland
Oh so far away,
Santa Claus will soon be coming
In his little sleigh;
Let us listen for the reindeers'
Dancing, prancing feet,
Let us wait old Santa's jolly,
Jolly face to greet!

Listen, don't you hear his sleigh-bells
Oh so faintly ring,
Santa Claus is surely coming
Many gifts to bring;
In his busy little workshop
Many a long, long day,
Pretty presents he has made
To give them all away!

Oh his sleigh-bells jingle, jingle,
Very, very near;
Can it be that dear old Santa's
Really almost here?
Hark, they cease their silver music,
Santa Claus has come!
Welcome, welcome, dear old Santa,
Welcome to each home!

ORIGINAL ADDRESS By a Person Selected.

RECITAL . . Santa Claus and the Mouse.

(For boy or girl, who has a stocking with a hole in it, and holds it up in the last verse, shows the hole and thrusts one or two fingers through it.)

ONE Christmas eve when Santa Claus
Came to a certain house,
To fill the children's stockings there,
He found a little mouse.

"A merry Christmas, little friend,"
Said Santa, good and kind.
"The same to you, sir," said the mouse,
"I thought you wouldn't mind

If I should stay awake to night
And watch you for awhile."
"You're very welcome, little mouse,"
Said Santa with a smile.

And then he filled the stockings up
Before the mouse could wink.—
From toe to top, from top to toe
There wasn't left a chink.

"Now, they won't hold another thing,"
Said Santa Claus, with pride.
A twinkle came in mouse's eyes,
But humbly he replied:

"It's not polite to contradict,—
Your pardon I implore,—
But in the fullest stocking there
I could put one thing more."

"Oh, ho!" laughed Santa, "silly mouse!
Don't I know how to pack?
By filling stockings all these years,
I should have learned the knack."

And then he took the stocking down
From where it hung so high,
And said: "Now put in one thing more;
I give you leave to try."

The mousie chuckled to himself,
And then he softly stole
Right to the stocking's crowded toe
And gnawed a little hole!

"Now, if you please, good Santa Claus,
I've put in one thing more;
For you will own that little hole
Was not in there before."

How Santa Claus did laugh and laugh!
And then he gayly spoke:
"Well! you shall have a Christmas cheese
For that nice little joke."

If you don't think this story true,
Why I can show to you
The very stocking with the hole
The little mouse gnawed through!

EMILIE POULSSON.

RECITATION . . What Ted Found in his Stocking.

"I DON'T care, I *will* go!
So there, Mamma Mouse!
The folks are all sleeping
All over the house;

"The stockings are hanging—
I smell the sweet bits.
It's enough to drive mousies
Into wild, crazy fits!"

So when old Mrs. Mouse
Went off to her bed,
The little mouse watched,
And popped up his head.

Then smelling his way
Very nicely along,
He jumped into a stocking,
So new and so strong.

But a string on a bundle
Stuck out in a loop,
And in it he tumbled,
The poor silly dupe!

Oh, then what bewailings
Came out of that stocking!
Such moans and lamentings,
It really was shocking!

"O dear! and oh dear!
I wish I was home!
If I'd minded mamma,
And hadn't 'a' come!"

But 'twas all of no use.
The string was so tight
That all he could do
Was to wait for daylight.

Then Ted gave a shout
That awoke the whole house;
For there in his stocking
Was a little gray mouse!

What became of him then
The cat only can tell,
But one thing I'll say—
I know very well

(*By Whole School in Concert*).

That he'll never again on a Christmas Eve
Jump into a stocking without any leave!

MUSIC To be Selected.

SANTA CLAUS To be Selected.

(Comes in dressed in heavy winter garments, with long, white beard and pockets stuffed with toys).

DISTRIBUTION OF GIFTS.

PROGRAMME FOR DECORATION DAY.

(Music by band or orchestra can be introduced whenever deemed appropriate).

SINGING . . "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

DECLAMATION . . The Meaning of the Day.

ALL over our land, in every cemetery where rests members of our army of the dead—and we doubt if any burial place has not such sleepers, —people are gathered to-day to pay tribute to our soldier dead and strew flowers over their graves. All hearts turn as by a common impulse to these ceremonies. We bring our offerings of flowers to the soldiers, but it affects them not; they cannot feel the love and gratitude that prompt the gift. Their lives and deeds have wrought for themselves more enduring monuments than sculptured marble. We assure the loving soldiers that they are not forgotten—that their courage and patriotism will always be remembered as long as a loyal school boy or school girl may live. But this day means more than this, it means something for our nation, something for posterity; its belief in that grand old flag and what it stands for; a belief in freedom. It means that the boys and girls of to-day, the men and women of to-morrow, who share in this day's ceremonies, echo the words of our fathers, that "this government shall be preserved, come what will, threaten it who may."

EXERCISE.

(For fifteen pupils each carrying a flag, and gesturing as indicated. Pupil 8 should carry a larger flag than the others. Seven to the left of eight should hold flags to left shoulder; seven to right of eight, should hold flags to right shoulder. When the word *North* is recited, the seven to the right of number eight raise their flags, then back to the shoulder; when the word *South* is recited, the seven to the left of number eight lift their flags, then replace to shoulders. Each might carry in other hand a bunch of flowers, and at the word *flowers*, the bouquets should be raised as were the flags. The pupils to the left could wear gray and those to the right, blue, in some way—in caps, sashes or bows. Number eight should be dressed in red, white and blue.)

1st Pupil.

There is peace, there is peace in the South and the North,
When the suns of the May-time shall call the blooms forth.

2nd Pupil.

There is peace in the vale where the Tennessee runs—
Where the river grass covers covers the long silent guns.

3rd Pupil.

There is peace in Virginia amid the tall corn;
Where Lookout's high summit grows bright in the morn.

4th Pupil.

There is peace where the James wanders down to the main;
Where the war-torn Savannas are golden with grain.

5th Pupil.

There is peace where the squadrons of carnage have wheeled,
Fierce over Shiloh's shell-furrowed field.

6th Pupil.

There is peace in the soil whence the palmettoes spring;
In the sad Shenandoah the harvesters sing.

7th Pupil.

There is peace in Manassas, Antietam's dark rills;
No more throb the drum on the bare Georgian hills.

8th Pupil.

There is peace where the warriors of Gettysburg rest;
On the ramparts of Sumter the summer bird's nest.

9th Pupil.

There is peace where the "Father of Waters" ran red,
Where the batteries of Mobile lie soundless and dead.

10th Pupil.
There is peace where the rifle hangs mantled with dust,
Where the once reeking saber is sheathed in its rust.

11th Pupil.
There is peace where the war-hoofs tore up the smooth lea,
Where the hoarse-noted cannon rang over the sea.

12th Pupil.
There is peace in the North, though her soldier is yet
Far away on the field where the fierce columns met.

13th Pupil.
There is peace in the South, though her soldier is lost
In the path where the lines of the foeman have crossed.

14th Pupil.
There is peace in the land, and the "stars and the bars"
Forever have merged in the "stripes and the stars."

15th Pupil.
There is peace where the flowers cover the tombs,
And the Blue and the Gray now blend with the blooms.

All.
God grant that this peace may forever be ours!
And the Blue and the Gray alike sleep neath the flowers!

(These last two lines should be recited while flags and flowers are held in front, in prayerful attitude, eyes of pupils glancing upward.)

RECITATION Decoration Day.

IT'S lonesome—sorto' lonesome—it's a Sund'y day to me,
It 'pears like—mor'n any day I nearly ever see!
Yit, with the Stars and Stripes above, a flutterin' in the air,
On ev'ry soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily there.

They say, though, Decoration Days is generally observed—
Most ev'ry wheres—especially by soldier boys that served—
But me and mother never went—we seldom git away—
In pint of fact, we're allus home on Decoration Day.

They say the old boys marches through the streets in columns grand,
A-follerin' the old war tunes they're playin' on the band,
And citizens all jinin' in—and little children, too—
All marchin' under shelter of the old Red, White and Blue,

With roses! roses! roses!—ev'rybody in the town!
And crowds of girls in white, just fairly loaded down!
Oh! don't the boys know it, from their camp across the hill?
Don't they see their comrades comin' and the old flag wavin' still?

Oh! can't they hear the bugle and the rattle of the drum?—
Ain't they no way under heaven they can rickollect us some?
Ain't they no way we can coax 'em through the roses, just to say
They know that every day on earth is their Decoration Day?

We've tried that,—me and mother,—where Elias takes his rest,
In the orchard, in his uniform, and hands across his breast,
And the flag he died fer smilin' and a-ripplin' in the breeze
Above his grave—and, over that—the robin in the trees.

And yet it's lonesome—lonesome! It's a Sund'y-day to me,
It 'pears like—more'n any day—I nearly ever see—
Yit, with the Stars and Stripes above, a flutterin' in the air,
On ev'ry soldier's grave—I'd love to lay a lily there.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

ACROSTIC Memorial Day.

(*Exercise for eleven children. Each carries standard on which the letters are pasted in red, white and blue, and turns the letter toward the audience as the words are recited.*)

MEMORIAL Day again has come,
When throbs the music of the drum.
Each muffled accent seems to tell
Of heroes who in battle fell.

Memories return to boys in blue,
Of vanished comrades brave and true.

On camping ground and battle plain
Alike they met with want and pain.

Rivers of blood their courses swept,
While sad Columbia mourned and wept.

In fever swamp and prison pen
Died many of her bravest men.

All honor to the soldier bands
Who followed Freedom's stern commands.

Let each true soldier's noble name,
Glow brightly on the books of Fame.

Deeds wrought for truth can never die
For they are penned in books on high.

A nation now in reverence stands
With sorrowing heart and flower-filled hands.

Years may into long ages glide,
These names shall still be glorified.

PAPER Origin of Memorial Day.

GENERAL JOHN MURRAY was the originator of Memorial Day in the North. While visiting in the South in the winter of 1867–'68, he noticed the touching rite of decorating soldiers' graves with flowers by the ladies. Being very much impressed with this custom, he instituted a similar one at his own home.

On the 5th day of May, 1868, Gen. John A. Logan, who was then Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, established Decoration Day, and by a general order, May 30, 1868, was designated as a day set apart for the purpose of paying tribute to the memory of those brave men who died in defense of our country. The national encampment held in Washington had it incorporated in its rules and regulations, May 11, 1870. Since then, in many of the States, May 30th has been established as a holiday, and it is the universal custom to decorate the graves of all ex-soldiers, thus making it one of the most patriotic days of the year, wherein all classes unite in paying honor to our heroic dead, and feel a conscious pride in being able to thus show respect for their memory and the cause for which they fought.

SONG: . . "The Star Spangled Banner."

EXERCISE.

(A large urn or vase is placed on a stand decorated with the national colors and a bow of black ribbon. Around the rim of the vase a beautiful wreath should be placed. The stand should be at the front of the rostrum, so the pupils may pass behind it. The pupils representing the various wars should be dressed if possible in the costumes of that day—military costumes. Beside the urn, a girl representing Liberty should stand holding a large flag at half-mast, she should dress in white and wear sash of the national colors. After reciting, each pupil stands in rear of Liberty. When coming upon the stage, each pupil salutes the flag before reciting and stands on opposite side of urn while reciting. When through, he gracefully deposits his bouquet into the urn. At close of exercise the school arises and salutes the flag and repeats the pledge.)

Liberty (*Enters carrying flag and recites standing at right of urn; when through reciting casts her flowers into the urn.*)

"STREW with flowers the soldier's grave,
Plant each lovely thing that grows;
Let the summer breezes wave
The calla lily and the rose;
White and red—the cause, the price!
Right, upheld by sacrifice.

Let the summer's perfumed breath,
Fragrant with the sweetest flowers,
Charm the sadness out of death,
Glorify the mourners' hours,

Freighted with their prayers, arise
Incense of their sacrifice.

'Tis not valor that we praise,
Thirst for glory, love of strife;
Gentle hearts from quiet ways,
Turned to save a nation's life,
Lest in jealous fragments torn
Freedom's land should come to scorn.

O'er the Gray, as o'er the Blue,
Nature's bursting tears will flow;
Both were brave, and both were true
And fought for all they loved below.
Pity! nor forbid the tear
Shed above so sad a bier.

Cherish, then, the patriot fires,
Honor loyalty, and trust
In God that Freedom ne'er expires
Where virtue guards the martyr's dust,
Who counted life as little worth,
And saved the imperiled Hope of Earth."

JNO. W. DUNBAR.

OUR NATION'S PATRIOTS.

Revolutionary Pupil.

I HAD heard the muskets' rattle of the April running battle;
Lord Percey's hunted soldiers, I can see their red coats still;
But a deadly chill comes o'er me, as the day looms up before me,
When a thousand men lay bleeding on the slopes of Bunker Hill.
Here are lilies for the valorous, and roses for the brave;
And laurel for the victor's crown, and rue for lowly grave.
There's crimson for the blood that flowed that Freedom might be free,
And golden for the hearts of gold that died for you and me;
Till love no more is loving, we lift our souls and say,
For liberty and loyalty we bless their names to-day!

Civil War Pupil.

Strew the fair garlands where slumber the dead,
Ring out the strains like the swell of the sea,
Heartfelt the tribute we lay on each bed.
Sound o'er the brave the refrain of the free.
Sound the refrain of the loyal and free,
Visit each sleeper and hallow each bed,
Wave the starred banner from seacoast to sea
Grateful the living, and honored the dead.

Cuban War Pupil (*carrying Cuban Flag.*)

New graves we crown with flowers to-day,
New homes shall saddened be;
For loved ones sleeping far away,
And some beneath the sea.

'Twas for humanity and right
Our loved boys fought and died;
To lift the islands into light
And break the Spanish pride.

We'll wrap the Bible in the Flag
And back them with our might,
And bear them over sea and crag,
In lofty eagle's flight;

And break the bands of heathen night,
And set the islands free;
Till Fredom sheds her glorious light
O'er every land and sea.

Liberty (*In prayerful attitude, the boys standing in rear with hats lifted.*)

O God! look down upon the land which Thou hast loved so well,
And grant that in unbroken truth her children still may dwell;
Nor while the grass grows on the hill, and streams flow through the vale,
May they forget their fathers' faith, or in their covenant fail!
God keep the fairest, noblest land that lies beneath the sky—
Our country, our whole country, whose fame shall never die.

PLEDGE.

(All stand; salute flag; and repeat pledge.)

"WE pledge allegiance to our flag and the republic for which it stands—one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

SONG America.

PROGRAMME FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

MUSIC . . "The Star-Spangled Banner."

RECITATION Washington Enigma.

To be given by ten little girls with evergreen or large printed letters hung around their necks by a black thread and adjusted to the proper height. Let the letter be turned as the child speaks.

First Child—**W**—

IN the wailing winds my first
Speaks in faintly murmuring tones.

Second Child—**A**—

While my second's cry will burst
In the martyr's latest groans.—

Third Child—**S**—

How the noisome serpents scare;
In them finds my third a place.

Fourth Child—**H**—

In the homes which mothers share,
Rules my fourth with gentle grace.

Fifth Child—**I**—

Watch the Indian's scalping knife,
And my fifth shall greet your sight.

Sixth Child—**N**—

But my sixth is brought to life
In the moonless ebon night.

Seventh Child—**G**—

See the gambler's greed and note
How my seventh rules supreme.

Eighth Child—**T**—

The latest presidential vote
Holds secure my eighth, I deem.

Ninth Child—**O**—

From our sorrow, from our woe,
None can drive my ninth away.

Tenth Child—**N**—

Mark the wailing infant—lo!
There my tenth holds fullest sway.

All in Concert.

Join from first to tenth each part,
And you'll find a noble name,
Written on each patriot's heart,
Glorious in our country's fame.

RECITATION Washington's Day.

For a little boy.

OH! how the world remembers!
It is many and many a day
Since the patriot, George Washington,
Grew old and passed away.

And yet to-day we are keeping
In memory of his birth,
And his deeds of truth and valor
Are told at every hearth.

How he fought for independence
All little schoolboys know;
And why he signed the declaration
So many years ago.

To be as great as Washington
I could not if I would;
But I've made up my mind that I
Will try to be as good.

RECITATION . . . A Little Boy's Hatchet Story.

WHEN the great and good George Washington
Was a little boy like me,
He took his little hatchet
And chopped down a cherry tree.

And when his papa called him,
He then began to cry,
"I did it, oh, I did it;
I cannot tell a lie!"

His papa didn't scold at all,
But said, "You noble youth,
I'd gladly lose ten cherry trees
To have you tell the truth!"

But I myself am not quite clear;
For if I took my hatchet
And chopped my papa's cherry tree,
Oh, wouldn't I just catch it!

READING Maxims of Washington.

Adopted by him at the age of fifteen.

"NEITHER laugh, nor speak, nor listen when older people are talking together."

"Say not anything that will hurt another, either in fun or in earnest."

"If you say anything funny, don't laugh at it yourself, but let others enjoy it."

"When another person speaks, listen yourself, and try not to disturb others."

"Obey and honor your father and mother."

"Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present."

"When you meet with one of greater quality than yourself, stop and retire, especially if it be at a door or any strait place, to give way for him to pass."

"Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust."

"Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy."

"Be not curious to know the affairs of others; neither approach to those that speak in private."

"Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promises."

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

SINGING Tune: "My Country."

ONCE more we celebrate
Birthday of him so great,
So true and brave;
Who struggled not in vain
Liberty to attain,
Breaking a tyrant's chain
His land to save.

Bravely the patriot band
Fought 'neath his sure command
And freedom won;
Honor those soldiers all,
Who did for freedom fall,
Who followed at the call
Of Washington,
While shines in heaven the sun,
The name of Washington
Shall glow with light;
He feared no tyrant grand,
But foremost in command,
Did like a mountain stand
For cause of right.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

ORATION . . . The Father of his Country.

THE birthday of the "Father of his Country!" May it ever be freshly remembered by American hearts! May it ever re-awaken in them a filial veneration for his memory; ever rekindle the fires of patriotic regard to the country he loved so well; to which he gave his youthful vigor and his youthful energy, during the perilous period of the early Indian warfare; to which he devoted his life, in the maturity of his powers, in the field; to which again he offered the counsels of his wisdom and his experience, as President of the Convention that framed our Constitution; which he guided and directed while in the Chair of State, and for which the last prayer of his earthly supplication was offered up, when it came the moment for him so well, and so grandly, and so calmly, to die. He was the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and most sacred in our love; and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and might.

Yes, there is one personal, one vast felicity, which no man can share with him. It was the daily beauty and towering and matchless glory of his life, which enabled him to create his country, and, at the same time, secure an undying love and regard from the whole American people. "The first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Yes, first! He has our first and most fervent love. Undoubtedly there were brave and wise and good men,

before his day, in every colony. But the American Nation, as a Nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774. And the first love of that young America was Washington. The first word she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It still is her proud ejaculation; and it will be the last gasp of her expiring life!

Yes, others of our great men have been appreciated—many admired by all. But him we love. Him we all love. About and around him we call up no dissentient and discordant and dissatisfied elements—no sectional prejudice nor bias,—no party, no creed, no dogma of politics. None of these shall assail him. Yes, when the storm of battle blows darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm, and cheer every American heart. It shall relume that Promethean fire, that sublime flame of patriotism, that devoted love of country, which his words have commended, which his example has consecrated. Well did Lord Byron write:

"Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?—
Yes—one—the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom Envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush, there was but one."

RECITATION . . February Twenty-second.

IN seventeen hundred thirty-two,
This very month and day,
Winking and blinking at the light,
A little baby lay.

No doubt they thought the little man
A goodly child enough;
But time has proved that he was made
Of most uncommon stuff.

The little babe became a man
That everybody knew
Would finish well what he began,
And prove both firm and true.

So when the Revolution came,
That made our nation free,
They couldn't find a better man
For general, you see.

As general, he never failed
Or faltered; so they though
He ought to be the President,
And so I'm sure he ought.

And then he did his part so well
As President— twas plain
They couldn't do a better thing
Than choose him yet again.

Through all his life they loved him well
And mourned him when he died;
And ever since his noble name
Has been our nation's pride.

The lesson of his life is clear,
And easy quite to guess,
Be firm and true, if you would make
Your life a grand success.

JOY ALLISON.

SONG A True Soldier.
Tune: "Hold the Fort."

THOUGH we never may be soldiers
On the battle field,
Though we may not carry banner,
Bayonet or shield;
Each can be as true and valiant
Till life's work is done,
Each can be as brave a soldier
As George Washington.

There are mighty hosts of evil,
Armies great and strong,
Each can be a little soldier
Fighting all day long.
Let us ever fight them bravely,
Let us valiant be;

Fight the host of falsehood, envy,
Pride and cruelty.
Oh, how valiant are the soldiers
Who to battle go,
Yet more brave are they who struggle
With an unseen foe.
When the battles all are ended
And the victory's won,
Each will be as true a soldier
As George Washington.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

RECITAL Washington's Life.

(Recitation for five boys; each holds in his right hand a card with date, lifting it during his recitation.)

1732.

IN seventeen hundred and thirty-two
George Washington was born;
Truth, goodness, skill, and glory high,
His whole life did adorn.

1775.

In seventeen hundred and seventy-five
The chief command he took
Of all the army in the State
Who ne'er his flag forsook.

1783.

In seventeen hundred and eighty-three,
Retired to private life;
He saw his much-loved country free
From battle and from strife.

1789.

In seventeen hundred and eighty-nine,
The country with one voice,
Proclaimed him president, to shine,
Blessed by the people's choice.

1799.

In seventeen hundred and ninety-nine,
The nation's tears were shed,
To see the patriot life resign,
And sleep among the dead.

ALL IN CONCERT.

As "first in war, first in peace,"
As patriot, father, friend—
He will be blessed till time shall cease,
And earthly life shall end.

SINGING Birthday of Washington.

(May be sung to "America.")

First Pupil:

WELCOME, thou festal morn,
Never be passed in scorn
Thy rising sun.
Thou day forever bright
With Freedom's holy light,
That gave the world the sight
Of Washington.

Second Pupil:

Unshaken 'mid the storm,
Behold that noble form—
That peerless one,
With his protecting hand,
Like Freedom's angel, stand,
The guardian of our land,
Our Washington.

Third Pupil:

Traced there in lines of light,
Where all pure rays unite,
Obscured by none;
Brightest on history's page,
Of any clime or age,
As chieftain, man or sage,
Stands Washington.

Fourth Pupil:

Name at which tyrants pale,
And their proud legions quail,
Their boasting done;
While Freedom lifts her head,
No longer filled with dread,
Her sons to victory led
By Washington.

Class in Concert:

Now the true patriot see,
The foremost of the free,
The victory won.
In Freedom's presence bow,
While sweetly smiling now
She wreathes the spotless brow
Of Washington.

Then, with each coming year,
Whenever shall appear
That natal sun,
Will we attest the worth
Of one true man to earth
And celebrate the birth
Of Washington.

GEORGE HOWLAND.

MARCH. Boys and Girls Carrying Flags.

PROGRAMME FOR ARBOR DAY.

The celebration of Arbor Day has become so common that there is a demand for a programme of public exercises for schools and academies. The following can be varied by omitting pieces or substituting others. Little flags on palm-leaf fans tacked on well, also tufts of pine, and wreaths of flowers, bouquets, etc., might aid in decoration. Let the pupils take an active part in preparation.

SONG. Tune: "What a Friend We Have in Jesus."

WE have come with joyful greeting,
Songs of gladness, voices gay,
Teachers, friends, and happy children,
All to welcome Arbor Day.

Here we plant the trees whose branches,
Warmed by breath of summer days,
Nourished by the dews and showers,
Soon shall wave in leafy sprays.

Let us plant throughout our borders,
O'er our lands so far and wide,
Treasures from the leafy forest,
Vale, and hill, and mountain side;
Rooted deep, oh let them flourish,
Sturdy giants may they be!
Emblems of the cause we cherish—
Education broad and free.

Gentle winds will murmur softly,
Zephyrs float on noiseless wing;
'Mid their bows shall thrush and robin,
Build their nests and sweetly sing.
'Neath their shady arms will childhood
Weary of the noontide heat,
In its cool inviting shadow,
Find a pleasant, safe retreat.

READING.

Proclamation of State Governor or of School Commissioner.

DECLAMATION.

ARBOR DAY is an anniversary that looks forward with bright hope. The trees which we plant to-day, will grow into groves and forests of the future, and in their silent beauty and voiceless green will honor the hands that so tenderly planted them. Beneath them the youth yet to be may meet in social banquet, and enjoy the fruitage of our labors.

"We are what wind and sun and water make us,
The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills
Fashion and win their nurslings with their smiles."

This is not a holiday; but a day especially set apart for the purpose of tree-planting, of observing more closely and studying more carefully the trees, flowers and gifts of the forest; also of cultivating a greater reverence and finer sense of the beautiful and sublime.

What object can better inspire us to gain victory over trials than the grand old oak which in bold defiance to its foes while reeling in the wrath of the tempest is sending down to deeper hold its gnarled roots only to be better able to triumph in the next storm? Our poets have used their purest thought, their sweetest music in praise of the forest and the flowers. Arbor Day provides gracious means of a closer acquaintance with "God's first temples," and we hope that this day's effort may result in much good.

QUOTATIONS.

(Pupils stand by desks and after naming authors recite the quotations.)

1st Pupil.—Whittier said:

"Give fools their gold, and knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;

Who sows a field or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all."

2nd Pupil.—Ben Johnson wrote:

"Not merely growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak three hundred years,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sear.
A lily of a day is fairer far in May;
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measure life may perfect be."

3rd Pupil.—Holmes said:

"In fact there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth."

4th Pupil.—Morris wrote:

"To me the world's an open book
Of sweet and pleasant poetry;
I read it in the running book
That sings its way toward the sea.
It whispers in the leaves of trees,
The swelling grain, the waving grass,
And in the cool, fresh evening breeze,
That crisps the wavelets as they pass.

"The flowers below, the stars above,
In all their bloom and brightness given,
Are, like the attributes of love,
The poetry of earth and heaven;
Thus, nature's volume, read aright,
Attunes the soul to minstrelsy,
Tingeing life's cloud with rosy light
And all the world with poetry."

5th Pupil.—Longfellow said:

"If thou art worn and heart beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

6th Pupil.—Bryan Waller Proctor wrote:

"Methinks I love all common things,
The common air, the common flower,
The dear, kind, common thought that springs
From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love; and will not that repay
For all else fortune tears away?

What good are fancies rare, that rack
With painful thought the poet's brain?
Alas! they cannot bear us back
Unto happy years again!
But the white rose without a stain
Bringeth times and thoughts of flowers,
When youth was bounteous as the hours."

The School.

"He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free,
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime."

RECITATION. . . What do we Plant when we Plant a Tree?

WHAT do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ships that will cross the sea,
We plant the mast to carry the sails,
We plant the plank to withstand the gales,
The keel, the keelson, the beam and knee,
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me;
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams, the siding, all parts that be,
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see.
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag;
We plant the shade from the hot sun free,
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

HENRY ABBEY.

EXERCISE. . . Wedding of the Palm and Pine.

(CHARACTERS.—Uncle Sam, Miss Palm, Mr. Pine, and maids for Miss Palm, and servant for Mr. Pine. The maids carry tropical fruits, and one holds either a palm leaf or a peacock fan over Miss Palm, who wears a flowing dress made of some light cheesecloth or goods without starch; also over her head an ice-wool shawl. Her face powdered white, cheeks rosy, and she should be a girl having black hair and eyes. Approaches the stage very modestly, and is always very reserved. Her dress should wear flowers and blossoms. Mr. Pine should be stately, tall and reserved, and should wear tuft of pine for button-hole bouquet. His hair might be whitened with magnesia. His attendant should carry his fur coat and leggings, etc. Uncle Sam should be dressed in customary attire. Uncle Sam first enters stage, carrying a good-sized flag. Palm carries a palm-leaf fan on which is fastened on one side a small flag, and on the other side a wreath of leaves—myrtle or the like.)

Uncle Sam:

"SHE'S up there, Old Glory, where light wings are sped,
She dazzles the nations with ripples of red;
And she'll wave for us living, or droop o'er us dead—
The flag of our country forever!

She's up there, Old Glory, how bright the stars stream!
And the stripes like red signals, of liberty gleam!
And we dare for her living or dream the last dream,
'Neath the flag of our country forever!

She's up there, Old Glory, no tyrant-dealt scars—
No blur on her brightness, no stain on her stars!
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars—
She's the flag of our country forever!"

There comes from the south (*Miss Palm enters*) where the balmy breeze blows,
There comes from the north (*Mr. Pine enters*) where the hardy pine grows,
Warm hearts and true hearts, loyal and free,
The Palm and the Pine now wedded to be.
Come stand 'neath the flag, modest Palm, mighty Pine,

(*Both step to front before Uncle Sam and bow to each other, and then gracefully salute the flag.*)

The emblem so dear to brave fathers of thine,
And under its bars, and its stars and its blue,
Unite now and ever to dare and to do (*join hands*)
What your hearts and your hands can our nation to save,
And to keep the old flag o'er the free and the brave.

(*Uncle Sam, placing his right hand upon the joined hands of Palm and Pine, continues.*)

No north, no south, no east, no west,
But one, united, free!
The Palm and Pine, in Union blest,
Now stand for liberty.
From lakes to gulf, from sea to sea,
May union stronger grow;
Thus teach the world humanity,
And might together go.

(*Retire, Palm leaning on arm of Pine.*)

PAPER. Origin of Arbor Day.

At an annual meeting of the Nebraska State Board of Agriculture, held in the city of Lincoln, January 4, 1872, Hon. J. Sterling Morton introduced the following resolution which was unanimously adopted after a short debate as to the name; some desired to call the day "Sylvan" instead of "Arbor:"

RESOLVED, "That Wednesday, the 10th day of April, 1872, be, and the same is hereby especially set apart and consecrated for tree planting in the State of Nebraska, and the State Board of Agriculture hereby name it *Arbor Day*, and urge upon the people of the State the vital importance of tree planting, and hereby offer a special premium of one hundred dollars to the agricultural society of that county in Nebraska which shall upon that day plant properly the largest number of trees; and a farm library of twenty-five dollars' worth of books to that person, who, on that day, shall plant properly in Nebraska the greatest number of trees."

The result was that over a million trees were planted in Nebraska on that first Arbor Day. A few years later, April 22, the birthday of Mr. Morton was set apart by the Governor as Arbor Day in that State, and now nearly all States observe Abor Day.

RECITATION . . . **Value of Our Forests.**

(The pupils come on the stage, one at a time, and recite, showing the article about which they speak and give motions.)

1st Pupil (carrying a bunch of toothpicks).

A TOOTHPICK is a little thing, yet it is reported that one factory uses 10,000 cords of wood annually in the production of these splints of wood.

2d Pupil (carrying a box of pegs).

Shoe pegs are small affairs; yet a single factory sends to Europe annually 40,000 bushels of pegs, besides what it sells in this country.

3d Pupil.

A spool is of small account when the thread is wound off; yet several factories use each from 1800 to 3500 cords of wood every year in making these articles. Thousands of acres of birch trees have been bought at one time by thread manufacturers, for the sole purpose of securing a supply of spools.

4th Pupil.

Who thinks much of the little friction match, as he uses it to light the lamp or fire, and then throws it away? But one factory, it is said, makes 60,000,000 of these little articles every day, and uses for this purpose 12,000 square feet of best pine lumber.

5th Pupil.

Forests affect the climate of the country; influence the rain of a country; build up a wall and protect the crops; they keep the air pure. The leaf-mold in forests holds back the rains. We draw $700,000,000 worth of products every year from the trees. No other crop equals this in value.

All in Concert.

"The groves were God's first temples.
Ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave
And spread the roof above them; ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication."

SONG Tune: "America."

UP from the smiling earth
Comes there a voice of mirth,
Our hearts to cheer;
Listen where the willows lean,
Lovingly o'er the stream,
Listen, where the pine trees dream,
Springtime is here.

Let us sing merrily,
Blithely and cheerily,
With the new year;
Join in the chorus,
Loudly swelling o'er us;
Joy is before us,
Springtime is here.

Come, let us plant a tree
Tenderly, lovingly,
Some heart to cheer,
Long may its branches sway,
Over the dusty way
With shade for sultry day,
For years to be.

EDNA D. PROCTOR.

CONCERT RECITATION . . . The Trees,

(By small pupils standing in aisles and in imitation of trees, gestures as indicated.)

WE are trees in tiny rows
Growing straight and tall;
Roots we have so when it[1] blows,
None of us may fall.

Bending gently[2] to and fro
Then to[3] left and right,
Makes us stronger as we grow,
[4]Upward to the light.

Tiny branches spreading wide,[5]
Adding grace and form,
Growing firmly from our side,
[6]Hide us from the storm.

On our branches, in the spring,
[7]Leaves in green unfold;
Till the frost with cruel sting,
Turns them into gold.

Then our brightly tinted leaves,
From our branches fall;
[8]Flutter in the autumn breeze,
To October's call.

[9]Midst our branches squirrels run,
Searching for our fruit;
And the birds in summer's sun,
[10]Flit in hot pursuit

And at night when all is still,
[11]We have gone to sleep,
Comes the owl, a mouse to kill,
And [12]hoots in a voice so deep.

As little trees of hope we stand
And promises of good;
Oh, may we grow up [13]tall and grand,
A deep and shady wood,

Bear sweet and gladsome fruit of love,
And shelter weary souls;
And [14]lift our crests the storm above,
Where endless sunlight rolls.

Gestures for "The Trees."

1. Half of the number imitate the swaying of trees by the blowing of wind, done by bending head and body to right and left. 2. Hands on hips, body bending forward and backward. 3. Body bending left and right. 4. Point upward with right hands. 5. Slowly extend arms. 6. Crouch as in hiding. 7. Arms extended, open hands slowly. 8. Arms extended, move fingers like fluttering leaves. 9. First imitate leaping squirrel with right hand; then with left; then with both hands. 10. Move hands to and fro with fast moving fingers. 11. Arms extended direct above head, fingers closed and eyes shut. 12. Half the number imitate the *hoots* while others recite. 13. Move arm full length obliquely from right side, and direct eyes upward in same direction. 14. Lift both hands slowly to full length above head in front of body, and look up.

MUSIC. To be Selected.

PROGRAMME FOR A HARVEST HOME.

TUNE.—"Marching Through Georgia."

THROUGH the golden summertime we've all been sowing seeds;
Oh they've sprung to blossoms or to tall and ugly weeds;
Children have we sown the seed of wrong or kindly deeds,
All through the bright days of summer.

CHORUS.

The seeds we planted along life's onward way,
Are swiftly growing, growing every day;
What the harvest time shall be, it is for us to say—
Let us be cheerful in sowing.

RECITATION. A Sermon in Rhyme

IF you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,

Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying
For both joy and grief a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end
Your life shall never lack a friend.

FARMER JOHN.

(For a man dressed in farmer's costume.)

HOME from his journey Farmer John
Arrived this morning safe and sound;
His black off and his old clothes on;
"Now I'm myself," says Farmer John;
And he thinks, "I'll look round."

Up leaps the dog: "Get down, you pup!
Are you so glad you would eat me up?"
The old cow lows at the gate to greet him,
The horses prick up their ears to meet him:
"Well, well, old Bay!
Ha, ha, old Gray!
Do you get good food when I'm away?
"You haven't a rib," says Farmer John;
"The cattle are looking round and sleek;
The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty, too; how he has grown!
We'll wean the calf next week."

"I've found this out," says Farmer John,
"That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasure and days of worry;
And wealth isn't all in gold,
Mortgages, stocks, and ten per cent.,
But in simple ways and sweet content;
Few wants, pure hope, and noble ends,
Some land to till, and a few good friends
Like you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray:
That's what I learned by going away."

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

RECITAL The Husbandman.

(For boys and girls.)

First:

EARTH, of man the bounteous mother,
Feeds him still with golden grain;
He who best would aid a brother
Shares with him his loaded wain.

Second:

Many a power within her bosom,
Noiseless hidden, works beneath;
Hence are seed and leaf and blossom,
Golden ear, and clustered wreath.

Third:

These to swell with strength and beauty
Is the royal task of man;
Man's a king; his throne is duty,
Since his work on earth began.

Fourth:

Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage—
These, like men, are fruits of earth;
Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,
All from dust receive their birth.

Fifth:

What the dream but vain rebelling,
If from earth we sought to flee?
'Tis our stored and ample dwelling;
'Tis from it the skies we see.

Sixth:

Wind and frost, and hour and season,
Land and water, sun and shade—
Work with these, as bids thy reason,
For they work thy toil to aid.

All in concert:

Sow thy seed and reap in gladness!
Man himself is all a seed;
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness—
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

JOHN STERLING.

ORATION The Nobility of Labor.

I CALL upon those whom I address to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is Heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down; and it has been broken down for ages. Let it, then, be built up again; here, if anywhere, on these shores of a new world—of a new civilization. But how, I may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do, indeed, toil; but they, too, generally do it because they must. Many submit to it as, in some sort, a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth as escape from it. They fulfill the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in the spirit; fulfill it with the muscle, but break it with the mind.

To some field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should fasten, as a chosen and coveted theatre of improvement. But so is he not impelled to do, under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in his idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system, under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away with.

Ashamed to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hands, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which Mother Nature has embroidered, 'midst sun and rain, 'midst fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to nature— it is impiety to Heaven—it is breaking Heaven's great ordinance. TOIL, I repeat—TOIL, either of the brain, or of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility!

ORVILLE DEWEY.

RECITATION The Corn Song.

(For a lad who holds a tall stalk of corn in left hand.)

HEAP high the farmer's wintry hoard;
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has autumn poured
From her most lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest-fields with snow.

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls?

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-field to the fly.

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

J. G. WHITTIER.

SINGING Tune: "Rockingham."

GREAT GOD! our heart-felt thanks to Thee!
We feel Thy presence everywhere;
And pray that we may ever be
The objects of Thy guardian care.

We sowed!—by Thee our work was seen,
And blessed; and instantly went forth
Thy mandate; and in living green
Soon smiled the fair and fruitful earth.

We toiled!—and Thou didst note our toil;
And gav'st the sunshine and the rain,
Till ripened on the teeming soil
The fragrant grass, and golden grain.

And now, we reap!—and oh, our God!
From this, the earth's unbounded floor,
We send our song of thanks abroad,
And pray Thee, bless our hoarded store!

W. D. GALLAGHER

PROGRAMME FOR LYCEUM OR PARLOR ENTERTAINMENT.

MUSIC. **Piano Solo.**

SONG. **Selected by Quartette.**

SALUTATORY ADDRESS.

(The following speech should be delivered by a droll boy who can keep his face straight while others do the laughing. He should act out the spirit of the piece with appropriate gestures.)

I AM requested to open our performances by a salutatory address. It needs but one honest Saxon word for that—one homely pertinent word; but before I utter a pertinent word, allow me, like other great speakers, to indulge in a few *im*pertinent words.

And first, let me ask if there is a critic among us; for this is a sort of family gathering. We allow no critics! No reporters! No interviewers! (Do I see a boy taking notes? Put him out. No! It's a false alarm, I believe.)

Pardon me if, with the help of my mother's eye-glass (*lifts eye-glasses*), I look round on your phys—phys—physiognomies. (That's the word, I'm very certain, for I practiced on it a good half hour.) Without flattery I say it, I like your countenances—with one exception.

A critic! If there is anything I detest it is a critic. One who cannot bear a little nonsense, and who shakes his head at a little salutary (not salutatory) fun. Salutary fun? Did anybody hiss? Point him out. (*Speaker folds his arms, advances, fixes his eyes on some one in the audience, and shakes his fist at him.*) Yes, sir, I said salutary fun. Salutary! You needn't put on such a grave look. Salutary! You needn't sneer at that ep—ep—epithet (Yes, I'm quite positive that's the word I was drilled on. Epi—*thet!* That's it.)

But I was speaking of critics. If there is any one of that tribe in this assembly—any dear friend of Cæsar—I mean any stupid friend of Pompey, no, of pomposity—to him I say—no, to you I say— Go mark him well; for him no minstrel raptures swell; despite his titles, power and pelf, the wretch (rather rough on him, that!)—the wretch, concentred all in self, living shall forfeit fair renown, and, doubly dying, shall go down to the vile dust from whence he sprung, unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

There! If any member of Congress could do it better, bring him on. Excuse me if I sop my brow. (*Wiping it with handkerchief.*)

But enough! Let us now put by the cap and bells. Enough of nonsense! As a great philosopher, who had been frolicking, once said: "Hush! Let us be grave! Here comes a fool." Nothing personal, sir, in that! Let us be grave.

And so friends, relatives, ladies, and gentlemen, I shall conclude by uttering from an overflowing heart that one word to which I alluded at the beginning—that one pertinent Saxon word; that is—(*flourishes his hand as if about to utter it; then suddenly puts his hand to his forehead as if trying to remember.*)

Forgotten? Confusion! Not a big word either! Not half as big as some I have spoken! What—where—when—whence—what has become of it? Must I break down, after all? Must I retire in disgrace from public life? Never! I have it. Here it is! Here it is in big capitals: WELCOME!

RECITATION. Mrs. Piper.

(Suited for a young lady. She should appear very innocent at the beginning, and speak in a droll, unsuspecting voice and manner. Toward the end she should exhibit an uncontrollable delight, at the same time manifest a disposition to conceal it.)

MRS. PIPER was a widow—
"Oh, dear me!
This world is not at all," she said,
"the place it used to be!
Now my good husband, he was such a good man to provide—
I never had the leastest care of anything outside!
But now,
Why, there's the cow,
A constant care, and Brindle's calf I used to feed when small,
And those two Ayrshire heifers that we purchased in the fall—
Oh, dear,
My husband sleeping in the grave, it's gloomy being here!
The oxen Mr. Piper broke, and four steers two years old,
The blind mare and the little colt, they all wait to be sold!
For how am I to keep 'em now? and yet how shall I sell?
And what's the price they ought to bring, how can a woman tell?
Now, Jacob Smith, he called last night, and stayed till nine o'clock,
And talked and talked, and talked and talked, and tried to buy my stock;
He said he'd pay a higher price than any man in town;
He'd give his note, or, if I chose, he'd pay the money down.
But, there!
To let him take those creeturs off, I really do not dare!
For 'tis a lying world, and men are slippery things at best;
My poor, dear husband in the ground, he wasn't like the rest!
But Jacob Smith's a different case; if I would let him, now,
Perhaps he'd wrong me on the horse, or cheat me on a cow;
And so
I do not dare to trust him, and I mean to answer 'No.'"

Mrs. Piper was a widow—
"Oh, dear me!
A single woman with a farm must fight her way," said she.
"Of everything about the land my husband always knew;
I never felt, when he was here, I'd anything to do;
But now, what fields to plow,
And how much hay I ought to cut, and just what crops to sow,
And what to tell the hired men, how can a woman know?
Oh, dear!
With no strong arm to lean upon, it's lonesome being here!
Now Jacob Smith, the other night, he called on me again,
And talked and talked, and talked and talked, and stayed till after ten;
He said he'd like to take my farm, to buy it or to lease—
I do declare, I wish that man would give me any peace!
For there!
To trust him with my real estate I truly did not dare;
For, if he buys it, on the price he'll cheat me underhand;
And, if he leases it, I know he will run out the land;
And, if he takes it at the halves, both halves he'll strike for then;

It's risky work when women folk have dealings
with the men!
And so,
I do not dare to trust him, and I mean to answer
'No.'"

Mrs. Piper was a widow—
"Oh, dear me!
Yet I have still some mercies left; I won't complain," said she.
"My poor, dear husband knows, I trust, a better world than this;
'Twere sinful selfishness in me to grudge him Heaven's bliss!
So now,
I ought to bow
Submissively to what is sent—not murmur and repine;
The hand that sends our trials has, in all, some good design.
Oh, dear!
If we knew all, we might not want our buried lost ones here!
And Jacob Smith, he called last night, but it was not to see
About the cattle or the farm, but this time it was me!
He said he prized me very high, and wished I'd be his wife,
And if I did not he should lead a most unhappy life.
He did not have a selfish thought, but gladly, for my sake,
The care of all my stock and farm he would consent to take—
And, there!
To slight so plain a Providence I really do not dare!
He'll take the cattle off my mind, he'll carry on the farm—
I haven't since my husband died had such a sense of calm!
I think the man was sent to me—a poor, lone woman must,
In such a world as this, I feel, have some one she can trust;
And so,
I do not feel it would be right for me to answer
'No.'"

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

MUSIC To be Selected.

COLLOQUY True Bravery.

(Suited to a boy and girl of twelve years.)

Ralph.

GOOD morning, Cousin Laura! I have a word to say to you.

Laura. Only a word! It is yet half an hour to school-time, and I can listen.

R. I saw you yesterday speaking to that fellow Sterling—Frank Sterling.

L. Of course I spoke to Frank. What then? Is he too good to be spoken to?

R. Far from it. You must give up his acquaintance.

L. Indeed, Cousin Ralph! I must give up his acquaintance? On what compulsion *must* I?

R. If you do not wish to be cut by all the boys of the academy, you must cut Frank.

L. Cut! What do you mean by *cut?*

R. By cutting, I mean not recognizing an individual. When a boy who knows you passes you without speaking or bowing, he cuts you.

L. I thank you for the explanation. And I am to understand that I must either give up the acquaintance of my friend Frank, or submit to the terrible mortification of being "cut" by Mr. Ralph Burton and his companions!

R. Certainly. Frank is a boy of no spirit—in short, a coward.

L. How has he shown it?

R. Why, a dozen boys have dared him to fight, and he refuses to do it.

L. And is your test of courage a willingness to fight? If so, a bull-dog is the most courageous of gentlemen.

R. I am serious, Laura; you must give him up. Why, the other day Tom Harding put a chip on a fellow's hat, and dared Frank Sterling to knock it off. But Sterling folded

his arms and walked off, while we all groaned and hissed.

L. You did? You groaned and hissed? Oh, Ralph, I did not believe you had so little of the true gentleman about you!

R. What do you mean? Come, now, I do not like that.

L. Were you at the great fire last night?

R. Yes; Tom Harding and I helped work one of the engines.

L. Did you see that boy go up the ladder?

R. Yes; wouldn't I like to be in his shoes! They say the Humane Society are going to give him a medal; for he saved a baby's life and no mistake—at the risk of his own, too; everybody said so; for the ladder he went up was all charred and weakened, and it broke short off before he got to the ground.

L. What boy was it!

R. Nobody could find out, but I suppose the morning paper will tell us all about it.

L. I have a copy. Here's the account; "Great fire; house tenanted by poor families; baby left in one of the upper rooms; ladder much charred; firemen too heavy to go up; boy came forward, ran up; seized an infant; descended safely; gave it into arms of frantic mother."

R. Is the boy's name mentioned?

L. Ay! Here it is! Here it is! And who do you think he is?

R. Do not keep me in suspense.

L. Well, then, he's the boy who was so afraid of knocking a chip off your hat—Frank Sterling—the coward, as *you* called him.

R. No! Let me see the paper for myself. There's the name, sure enough, printed in capital letters.

L. But, cousin, how much more illustrious an achievement it would have been for him to have knocked a chip off your hat! Risking his life to save a chip of a baby was a small matter compared with that. Can the gratitude of a mother for saving her baby make amends for the ignominy of being cut by Mr. Tom Harding and Mr. Ralph Burton?

R. Don't laugh at me any more, Cousin Laura. I see I have been stupidly in the wrong. Frank Sterling is no coward. I'll ask his pardon this very day.

L. Will you? My dear Ralph, you will in that case show that you are not without courage.

RECITATION Reverie in Church.

TOO early of course! How provoking!
I told ma just how it would be.
I might as well have on a wrapper,
For there's not a soul here yet to see.
There! Sue Delaplaine's pew is empty—
I declare if it isn't too bad!
I knew my suit cost more than her's did,
And I wanted to see her look mad.

I do think that sexton's too stupid—
He's put some one else in our pew—
And the girl's dress just kills mine completely;
Now what am I going to do?
The psalter, and Sue isn't here yet!
I don't care, I think it's a sin
For people to get late to service,
Just to make a great show coming in.

Oh, you've got here at last, my dear, have you?
Well, I don't think you need be so proud
Of that bonnet if Virot did make it,
It's horrid fast-looking and loud.
What a dress!—for a girl in her senses
To go on the street in light blue!
And those coat-sleeves—they wore them last summer—
Don't doubt, though, that she thinks they're new.

Mrs. Gray's polonaise was imported—
So dreadful!—a minister's wife,
And thinking so much about fashion!—
A pretty example of life!
The altar's dressed sweetly—I wonder
Who sent those white flowers for the font!—
Some girl who's gone on the assistant—
Don't doubt it was Bessie Lamont.

Just look at her now, little humbug!—
So devout—I suppose she don't know
That she's bending her head too far over
And the end of her switches all show.
What a sight Mrs. Ward is this morning!
That woman will kill me some day,
With her horrible lilacs and crimsons,
Why will these old things dress so gay?

And there's Jenny Wells with Fred Tracy—
She's engaged to him now—horrid thing!
Dear me! I'd keep on my glory sometimes,
If I did have a solitaire ring!
How can this girl next to me act so—
The way that she turns round and stares,
And then makes remarks about people:—
She'd better be saying her prayers.

Oh, dear, what a dreadful long sermon!
He must love to hear himself talk!
And it's after twelve now—how provoking!
I wanted to have a nice walk.
Through at last. Well, it isn't so dreadful
After all, for we won't dine till one:
How can people say church is poky!—
So wicked!—I think it's real fun.

GEORGE A. BAKER.

ORATION—The Spanish-American War.

IT is gratifying to all of us to know that this has never ceased to be a war of humanity. The last ship that went out of the harbor of Havana before war was declared was an American ship that had taken to the suffering people of Cuba the supplies furnished by American charity, and the first ship to sail into the harbor of Santiago was an American ship bearing food supplies to the suffering Cubans, and I am sure it is the universal prayer of American citizens that justice and humanity and civilization shall characterize the final settlement of peace, as they have distinguished the progress of the war.

My countrymen, the currents of destiny flow through the hearts of our people. Who will check them, who will divert them, who will stop them? And the movements of men, planned and designed by the Master of Men, will never be interrupted by the American people.

I witness with pride and satisfaction the cheers of the multitudes as the veterans of the civil war on both sides of the contest are reviewed. I witness with increasing pride the wild acclaim of the people as you watch the volunteers and the regulars and our naval reserves (the guardians of the people on land and sea) pass before your eyes, for I read in the faces and hearts of my countrymen the purpose to see to it that this government, with its free institutions, shall never perish from the face of the earth.

My heart is filled with gratitude to the God of battles, who has so favored us, and to the soldiers and sailors who have won such victories on land and sea and have given such a new meaning to American valor. No braver soldiers or sailors ever assembled under any flag.

Gentlemen, the American people are ready. If the Merrimac is to be sunk in the mouth of the Santiago harbor to prevent the escape of the Spanish fleet, a brave young hero is ready to do it and to succeed in what his foes have never been able to do—sink an American ship. All honor to the army and navy, without whose sacrifices we could not celebrate the victory. The flag of our country is safe in the hands of our patriots and heroes. PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

MUSIC. To be Selected.

RECITATION—A Cook of the Period.

(For a young lady who can give the Irish brogue.)

THE looks of yer, ma'am, rather suits me—
The wages ye offer 'ill do;
But thin I can't inter yer sarvice
Without a condition or two.
And now, to begin, is the kitchen,
Commodgeous, with plenty of light,
And fit, ye know, fur entertainin'
Sech fri'nds as I'm like to invite?

And nixt, are yous regular at male-times?
Because 'taint convainyent, ye see,
To wait, and if I behaves punkshul,
It's no more than yous ought to be.
And thin is your gurrels good-natured?
The rayson I lift my last place,
The French nuss was sich a high lady,
I sint a dish-cloth at her face.

And have yer the laste objection
To min droppin' in when they choose?
I've got some enlivinin' fust cousins
That frayquently brings me the news.
I must have thim trayted powlitely;
I give yer fair warnin' ma'am, now,
If the airy gate be closed agin thim,
You'll find me commincin' a row.

These matters agrayed on between us,
I'd try yer a wake, so I would.
(She looks like the kind I can manage,
A thin thing without any blood!)
But mind, if I comes for a wake, ma'am,
I comes for that time, and no liss;
And so, thin, purvidin' ye'd want me,
Just give me your name and addriss.

SONG Bee-hive Town.

TUNE—"Marching Through Georgia."

HAVE you ever been to see the busy Bee-Hive Town,
With its funny little wooden houses square and brown?
Hear the bees from clover-fields come flying swiftly down
All enter one little doorway.

CHORUS.

Hurrah, hurrah, for busy Bee-Hive Town,
With funny little houses square and brown;
Here the bees from clover fields come flying swiftly down
Bringing the sweet golden honey.

Oh, there are so many rooms with thin and waxen wall,
Packed so close together that you could not count them all,
Here the small bee babies sleep until they learn to crawl,
And fly to find the golden honey.

Mother bee is called the queen, her children love her well,
And she lives within a warm and cosy little cell;
While her children search in garden, meadow-land and dell,
Helpful and happy in working.

All the merry sister bees do many a helpful thing—
Tend their little sisters and the golden honey bring:
But the lazy brother bees do naught but hum and sing,
All through the long golden summer.

PROGRAMME FOR THANKSGIVING.

(The room should be decorated with fruits and grains of the season, among them a large pumpkin, which will be appropriate to one of the recitations.)

SONG Tune: "My Country."

HONOR the Mayflower's band,
Who left their native land
And home so bright;
Honor the bravery
That crossed the winter sea,
For worship, fearless, free,
In cause of right.

Oh, they had much to fear,
Sickness and death was near
To many a one;
Foes did them cruel wrong,
Winter was dark and long,
Ere came the Springtime's song
And burst of sun.

Honor those valiant sons,

Honor those fearless ones,
The Mayflower's band.
Honor the bravery
That scorned all tyranny,
And crossed the stormy sea
To this fair land!

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES Selected.

RECITATION . . What I'm Thankful For.

I'M thankful that I'm six years old,
And that I've left off dresses;
And that I've had my curls cut off,—
Some people call them tresses.
Such things were never meant for boys;—
Horrid dangling, tangling curls—
They go quite well with dress and sash;
They are just the thing for girls.

I'm thankful I have pockets four,
Tho' they're almost too small,
To hold the things I want to keep;—
Some strings, knife, top and ball.
I'm thankful that we're going to have,
All my folks and I,
Just a jolly dinner to-day,
With turkey and mince pie.

O, one thing more, my mamma says,
And what she says is true;
'Tis God who gives us everything,
And keeps and loves us too.
And so I thank Him very much
For all that I enjoy;
And promise that next New Year's day
Will find a better boy.

RECITATION The Pumpkin.

AH! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,
When the grey-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip, and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin pie?

O, fruit loved of boyhood! the old days recalling;
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling!
When wild, ugly faces were carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!
When we laughed round the corn heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!

Then thanks for thy present!—none sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than thine!
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Gold-tinted and fair as thine own pumpkin-pie!

J. G. WHITTIER.

SONG Tune: "Yankee Doodle."

WHAT matters it the cold wind's blast,
What matters though 'tis snowing,
Thanksgiving Day has come at last;
To grandmamma's we're going.
Wrapped in furs as warm as toast,
O'er the hills we're fleeting;
To welcome friends, a merry host
And grandma's smile of greeting.

The sleigh bells jingle merrily,
And though the flakes are flying,
At last beyond the hills we see
A little mansion lying.

I'm sure we'll find sweet cakes and fruit
And pumpkin pies so yellow;
For grandma knows just how to suit
Each hungry little fellow.

RECITAL Outside and In.

(May be recited by three girls; No. 1 remaining on the platform while No. 2 recites the second part, and both standing while No. 3 steps between and repeats the closing verse.)

JUST outside the window,
Through the cold night air,
Snowflakes falling softly,
Dropping here and there,
Covering like a blanket
All the ground below,
Where the flowers are sleeping,
Tucked in by the snow.
They are dreaming sweetly,
Through the winter's night,
Of the summer's morning
Coming sure and bright.

2. Just inside the window
Firelight ruddy gleams;
On the walls and ceiling
Dance its merry beams.
White as outside snowflakes
Is the little bed;
On the downy pillow
Rests a curly head.
Like the flowers the child is dreaming
Of the long, bright hours of play
Coming as the darkness melteth
Into sunny day.

3. And above the sleepers,—
Be they child or flower,—
Our loving Father bendeth
Watching hour by hour.
'Tis his love which giveth
Blessings great or small;
'Tis his sun which shineth,
Making day for all.

ORATION The Laboring Classes.

SIR, it is an insult to our laboring classes to compare them to the debased poor of Europe. Why, sir, we of this country do not know what poverty is. We have no poor in this country, in the sense in which that word is used abroad. Every laborer, even the most humble, in the United States, soon becomes a capitalist, and even, if he choose, a proprietor of land; for the West, with all its boundless fertility, is open to him.

How can any one dare compare the mechanic of this land (whose inferiority, in any substantial particular, in intelligence, in virtue, in wealth, to the other classes of our society, I have yet to learn) with that race of outcasts, of which so terrific a picture is presented by recent writers—the poor of Europe?—a race among no inconsiderable portion of whom famine and pestilence may be said to dwell continually; many of whom are without morals, without education, without a country, without a God! and may be said to know society only by the terrors of its penal code, and to live in perpetual war with it. Poor bondmen! mocked with the name of liberty, that they may be sometimes tempted to break their chains, in order that, after a few days of starvation in idleness and dissipation, they may be driven back to their prison-house to take their shackles up again, heavier and more galling than before; severed, as it has been touchingly expressed, from nature, from the common air, and the light of the sun; knowing only by hearsay that the fields are green, that the birds sing, and that there is a perfume in flowers!

And is it with a race whom the perverse institutions of Europe have thus degraded beneath the condition of humanity that the advocates, the patrons, the protectors, of our working-men, presume to compare them? Sir, it is to treat them with a scorn at which their spirit should revolt, and does revolt.

HUGH LEGARE.

RECITATION A Thanksgiving.

(For six boys. They stand in a row and each steps forward to recite his verse).

FOR the wealth of pathless forests,
Whereon no axe may fall;
For the winds that haunt the branches;
The young bird's timid call;
For the red leaves dropped like rubies
Upon the dark green sod;
For the waving of the forests
I thank thee, O my God!

For the sound of water gushing
In the bubbling beads of light;
For the fleets of snow-white lilies
Firm anchored out of sight;
For the reeds among the eddies;
The crystal on the clod;
For the flowing of the rivers,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the rosebud's break of beauty
Along the toiler's way;
For the violet's eye that opens
To bless the new-born day;
For the bare twigs that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of flowers,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the lifting up of mountains,
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark and silent gorges,
Whence mighty cedars nod;
For the majesty of mountains,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the splendor of the sunsets,
Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold-fringed clouds that curtain
Heaven's inner mystery;
For the molten bars of twilight,
Where thought leans glad yet awed;
For the glory of the sunsets,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the earth and all its beauty;
The sky and all its light;
For the dim and soothing shadow
That rest the dazzled sight;
For unfading fields and prairies,
Where sense in vain has trod;
For the world's exhaustless beauty,
I thank thee, O my God!

LUCY LARCOM.

SONG. The Pilgrims.

Tune. "Lightly Row."

LONG ago,
To our land
Came the Mayflower's little band,
Long ago
To our land
Came the Mayflower's band.
O, they came across the sea,
For the heart's devotion free.
Long ago
To our land
Came the Mayflower's band.

Winter, spring,
Slowly passed,
And the harvest came at last.
Winter, spring,
Slowly passed
Harvest came at last.
Then for all the blessings given,
Thanks they rendered unto heaven,
From that day
Came to stay,
Glad Thanksgiving Day.

TABLEAU. Harvest Home.

(Handsome lady, representing Ceres, surrounded by baskets or shocks of grain, wheat, corn, etc., with farmers in attitudes of gathering or binding the crops).

PROGRAMME FOR FLOWER DAY.

SONG. . , ... Tune: "My Country."

LET us with nature sing,
And floral tributes bring,
On this glad day;
Violets white and blue,
Daisies and lilies too,
Pansies of purple hue,
And roses gay.

O'er this fair land of ours,
Blossom the golden flowers
In loveliness;
From Maine to Washington,
Wherever smiles the sun,
Their fairy footsteps run
To cheer and bless.

When winter's curtains gray,
From skies are pushed away
By nature's hand;
We gladly welcome you,
Blossoms of red and blue,
Blossoms of every hue,
To our fair land.

RECITAL. . . The Poppy and Mignonette.

ONCE 'tis said, gay, flaunting poppies,
And the humble mignonette,
Side by side grew in a garden
Where one day their glances met.
Cried a Poppy: "Of your presence,
In this spot we have no need,
You are sadly out of place,
You are nothing but a weed."

Meekly bowed the Mignonette
And ashamed in silence stood,
When there came a gentle murmur,
Like a whisper from the wood:
"Henceforth, gay and flaunting poppies,
Proud and stately in thy bloom,
Shall be taken half thy beauty—
All thy wealth of sweet perfume.

It is thine, O mignonette,
Flower of sweet and lowly grace;
Thou shalt win the hearts of others,
Though thou hast a humble face."
And the magic of that whisper,
Holds its mystic power yet;
Poppies lure us with their beauty,
But we love the mignonette.

FLOWER QUOTATIONS.

(For seven pupils, each of whom recites a verse, prefacing it with the name of the author.)

Wordsworth wrote:

THE rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare.
Waters on a starry night,
Are beautiful and fair.

Longfellow wrote:

O flower de luce, bloom on, and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet.
O flower of song, bloom on, and make forever
The world more fair and sweet.

Lowell wrote:

The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice;
And there's never a blade or a flower too mean,
To be some happy creature's palace.

Leigh Hunt wrote;

We are violets blue,
For our sweetness found
Careless in the mossy shades,
Looking on the ground.
Love-dropped eye-lids, and a kiss,
Such our breath and blueness is.

John Wolcott wrote:

The daisies peep from every field,
And violets sweet their odors yield,
The purple blossom paints the thorn,
And streams reflect the blush of morn.
Then lads and lasses, all be gay,
For this is Nature's holiday.

Horace Smith wrote:

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living teachers,
Each cup a pulpit and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From loveliest nook.

Lowell wrote:

Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rains fall, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

SONG Tune: "Auld Lang Syne."

WHEN winter o'er the hills afar,
Has vanished from the land,
And glad and welcome signs of Spring
Are seen on every hand,
Then Robin in his vest of red,
And sober suit of brown,
From out his sunny, southern home,
Flies gaily into town.

The blossoms smile to hear him sing,
And see him build his nest;
For of all merry summer birds
Dear Robin, they love best.
He chirps and twitters at his work,
While skies forget to frown,
And all the world is glad and gay
When Robin lives in town.

The summer softly fades away
Into the winter drear,
Then Robin gayly sings, "good-bye,
I'll come another year."
So when the woodland trees are bare,
And snowy flakes fall down;
In little suit of brown and red,
Dear Robin leaves the town.

RECITATION Flowers.

HOW the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage altar, and the tomb. The Persian in the far East delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays; while the Indian child of the far West clasps his hands with glee as he gathers the abundant blossoms—the illuminated scripture of the prairies. The Cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrows with flowers, and orange buds are the bridal crown with us, a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and they hang in votive wreaths before the Christian shrine.

All these are appropriate uses. Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb, for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High. LYDIA M. CHILD.

THE FOOLISH HAREBELL.

(For eighteen pupils, each speaking two lines.)

A HAREBELL hung its willful head:
"I am so tired, so tired! I wish I was dead."

She hung her head in the mossy dell:
"If all were over, then all were well."

The wind he heard, and was pitiful;
He waved her about to make her cool.

"Wind, you are rough," said the dainty bell;
"Leave me alone—I am not well."

And the wind, at the voice of the drooping dame,
Sank in his heart, and ceased for shame.

"I am hot, so hot!" she sighed and said;
"I am withering up; I wish I was dead."

Then the sun, he pitied her pitiful case,
And drew a thick veil over his face.

"Cloud, go away, and don't be rude;
I am not—I don't see why you should."

The cloud withdrew, and the harebell cried,
"I am faint, so faint! and no water beside!"

And the dew came down its million-fold path;
But she murmured, "I did not want a bath."

A boy came by in the morning gray;
He plucked the harebell, and threw it away.

The harebell shivered, and cried, "Oh! oh!
I am faint, so faint! Come, dear wind, blow."

The wind blew softly, and did not speak.
She thanked him kindly, but grew more weak.

"Sun, dear sun, I am cold," she said.
He rose; but lower she drooped her head.

"O rain! I am withering; all the blue
Is fading out of me;—come, please do."

The rain came down as fast as it could,
But for all its will it did her no good.

She shuddered and shriveled, and moaning said;
"Thank you all kindly;" and then she was dead.

Let us hope, let us hope, when she comes next year,
She'll be simple and sweet. But I fear, I fear.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

QUESTIONS ABOUT FLOWERS.

(To be answered by a class or the whole school.)

WHAT is the favorite flower of the poets?

Ans. The daisy.

What English poet so loved the daisy that he lay all one day in the field to see it open in the morning and close at night?

Ans. Chaucer.

What violet, so called, really belongs to the lily family?

Ans. The dog-tooth violet.

What flower was named by the Greeks after one of their gods?

Ans. The pansy, after Pan.

About what flower was Emerson's finest poem written?

Ans. The rhodora.

Which of the buttercups are foreigners?

Ans. The tall buttercup and the common buttercup with bulbous base.

Name some other imported flowers.

Ans. Dandelion and ox eyed daisy.

Name two distinctly American blossoms.

Ans. Indian pipe and blood-root.

What queen adopted the daisy as her flower?

Ans. Queen Margherita of Italy.

Name one of the most brilliant of August flowers.

Ans. The cardinal flower.

What is one of the most difficult wild flowers to cultivate?

Ans. Trailing arbutus, which grows all over the United States.

What floral poem of Wordsworth's is famous?

Ans. Daffodils.

What is the most beautiful plant of Autumn?

Ans. The golden rod.

RECITATION Pansies.

WE had climbed to the top of the old Gray Peak,
And viewed the valley o'er;
And we started off on our homeward tramp,
A good three miles or more.
The road lay curved like a ribbon of gold,
Around the base of the hill,
And the brook gleamed out with a silver sheen,
From thickets near the mill.

But the sun shone warm on the dusty road,
Until by heat oppressed,
We wearily stopped at a cottage gate;
The matron bade us rest.
How cool was the shade of the trumpet-vine,
A spring ran fresh and clear?
The flash and whirr of a jeweled thing,
A humming-bird was near.

We were sauntering down the garden path,
Repeating kind good-byes,
When suddenly now were our footsteps stayed,
New beauties met our eyes.
"Will you have some pansies?" the hostess asks,
"O, thank you, on!" we say;
But the matron is culling the purple blooms,
We let her have her way.

Purple and blue and russet and gold
Those fragrant rich bouquets;
"Ah!" she explains, "of my violets sweet,
You have not learned the ways.

"There is something good about pansies
That's worth your while to know;
The more they are picked and given away
The more they're sure to grow."

MARY A. MCCLELLAND.

RECITAL Plant Song.

WHERE do you come from, berries red,
Nuts, apples and plums, that hang ripe overhead,
Sweet, juicy grapes, with your rich purple hue,
Saying, "Pick us and eat us; we're growing for you?"

O, where do you come from, bright flower and fair,
That please with your colors and fragrance so rare,
Glowing with sunshine or sparkling with dew?
"We are blooming for dear little children like you."

"Our roots are our mouths, taking food from the ground,
Our leaves are our lungs, breathing air all around,
Our sap, like your blood, our veins courses through—
Don't you think, little children, we're somewhat like you?

"Your hearts are the soil, your thoughts are the seeds;
Your lives may become useful plants or foul weeds;
If thou think but good thoughts your lives will be true,
For good women and men were once children like you."

NELLIE M. BROWN.

SONG. . . . TUNE.—"Bounding Billows."

WE would hail thee, joyous summer,
We would welcome thee to-day,
With thy skies so blue and cloudless
And thy song-birds, glad and gay.

Oh, the blossoms hear thee calling,
Hear thy voice that ne'er deceives,
And they waken from their slumbers
Far beneath the withered leaves.

Little brooks with merry laughter,
Run to greet their lovely guest;
For of all the happy seasons
Summer dear, they love thee best.

So we hail thee, joyous summer,
We would welcome thee to-day;
With thy skies so blue andcloudless,
And thy song-birds, glad and gay.

READING Summer-Time.

THEY were right—those old German minnesingers—to sing the pleasant summer-time! What a time it is! How June stands illuminated in the calendar! The windows are all wide open; only the Venetian blinds closed. Here and there a long streak of sunshine streams in through a crevice. We hear the low sound of the wind among the trees; and, as it swells and freshens, the distant doors clap to, with a sudden sound. The trees are heavy with leaves; and the gardens full of blossoms, red and white. The whole atmosphere is laden with perfume and sunshine. The birds sing. The cock struts about, and crows loftily. Insects chirp in the grass. Yellow buttercups stud the green carpet like golden buttons, and the red blossoms of the clover like rubies.

The elm-trees reach their long, pendulous branches almost to the ground. White clouds sail aloft, and vapors fret the blue sky with silver threads. The white village gleams afar against the dark hills. Through the meadow winds the river—careless, indolent. It seems to love the country, and is in no haste to reach the sea. The bee only is at work—the hot and angry bee. All things else are at play! he never plays, and is vexed that any one should.

People drive out from town to breathe, and to be happy. Most of them have flowers in their hands; bunches of apple-blossoms, and still oftener lilacs. Ye denizens of the

crowded city, how pleasant to you is the change from the sultry streets to the open fields, fragrant with clover blossoms! how pleasant the fresh, breezy country air, dashed with brine from the meadows! how pleasant, above all, the flowers, the manifold beautiful flowers! H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SONG . . Tune.—"The Last Rose of Summer."

'TIS the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may ollow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THOMAS MOORE.

MARCH Honor to the Flag.

(Young people march to a well known tune; each carries a bouquet, and, approaching a staff flying the Stars and Stripes, places the flowers at the base.)

DIALOGUES FOR SCHOOLS AND LYCEUMS.

IN WANT OF A SERVANT.

Characters:

MR. MARSHALL AND WIFE.
MARGARET O'FLANAGAN.
KATRINA VAN FOLLESTEIN.
SNOWDROP WASHINGTON.
MRS. BUNKER.
FREDDIE.

Scene I.—The breakfast-room of MR. *and* MRS. MARSHALL. MR. MARSHALL *enjoying the morning paper with his heels on the mantel.*

Mrs. Marshall (*in a complaining tone.*)

OH, dear, Charles, how sick and tired I am of housework! I do envy people who are able to keep help. Here I am tied up to the little hot kitchen morning till night—stewing, and baking, and frying, and scrubbing, and washing floors, till I am ready to sink! One thing over and over again. I wonder why Hood, when he wrote the "Song of the Shirt," had not kept on and written the "Song of the Basement Story."

Mr. M. Is it so very bad, Lily? Why, I always thought it must be nice work to cook—and washing dishes is the easiest thing in the world. All you have to do is to pour a little hot water over 'em and give 'em a flirt over with a towel.

Mrs. M. That's all you men know about it; it is the hardest work in the world! I always hated it. I remember, when I was a little girl, I always used to be taken with a headache when mother wanted me to wash the dishes. And then she'd dose me with rhubarb. Ugh! how bitter it was; but not half so bitter as washing dishes in boiling water in a hot kitchen in the middle of August!

Mr. M. (*meditatively taking his feet from the mantel.*) I made a lucky sale this morning, and saved a cool three hundred. I had intended giving you a new silk, but I'll do better—I'll hire you a girl. How will that suit?

Mrs. M. Oh, what a darling! I would kiss you if you hadn't been smoking, and my collar weren't quite so fresh. I am afraid I shall muss it. But you are a good soul, Charlie; and I shall be so happy. Do you really mean it?

Mr. M. To be sure.

Mrs. M. Won't Mrs. Fitzjones die of envy? She puts her washing out, and she's always flinging that in my face. I guess the boot will be on the other foot now! I wonder what she'll say when she runs in of a morning to see what I'm cooking, and finds me in the parlor hem-stitching a handkerchief, and my *maid* attending to things in the kitchen? But where is a girl to be had? Will you go to the intelligence office?

Mr. M. No; I don't approve of intelligence offices. I will advertise. Bring me a pen and ink, Lily.

Mrs. M. (*bringing the articles.*) You won't say that to me any more, Charles. It will be, "Biddy, my good girl, bring me the writing implements." Won't it be nice? Just like a novel. They always have servants, you know.

Mr. M. What, the novels?

Mrs. M. No; the people in them. Are

you writing the advertisement? Be sure and say that no one need apply except experienced persons. I want no green hands about my kitchen.

Mr. M. (*reads from the paper what he has been writing.*) "Wanted, by a quiet family, a girl to do general housework. None but those having had experience need apply. Call at No. 116 B—— street, between the hours of ten and two." How will that answer?

Mrs. M. Admirably! Charles, you ought to have been an editor. You express your ideas so clearly!

Mr. M. Thank you, my dear, thank you. I believe I *have* some talent for expressing my meaning. But I am going down town now, and will have this advertisement inserted in the *Herald*, and by to-morrow you can hold yourself in readiness to receive applicants. By-bye (*goes out*).

Mrs. M. (*alone*). If it isn't the most charming thing! Won't the Fitzjoneses and Mrs. Smith be raving? Mrs. Smith has got a bound girl, and Mrs. Fitzjones puts out her washing; but I am to have a regular servant! I shall get a chance to practice my music now. Dear me—how red my hands are! (*looks at them*) I must get some cold cream for them; one's hands show so on the white keys of a piano. I'll go and open that piano now, and dust it. It must be dreadfully out of tune. But I'll have it tuned as soon as ever I get that girl fairly initiated into my way of doing work (*goes out*).

Scene II.—MRS. MARSHALL *awaiting the coming of "applicants." A furious ring at the front door bell.*

Mrs. M. (*peeping through the blinds*). Dear me! I wonder who's coming! A person applying for the situation of servant would not be likely to come to the front door. I can just see the edge of a blue-silk flounce, and a streamer of red ribbon on the bonnet. I'll go and see who it is (*opens the door, and a stout Irish girl, gaudily dressed, with an eye-glass, and a bonnet of enormous dimensions pushes by her, and entering the parlor, seats herself in the rocking-chair*).

Mrs. M. To what am I indebted for this visit?

Irish Girl. It looks well for the like of yees to ask! It's the leddy what's wanting a young leddy to help in the wurrk that I'm after seeing.

Mrs. M. (*with dignity*). I am that person, if you please. What may I call your name?

Irish Girl. Me name's Margaret O'Flanagan, though some people has the impudence to call me Peggy; but if ever the likes of it happens agin I'll make the daylight shine into 'em where it never dramed of shining before. What may your name be, mum?

Mrs. M. My name is Marshall. I am in want of a servant.

Margaret. Sarvint, is it? Never a bit of a sarvint will I be for anybody! The blud of my forefathy would cry out against it. But I might have ixpected it from the appearance of yees. Shure, and I'd no other thought but ye was the chambermaid. Marshall, is it? Holy St. Patrick! why that was the name of the man that was hung in County Cork for the murthering of Dennis McMurphy, and he had a nose exactly like the one foreninst your face. (*A second ring at the door.* MRS. MARSHALL *ushers in a stolid-faced German girl, and an over-dressed colored lady. They take seats on the sofa.*)

German Girl. Ish dis the place mit the woman what wants a girl in her housework that was put into de paper day pefore to-morrow.

Mrs. M. Yes, I am the woman. What is your name?

German Girl. Katrina Van Follenstein. I can do leetle of most everything. I can bake all myself, and bile, and fry; and makes sourkrout—oh, sphlendid! And I sphanks the children as well as their own mudders.

Marg. If ye'll condescend to lave that dirty Dutchman, young leddy, I'll be afther asking ye a few questions; and then if ye don't shute me I can be laving. Me time is precious. Is them the best cheers in yer house?

Mrs. M. They are.

Marg. Holy Virgin! Why, mum, I've been used to having better cheers than them in me own room, and a sofy in me kitchen to lay me bones on when they're took aching. Have ye got a wine cellar?

Mrs. M. (*indignantly*). No! We are temperance people.

Marg. Oh, botheration! Then ye'll niver do for me, at all at all? It's wine I must have every day to keep me stummach in tune, and if Barney O'Grath comes in of an evening I should die of mortification if I didn't have a drop of something to trate him on. And about the peanny. It's taking lessons I am, meself, and if it's out of kilter, why, it must be fixed at once. I never could think of playing on a instrument that was ontuned. It might spile me voice.

Mrs. M. I want no servants in my house who are taking music lessons. I hire a girl to do my work—not to dictate to me, and sit in the parlor.

Marg. Ye don't hire me. No mum! Not by a long walk. It's not Margaret O'Flanagan that'll be hosted round by an old sharp-nosed crayter like yerself, wid a mole on yer left cheek, and yer waterfall made out of other folks' hair! The saints be blessed, me own is an illegant one—and never a dead head was robbed for to make it! 'Twas the tail of me cousin Jimmy's red horse—rest his soul!

Mrs. M. (*pointing to the door*). You can leave the house, Miss O'Flanagan. You won't suit me.

Marg. And you won't shute me. I wouldn't work with ye for a thousand dollars a week! It's not low vulgar people that Margaret O'Flanagan associates with. Good-bye to ye! I pity the girl ye gets. May the saints presarve her—and not a drop of wine in the house! (MARGARET *goes out.*)

Mrs. M. Well, Katrina, are you ready to answer a few questions?

Katrina. Yah; I is.

Mrs. M. Are you acquainted with general housework?

Kat. Nix; I never have seen that shinneral. I know Shinneral Shackson, and Shinneral Grant, but not that one to speak of!

Mrs. M. I intended to ask if you are used to doing work in the kitchen.

Kat. Yaw, I sees. Dat ish my thrade.

Mrs. M. Can you cook?

Kat. Most people, what bees shenteel, keeps a cook.

Mrs. M. I do not. I shall expect you to cook. Can you wash?

Kat. Beeples that ish in de upper-crust puts their washing out.

Mrs. M. Can you make beds, and sweep?

Kat. The dust of the fedders sthuffs up my head, what has got one leetle giutar into it. Most beeples keeps a chambermaid. Now, I wants to ask you some tings. You gits up in morning, and gits breakfast, of course? It makes mine head ache to git up early. And you'll dust all the furnitures, and schrub the kittles, and your goot man will wash the floors and pump the water, and make the fires, and ——

Mrs. M. We shall do no such thing. What an insolent wretch! You can go at once. I've no further use for you. You won't suit.

Kat. (*retreating*). Mine krout! what a particular vomans.

Colored Lady. Wall, missis, specks here's jest de chile for ye. What wages does you gib? and what is yer pollyticks?

Mrs. M. What is your name—and what wages do you expect?

Colored Lady. My name is Snowdrop Washington, and I specks five dollars a week

if I do my own washing, but if it is put out to de washerwoman's wid de rest of de tings, den I takes off a quarter. And it's best to have a fair understanding now, in de beginning. I'm very particular about my afternoons. Tuesdays I studies my cataplasin and can't be 'sturbed; Wednesdays I goes to see old Aunt Sally Gumbo, what's got de spine of de back; Thursdays I allers takes a dose of lobeely for me stummuch, and has to lay abed; and Fridays I ginerally walks out wid Mr. Sambo Snow, a fren of mine—and in none of dem cases can I be 'sturbed. And I shall spect you to find gloves for me to do de work in; don't like to sile my hands.

Mrs. M. I want to hire a girl to work—every day—and every hour in the day.

Snowdrop. The laws-a-massy! what a missis! Why, in dat case dis chile haint no better off dan wite trash! Ketch Snowdrop Washington setting in that pew! Not dis nigger. I wish you a berry lubly morning! (*goes out, and a woman clad in widow's weeds, and a little boy enter.*)

Woman (*in a brisk tone*). Are you the person that wants to hire help? Dear me, don't I smell onions! I detest onions! Only vulgar people eat 'em! Have your children had the measles? Because I never could think of taking Freddie where he might be exposed to that dreadful disease! Freddie, my love, put down that vase. If you should break it, you might cut yourself with the pieces. Have you a dog about the house, marm?

Mrs. M. Yes, we have.

Woman in Black. Good gracious! he must be killed then! I shouldn't see a bit of comfort if Freddie was where there was a dog. The last words my dear lamented husband said to me were these: "Mrs. Bunker, take care of Freddie." Bunker's my name, marm. Have you a cow?

Mrs. M. We have not.

Mrs. Bunker. How unfortunate! Well, I suppose you can buy one. Freddie depends so much on his new milk; and so do I. How many children have you?

Mrs. M. Three.

Mrs. B. Good gracious! what a host! I hope none of them have bad tempers, or use profane language. I wouldn't have Freddie associate with them for the world if they did. He's a perfect cherub in temper. My darling, don't pull the cat's tail! she may scratch you.

Mrs. M. You need not remain any longer, Mrs. Bunker. I do not wish to employ a maid with a child.

Mrs. B. Good heavens! (*indignantly*). Whoever saw such a hard-hearted wretch! Object to my darling Freddie! Did I ever expect to live to see the day when the offspring of my beloved Jeremiah would be treated in this way? I'll not stay another moment in the house with such an unfeeling monster! Come, Freddie. (*Goes out.* MRS MARSHALL *closes the door and locks it.*)

Mrs. M. Gracious! if this is the way of having a servant, I am satisfied. I'll do my own work till the end of the chapter! There's another ring; but I won't answer it—not I. I'll make believe I'm not at home. Ring away, if it's any satisfaction to you! It doesn't hurt me. CLARA AUGUSTA.

THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

Characters:

MR. EDWARD SIMPSON.
MRS. EMELINE SIMPSON, his wife.
JOHN SIMPSON, his brother, and a guest.
MR. MARTIN JONES.
MRS. ELIZA JONES, his wife.

SCENE—*A room in Edward Simpson's house. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson discovered.*

Mrs. S.

EDWARD, I may just as well say plainly that I think we must do something to get your brother off our hands.

He has been here now over two weeks, and he stays and stays just as if this was his home, and as if he hadn't the slightest idea of ever going away.

Mr. S. You are quite right, wife; we must get him away. I thought it possible, when he came here, that he had plenty of money; but that idea has vanished entirely. If he had money, he would not go around so shabbily dressed. He had the audacity to hint to me yesterday that I might buy him a new coat; just as if I hadn't enough to do to buy new coats for myself and my children.

Mrs. S. Oh! the impudence of some people! I am sure we have done very well in keeping him these two weeks, and not charging him a cent for his boarding. And now he wants a new coat, does he? I wonder he didn't ask for a full suit; he certainly has need of it; but he needn't expect to get it here. But are you *sure*, Edward, that he didn't bring any money home with him?

Mr. S. Yes, quite sure. I didn't say anything to him about it, but John was never the man to go in rags if he had any money in his pocket. He has been away for fifteen years, you know, and he might have made plenty of money in that time; but it is my impression, that if he did make anything, he spent it all before he started for home.

Mrs. S. Well, what are we to do with him?

Mr. S. Send him to the poor-house, I suppose. I don't quite like to do that, either; for people *will* talk, and they will say that I ought to have kept him in his old days.

Mrs. S. Let them talk. It's nobody's business but our own, and it will all blow over in a week or two. Of course we can't have him on our hands as long as he lives, merely because the neighbors will talk a little about our sending him to the poor-house.

Mr. S. No, of course not. Here he comes now; we must inform him of our decision.

Enter JOHN SIMPSON, *shabbily dressed.*

Mr. S. John, we have been talking about you.

John. So I supposed. I thought I heard my name mentioned. You were considering that matter about the coat, were you? I hope you will think favorably of it.

Mrs. S. (*bridling up.*) No, sir; we were not thinking of buying you a coat, but we were speaking of your audacity in making such a request.

John. Ah! were you? Don't you see I am old now, and dreadfully crippled with rheumatism? And, of course I am not able to work to buy myself clothes. If my brother will not take care of me now, who will?

Mrs. S. That's just what we are going to talk about.

Mr. S. Wife, allow me to speak to John about the matter. (*To John.*) It may sound a little harsh and unpleasant, but we have come to the conclusion that we cannot keep you any longer. You know that we are not very well off in this world's goods; we have not much house-room, and we have three children that demand our attention. We have kept you two weeks, and we think we have done very well. We feel that you would be considerably in our road here, and we have concluded to send you to the poor-house.

John. The poor-house! I always did hate the poor-house. It must be so lonesome there; and then, I don't think the boarding will be good. Must I go to the poor-house?

Mr. S. Yes, we have decided. We cannot keep you.

John. I thought, when I was away, that if I could only get home again, I would find my brother willing to take me under his roof, and allow me to end my days there. But I was mistaken. When must I go?

Mr. S. I will have the papers made out, and be ready to take you to-morrow afternoon.

John. Send for Eliza Jones and her hus-

band. They will not want to keep me either, I suppose—how can I expect them, when they are a great deal poorer than you? But send for them. I want to see them, and say good-bye, before I go away.

Mrs. S. Emeline, tell Parker to run across to Jones' for his Uncle Martin and Aunt Eliza.

[*Exit Mrs. S.*

John. If they do not treat me well at the poor-house, what shall I do? Cut stick and run off, or sue them for breach of promise?

Mr. S. (*aside.*) It seems to me, he takes it exceedingly cool. But it is better he should do so, than to make a noise about it (*To John.*) I think you will be well treated. The Superintendent is very kind to all under his care, and is considered a perfect gentleman.

John. A gentleman! I'm glad of that. (*Sarcastically.*) Ah! Edward, it is a great thing to be a *gentleman.*

Mr. S. I am glad you are willing to go without making any fuss about it. You know people *will* talk; and they would talk a great deal more, if you should be opposed to going. I hope you will not think unkindly of us, because we have concluded to take this step; you see that we can not well keep you here; and as you are getting old, and are greatly afflicted with rheumatism, you will be better attended to there than you could be here.

John. Yes, yes, I understand. Don't fret about me, Edward. I suppose it isn't much difference where I live, and where I end my days. But, Edward, I *think* I would not have treated you so. However, one hardly knows what one will do when one comes to the pinch. If I had brought home a market-basket full of ninety-dollar gold pieces, perhaps I would not have taken up so much room in your house, nor crowded your children so dreadfully.

Enter Mrs. Simpson, *and* Mr. *and* Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. J. (*running to John.*) O John, my brother, they want to send you to the poor-house! You shall not go! you shall not go!

Mr. J. No, John, you shall not go. While we have a crust of bread, you shall share it with us.

John. But I never did like to eat crusts.

Mrs. S. That's him, for you! He doesn't want to pay anything for his board, but he wants to have the best.

John. And he doesn't like to eat dirt.

Mrs. S. Do you mean to say I am a dirty cook?

John (*whistles "Yankee Doodle."*) Come, if I am to go to the poor-house, let me be off.

Mrs. J. You shall not go. We are poor, but you shall stay with us. We can find room for you, and we will be provided for, I'll warrant, some way.

Mrs. S. People oughtn't to be rash about taking on a load they can't carry.

Mr. S. Emeline, if Martin and Eliza want to keep John, let them do so; don't say a word. Of course, I think they have quite enough to do to keep their own heads above water; but if they want to keep John, it is their own business.

John. Yes, it is their own business; and if they were on the point of sinking, would *you* raise a finger to keep their heads above water? *No!* Edward.—I cannot call you brother,—I know you now. I leave your house to-day, but I do not go to the poor-house. I have money enough to buy and *keep* a hundred such little farms as yours, and a hundred such *little men.* I do not need your coats nor your cringing sympathies; I wanted to know what kind of a man you were, and *I know.* When I came home, I determined to find out, in some way, whether you or the Jones family were most deserving of my money. I have found that out; and I go with them, to make my home there.

Mrs. S. But we didn't know ——

John. Ay, I know it. You thought I was

a beggar; you thought I had no money and no clothes. If you had believed otherwise, you would have received me with open arms. Come (*to Mr. and Mrs. Jones*), we will go. I shall not forget you for your kindness. I will make my home with you; and if it is true that you have hard enough work to keep your heads above water it shall be so no longer. (*To Mr. and Mrs. Simpson.*) I had almost forgotten. Here are twenty dollars, for my two weeks' board (*throwing down the bills*). You see that although I may have a *shabby appearance*, I am yet able to pay my way in the world. Good-day, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson. (*Exit John Simpson, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones.*)

Mrs. S. Isn't this dreadful! (*Rushes out at one side of the stage.*)

Mr. S. Confound the luck! (*Rushes out at the other side of the stage.*)

[*Curtain falls.*

H. Elliot McBride.

AUNTY PUZZLED.

Characters:

Pious Maiden Aunt and Wayward Little Girl, five or six years old.

Aunt.

NOW, Beth, this is the Sabbath day, and—

Niece. How do you know it is?

A. It is wrong to play to-day, Beth—

N. Wrong to play what?

A. Anything.

N. Tain't wrong to play Sunday-school. Didn't you wish dat Carlo was me when you was whippin' him, jest now, Aunt Dora?

A. Beth, I'll tell you a beautiful story, the tender story of Joseph.

N. Joseph who?

A. He had no other name.

N. Well, dat's funny.

A. Joseph was the son of a good old man, named Jacob—

N. I knows him, he saws our wood, an' he's dot a wooden leg! What was his last name?

A. I don't know, dear.

N. Well, dat's ze same man. Our Jacob he ain't dot no ozzer name, either: des Jacob, old Jacob.

A. This good old man had twelve sons.

N. Any little girls?

A. Only one.

N. Huh! I dess she was mighty sorry wiz such a houseful of boys an' no little sister.

A. Well, Jacob loved this son very much—

N. How much?

A. Oh, ever so much; more than he could tell.

N. Ten hundred thousand bushels?

A. Yes, and more than that. He bought him a new coat—

N. May Crawford's dot a new dress, dray and blue, an' pearl buttons on it, an' a new parasol, and I'm doing to have some new button shoes as twick as I can kick zese ones out.

A. His father bought him a new coat, a beautiful coat of many colors—

N. Oh, ho! des like a bed quilt.

A. And Joseph was very proud of this pretty coat—

N. Huh! I bet you ze boys frowed stones an' hollered at him if he wored it to school!

A. But his brothers, all of his older brothers, who—

N. Did he wear it to school, Aunt Dora?

A. No, I don't think he did.

N. I dess he was afraid, and kept it for a Sunday coat. Did he wear it to Sunday-school?

A. He didn't go to one.

N. Den he was a heathen.

A. No, Joseph wasn't a heathen.

N. Den he was a bad boy.

A. No, indeed; Joseph was a good boy—

N. Den why didn't he go to Sunday-school?

A. No matter. But all his brothers hated him because his father loved him the best and—

N. I spect he always dot the biggest piece of pie.

A. And so they wanted to get rid of him, because—

N. Den why didn't zey send him out in the kitchen to talk with Jenny? Dat's what my ma'am does.

A. And they hated him all the more because one night, Joseph had a dream—

N. Oo-oo! I dreamed dot ze big Bible on ze parlor had five long legs and a mouf full of sharp teeth, an' it climbed onto my bed and drowled at me 'cause I bit ze wax apple an' tied gran'pa's wig onto Carlo's head last Sunday! Oh, I was so scared an' I hollered an' ma'am said she dessed I had ze night-mare.

A. Well, one day Joseph's father sent him away to see how his brothers were getting along—

N. Why didn't he write 'em a letter?

A. And when they saw Joseph coming they said—

N. Did he ride in ze cars?

A. No, he walked. And when his brothers saw him coming—

N. I dess they fought he was a tramp. I bet you Carlo would have bited his legs if he'd been zere.

A. No, they knew who he was, but they were bad, cruel, wicked men, and they took poor Joseph, who was so good, and who loved them all so well—

N. I see a boy climbing our fence! I dess he's goin' to steal our apples. Let's go sic Carlo on him.

A. Poor Joseph, who was only a boy, just a little boy, who never did any one any harm; these great rough men seized him with fierce looks and angry words, and they were going to kill the frightened, helpless little youth, who cried and begged them so piteously not to hurt him; going to kill their own little brother—

N. Nellie Taylor has a little brother Jim, an' she says she wishes somebody would kill him when he tears off her doll's legs an' frows her kittens in ze cistern.

A. But Joseph's oldest brother pitied the little boy when he cried—

N. I dess he wanted some cake; I cry when I want cake, an' mamma dives me some.

A. And as he wouldn't let them kill him, they found a pit—

N. I like peach pits, an' I know where I can find a great lot of 'em now. Come along.

A. No, let's finish the story first. These bad men put Joseph in the pit—

N. Why—Aunt—Dora! What is you talking about?

A. About those cruel men who put Joseph into the pit—

N. I dess you mean zey put the pit into Joseph.

A. So there the poor little boy was, all alone in this deep, dark hole—

N. Why didn't he climb out?

A. Because he couldn't. The sides of the pit were rough, and it was very deep, deep as a well—

N. Ding-dong-dell, cat's in 'e well; oh auntie, I know a nice story, 'bout a boy that felled into a cistern and climbed out on a ladder.

A. Poor Joseph was sitting in this pit—

N. Did he have a chair?

A. No, he was sitting on the ground, wishing—

N. I wish I was a bumble bee an' could stand on my head like a boy, an' have all ze honey I could eat.

A. But while Joseph was in the dark pit, frightened and crying all alone—

N. I bet he was afraid of ghosts!

A. While he was wondering if his cruel brothers were going to leave him in the dark pit, some merchants came along, and Joseph's brothers took him out of the pit and sold him for a slave. Just think of it. Sold their little brother to be a slave in a country far away from his home, where he would have to work hard and where his cruel master would beat him; where—

N. What did zey get for him, Aunt Dora?

A. Twenty pieces of silver, and now—

N. Hump, dat was pitty cheap, but, I spec' it was all that he was worth.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY.

(Dialogue for two boys.)

HARRY. (*Enters room, tossing his hat on table where Roy sits studying.*) "I tell you, Ray, I'm sorry for Harold Belmont!"

Roy. "Sorry for Harold Belmont! Why, I'd like to know? His father is the richest man in town. You know father has been working for him ever since we were born."

Harry. "Yes, I know; but Harold don't have half the nice times we do."

Roy. "Well, I like that. Don't he wear nicer clothes every day than we ever had for Sunday?"

Harry. "Yes, but they're so nice his mother won't let him roll on the grass, or go wading in the pond, or anything."

Roy. "Well, did you ever notice what nice lemon pie and frosted cake he has in his lunch basket?"

Harry. "Yes, but he often wants to trade lunches with me."

Roy. "But, Harry, he's got a bicycle!"

Harry. "He told me yesterday that he would rather have a dog like our Rover that he could drive to a little wagon like ours."

Roy. "But only think, Harry, of the hundreds and hundreds of books in his father's library that he can read as much as he pleases! Why, if I had them, I'd be the happiest boy in the State. I wouldn't waste a minute. I know just what books I'd read first—Dickens' Child's History of England, and—"

Harry. "O yes, Roy, but then he doesn't care for books, like you, nor to be a carpenter, as I mean to be. He wants to be a farmer, and he says his father don't mean to let him—wants Harold to be a banker, like himself; but those are not the things I was thinking of when I said I was sorry for him."

Roy. "What was it?"

Harry. "Why, you know I made a little bird-house out of that cracker-box mother gave me; just a common little bird-house, without any paint or nice things about it, and set it up on a pole in the garden—"

Roy. "Yes, I know, and two families of blue-birds are living in it. What else?"

Harry. "Well, Harold begged his father to let him have a bird-house, and so Mr. Belmont got a man to make one—oh, a little beauty!—just like a little Swiss chalet, with porches and gables, and all painted so nicely, white with green trimmings and a dark brown roof, and the pole is striped red, white and blue, and they put it close to the big maple tree on the lawn. Oh, it was so nice I was almost ashamed of my poor little unpainted house—only the birds were building in it then, and it made me glad to see them so busy and happy. Harold was happy, too. He sat by the window for hours, watching for the birds to come to his house. But, Roy, none ever came! They were afraid of that beautiful house. I guess they thought it was a trap. Harold don't sit by the window to watch it any more; that's why I'm sorry for him."

Roy. "Well, that is too bad; but I don't

know that we can help him. You couldn't give him your little house, because it isn't fine enough for his father's lawn; besides, the blue-birds might object to moving."

Harry. "Of course; but, Roy, don't you believe he'd like to come over here and watch our birds feed their little ones? I never get tired of seeing them."

Roy. "He might. Let's go and ask him."

(*Both boys take their hats and pass out.*)

MRS. ADRIAN KRAAL.

COLLOQUY.

AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT MATTER.

SCENE.—*An office with a desk or table on which are an inkstand, a pile of ledgers and some extra sheets of paper. Mr. Pinchem, with gray wig and whiskers and spectacles sits in his office busily engaged in figuring up his accounts. He does not look up from his paper, but keeps on figuring while his clerk enters and takes a seat near the table in such a position as to both face the audience.*

Clerk.

MR. Pinchem, I—I—

Mr. Pinchem. Have you got those goods off for Kalamazoo?

Clerk. Yes, sir, they are off. Mr. Pinchem, I—

Mr. P. And about that order for starch?

Clerk. That has been attended to, sir. Mr. Pinchem—

Mr. P. And that invoice of tea?

Clerk. That's all right, sir. Mr. Pinchem, I have—

Mr. P. And that cargo of sugar?

Clerk. Taken care of as you directed, sir. Mr. Pinchem, I have long—

Mr. P. What about Bush & Bell's consignment?

Clerk. Received in good order, sir. Mr. Pinchem, I have long wanted—

Mr. P. And that shipment to Buffalo?

Clerk. All right, sir. Mr. Pinchem, I have long wanted to speak to you—

Mr. P. Ah! speak to me? Why, I thought you spoke to me fifty times a day.

Clerk. Yes, sir, I know, but this is a private matter.

Mr. P. Private? Oh! Ah! Wait till I see how much we made on the last ten thousand pounds of soap—Six times four are twenty-four; six times two are twelve and two to carry make fourteen; six times nought are nothing and one to carry makes one; six times five are thirty; seven times four—ah! well go ahead, I'll finish this afterwards.

Clerk. Mr. Pinchem, I have been with you ten long years.—

Mr. P. Ten, eh! Long years, eh! any longer than any others years? Go ahead.

Clerk. And I have always tried to do my duty.

Mr. P. Have, eh? Go on.

Clerk. And I now make bold—

Mr. P. Hold on! What is there bold about it? But never mind, I'll hear you out.

Clerk. Mr. Pinchem I want to ask—ask—I want to ask—

Mr. P. Well, why don't you ask, then? I don't see why you don't ask if you want to.

Clerk. Mr. Pinchem I want to ask you for—for—

Mr. P. You want to ask me for the hand of my daughter. Ah! why didn't you speak right out? She's yours, my boy, take her and be happy. You might have had her two years ago if you had mentioned it. Go long, now, I'm busy. Seven times six are forty-two, seven times five are thirty-five and four are thirty-nine, seven times eight—

Clerk Mr. Pinchem—

Mr. P. What! You here yet? Well, what is it?

Clerk. I want to ask you for—

Mr. P. Didn't I give her to you, you rascal!

Clerk. Yes, but what I wanted to ask you for was not the hand of your daughter, but a raise of salary.

Mr. P. Oh! that was it, eh? Well, sir, that is an entirely different matter, and it requires time for serious thought and earnest deliberation. Return to your work. I'll think about it, and some time next fall I'll see about giving you a raise of a dollar or so a week. Seven times eight are fifty-six and three are fifty-nine—

THE GOSSIPS.

Characters.—Mrs. Pry, Mrs. Quick, Mrs. Search, Mrs. Gossip.

Scene.—*The Street.* Mrs. Pry, Mrs. Search *and* Mrs. Quick, *meeting.*

Mrs. Pry.

HAVE you heard any news, neighbor Search?

Mrs. Search. News? no. I am dying to hear some. I have not heard a word since last night, and it is now almost noon.

Mrs. Quick. I have heard a piece of news as I came along, and you will hardly believe it, though I received it from a person of veracity, who was knowing to the fact, and therefore could not mistake.

Mrs. S. Pray let us have it. I hope it is nothing short of an elopement.

Mrs. P. I hope it is a murder, or, at least, a suicide. We have not had any news worth mentioning these two months.

Mrs. Q. It is neither an elopement nor a murder, but you may think it something akin to the latter. The truth is, there is a woman down in the village, and they will not allow her to be buried.

Mrs. S. You don't say so?

Mrs. Q. I do. The coroner has positively refused to bury her.

Mrs. P. Do tell! What could the poor creature have done to be denied Christian burial?

Mrs. Q. I do not know what the offense was, but they say he has his reasons, and buried she shall not be.

Mrs. P. Where is she lying? I must go and inquire into it. Bless me, Mrs. Search, how could this happen and we not hear of it?

Mrs. S. Did you hear her name, Mrs. Quick? That may give us a clue to the mystery.

Mrs. Q. I did not learn her name, though, if I forget not, it began with a G, or some such letter. But I have a little errand up the street, and must leave you. In the meantime as we know so little of the circumstances, it will be prudent not to repeat what I have told you. Good morning. (*She goes out*).

Mrs. P. Did you ever hear anything so strange? One of two things is certain, she has either killed herself or been killed, and is reserved for examination.

Mrs. S. I don't understand it so. Mrs. Quick seemed to insinuate that she had been lying a long time, and was not to be buried at all. But here comes Mrs. Gossip, and perhaps she can tell us all about it, as she comes fresh from the village.

Enter Mrs. Gossip.

Mrs. P. Good morning, Mrs. Gossip.

Mrs Gossip. Good morning, Mrs. Pry. How do you do, Mrs. Search?

Mrs. S. Pretty well, I thank you. How do you do?

Mrs. G. Indifferent, I'm much obliged to you. I've had a touch of hydrophoby, I believe they call it or something else.

Mrs. P. (*to* Mrs. Search *aside*). No new complaint. She always hated cold water. (*aloud*) How did the dreadful disease affect you, Mrs. G.? What dog bit you?

Mrs. G. Dog! what do you mean by a dog? The disease began with a cold in my head, and a sore throat, and—

Mrs. S. Oh, it was the influenza.

Mrs. G. So it was; I knew it was some outlandish name, and they all sound alike to me. For my part, I wish there *was* no foreign words.

Mrs. P. Mrs. Gossip, did you hear the particulars of the dreadful news in the village?

Mrs. G. No. What dreadful news? I have not heard *nothing*, good, bad, or indifferent.

Mrs. P. What! haven't you heard of the woman in the village that they won't bury?

Mrs. G. Not a word. Who is she? What's her name?

Mrs. S. Her name begins with G, and as that begins your name, I hoped you would know something about it.

Mrs. G. Bless me! I never heard a syllable of it! Why don't they bury the poor thing? I couldn't refuse to bury even a dog.

Mrs. P. There is a suspicion of murder or suicide in the case.

Mrs. G. Well, they hang murderers and suicides, don't they? What can be the matter? There is something very mysterious about it!

Mrs. S. I am dying to know all about it. Come, let's all go down to the village, and probe the matter to the bottom. I dearly love to get hold of a mystery.

Mrs. P. I say, let us all go, and here is Mrs. Quick coming back. She will go with us, for she told us the news, and she is dying to learn the particulars.

Re-enter MRS. QUICK.

Mrs. Quick. Good morning again, ladies.

All. Good morning.

Mrs. G. What was the matter with that *air* woman that they won't bury in the village?

Mrs. Q. Nothing is the matter with her.

Mrs. G. Then, in *marcy's* name, why don't they bury her?

Mrs. Q. I know of but one reason, but that is a very important one.

Mrs. P. We did not know you knew the reason they wouldn't bury her. Why did you not tell us what it was?

Mrs. Q. You did not ask me, and, besides, it is somewhat of a secret.

Mrs. S. You need not fear our disclosing it. Pray let us have it.

Mrs. P. Pray do. I am bursting with curiosity.

Mrs. G. And I too. Mrs. Quick, you say there is but one reason why they will not bury the woman, and pray what is that?

Mrs. P. What is it?

Mrs. S. Yes, what is it?

All (*earnestly*). What is it?

Mrs. Q. She is not dead!

FARMER HANKS WANTS A DIVORCE.

(For two males and one female.)

Characters.—LAWYER PORTER; FARMER HANKS; MRS. HANKS.

SCENE.—*Lawyer's office.* LAWYER PORTER *sitting at desk writing.* *Knock at door.*

(*Enter* FARMER HANKS *in rustic attire, looking hesitatingly around.*)

Farmer Hanks.

BE you the divorce man?

Lawyer Porter. (*Smiling.*) Well, I don't exactly know that my vocation lies particularly in that direction, but I have been known to undertake such cases. Are you in trouble?

Far. H. I should rather say so! It's come to jest this 'ere climax that I *can't* stand it nohow, not another day; an' ef you can't git me unspliced, I'll hev to find some one who can.

Law. P. What are your grounds for complaint?

Far. H. Grounds! Ordinary grounds wouldn't hold 'em! I've a hull farm full!

Law. P. One or two are just as efficient in procuring a divorce as a hundred, providing the offence is grave enough. Your wife now, for instance; I suppose she hasn't fallen in love with another man?

Far. H. Haw-haw! That's a good 'un! Betsey in love with *another* feller! Wal, hardly, mister! Betsey isn't no fool. You can bet high on *that!*

Law. P. Of course that was a suppositional case, merely. Is she a scandal-monger?

Far. H. Scandal-monger? Not much; ef ever a woman knew how to hold her tongue when other folks's is a-waggin', that's Betsey every time.

Law. P. Cruel to her children, possibly?

Far. H. I swow, I'll begin to take you fer the fool, mister. Our children is growed up an' in homes of the'r own, years back; an' ez fer gran'children, ef ever an old woman made an idjit of herself over babies, it's Betsey with them thar youngsters. She jest sp'iles them no end, an' thar's nobudy they sets such store by as gran'ma. You hain't on the right track, by long odds.

Law. P. Evidently not. Suppose now, as my time is valuable, we reverse the case, and you enlighten me as to the cause of your unhappiness, instead of my wasting the minutes in making conjectures? Perhaps incompatibility of temper may cover the ground.

Far. H. In—com—what kind of temper? You beat me with them long words o' yourn; but, mebbe you've struck it, this time. Thar's no use talking, but Betsey's that aggervatin', she riles me so it seems like as though I'd bu'st! Ef she'd ever *say* a word I could stand it; but she's that mum you can't get a word out o' her edgewise; you'd say, for sartain, thet she'd b'en born deaf, an' without a tongue in her mouth.

Law. H. A woman and *dumb?* Ye gods! This is a reversal of the laws of nature with a vengeance! Do you mean for me to understand that your wife *never* speaks? How can she conduct her household?

Far. H. Oh, she's chipper enough when things goes to suit; but when I'm r'iled, an' dyin' to see the fur fly—to hev it out with some one—then she's mummer than the side o' a house; ye couldn't git a word out o' her then with a pair o' oxen! Ef she'd only spit it out, too, an' hev a good out en out settlin' o' matters, 'twould clear the air like a thunder-storm; but thet's exactly whar the pinch comes. I might r'are an' tear, an' pull the house down over our heads, fer all the good 'twould do—thet woman would set as calm es a cucumber, or go about her chores, an' you'd never guess she knew I was within a hundred miles o' her! Either she hain't got an atom o' sense in her git up, or else she's too dumb to show it at sech times. It's enough to drive a man into fits, an' I can't go it no longer. It's either her or me that's got to git out! I'm willin' to do my duty to the letter, an' give her a share in the old farm. I wouldn't see her want for nothin', fer in spite o' her tongue—

Law. P. I rather think you mean her want of tongue!

Far. H. Jest so! There isn't a kinder or willin'er woman in the section.

Law. P. Suppose, now, that we sum up: your wife, according to your statements, is a good, pure woman—

Far. H. That she is, lawyer! I'd like to hear any one say a thing against Betsey's character! I'd choke the life out ov him!

Law. P. Fond of her children and grandchildren; don't gossip; domestic in her tastes—Does she keep your house in order, your clothes mended, your wants all attended to, and give you your meals on time!

Far. H. Why, of course! Thet's what a wife's fer, isn't she? What a question to ax!

Law. P. You acknowledge all this. Now, supposing, on the contrary, that your wife was a shrew.

Far. H. (*Bewildered.*) A which?

Law. F. A cross, scolding woman; a woman who left her own fireside to gossip and make scandal among her neighbors; who neglected her home; who got your meals at all or no times and let you look out for yourself; who abused the little children around her; who—

Far. H. Stop, mister! Betsey *couldn't* do none o' them things. Why, you'd make her out a pretty sort o' critter for me to hev been livin' with these forty years!

Law. P. No, Betsey couldn't do all or any of these things. From your own story you have a saint instead of an ordinary woman for a wife; a being who knows that essence of all true happiness—how to hold her tongue; who, instead of lowering herself to petty quarrels and commonplace bickerings, keeps her temper within bounds while you are purposely doing all you possibly can to aggravate her—to make her dislike you—to—

Far. H. (*Shamefacedly.*) Sho! You air trying to make out a purty strong case against me, ain't you now? I never looked at it in jest *that* light before, an' you can't tell how a few words now an' then would splice up things in general.

Law. P. If your wife were to come to me and demand a divorce, after what you have told me, I should be strongly tempted to take up her case.

Far. H. Betsey git a divorce from *me!* Thet's the best yet! Well, I should as soon think o' the sky falling. (*Knock at door, voice outside asking if* LAWYER PORTER *is in.*) I'll be everlastin'ly simmered, ef thet don't sound like Betsey's voice this actual minute! Whar'll I go? I don't want to be found around these parts; but, what in the name o' conscience kin *she* want with you, now? (*Glares at the lawyer, who takes him by the shoulder and leads him up to closet door or behind a screen.*)

Law. P. Step into this cover, and be quick about it. You'll soon ascertain what your wife wants of me. And remember, this is a private interview which you are not to interrupt. (FARMER HANKS *disappears, and the lawyer goes to door.*)

(*Enter* MRS HANKS, *hesitatingly.*)

Law. P. Good morning, madame! What can I do for you? Let me give you a chair. (*Seats her with back to closet or screen.* FARMER H. *pokes his head out.*)

Far. H. I'll be durned but it *is* Betsey! (*Comes half out into room, but* LAWYER P. *scowls and motions him back.* MRS. HANKS *sits silent.*)

Law. P. (*Kindly.*) Well, madame, you want—

Mrs. Hanks. (*In a half whisper.*) I want, or I *guess* I want a bill of divorce. (FARMER HANKS'S *face pops out again, with an expression of bewilderment and horror upon it.*)

Law. P. Your husband is addicted to the excessive use of liquor, maybe? (FARMER H. *shakes his fist at the lawyer.*)

Mrs. H. Good gracious, no! Samuel never took too much liquor in his life, to my knowledge.

Law. P. Then, perhaps, he is violent, and cruel to you and the children?

Mrs. H. Mercy, no! Whatever made you think of sech a thing! Samuel wouldn't hurt a fly; he's the softest-hearted man in the world; it isn't that—it's only—only—

Law. P. Well, you must try to tell me your difficulty, or I will be unable to help you.

Mrs. H. (*Bursting into tears.*) It's so hard to tell, yet it's so hard to bear. It seems jest as if I'd go wild ef I had it to stand another day. Yet except fer this one thing Samuel's

the best husband a woman could ask fer. He is perfect temperate in all his habits, liberal an' open-handed as the day is long, an' as kind an' considerate as any one could wish fer. (FARMER H. *looks out at the lawyer exultingly.*) But—but—

Law. P. But what?

Mrs. H. Oh, those *dreadful* tantrums of his'n! They come on without any apparent reason at all, an' he's like to a crazy man.

Law. P. And you oppose him and aggravate him when he gets in these moods, possibly?

Mrs. H. (*Sadly.*) Oh, no! What good would *that* do? or rather, what harm wouldn't it do? I jest stand them as best I may, an' pray the Good Power above for strength to hold my tongue, an' bear the affliction which he has seen fit to visit me with. (FARMER H. *looks out again with an incredulous, shame-faced expression, and seems about to speak, but the lawyer motions him back.*)

Law. P. And you say absolutely nothing?

Mrs. H. I never hev given way to my tongue yet; ef I once *should*, or to the feelin' that he rouses in me at sech times, I almost think I should *strike* him. (FARMER H. *again advances, but is motioned back.*)

Law. P. Wouldn't that serve him right?

Mrs. H. (*Surprised.*) Strike Samuel? I'd never forgive myself ef I did. Yet, it is *so* hard; you can't tell! It really seems as ef the harder I tried to hold my tongue an' keep the peace, the worse he got, until sometimes I 'most think he'd like to *kill* me!

Law. P. Oh, surely not! His wicked temper would not, or could not, carry itself to such an extent against such an angel of peace. But, I cannot find words to express my opinion of such a brute. I cannot find strong enough terms to convey my condemnation. A man who will seek willfully to quarrel with a wife who is gentleness and meekness itself, to say nothing of the other cardinal virtues, is a selfish heartless piece of humanity, unworthy of the name of man, and deserves nothing better than the public whipping-post, which, unhappily—

Mrs. H. Stop! I will not allow you to speak of Samuel in such a manner! He may hev his little faults as all men do—

Far. H. (*Rushing out*). Yes, let him say every durned thing he kin of me, Betsey! I deserve it all, an' a hundred times more—(*Mrs. Hanks gives a scream and almost sinks to the floor, but her husband catches her*)—when I think of what a howlin' idjit I've b'en all these years. The whippin'-post ain't half severe enough.

Mrs. H. Oh, you *never* was that, Samuel!

Far. H. Yes I was, an' be, up to this very minute; but I be goin' to make a clean breast of it or bu'st. Here I hev b'en thinkin' an' sayin' that you didn't quarrel with me nor answer me back, because ye didn't *know* enough—

Mrs. H. Oh, Samuel, how *could* you?

Far. H. An' thet you was a perfect fool, with no spunk in ye, an' here you've b'en with the spunk all bottled up, an' never darin' to let her loose for fear o' makin' *me* wuss, an' doin' wrong yourself! Oh! I'm the wickedest kind of a sinner, Betsey. (*Groans*). I don't wonder you want to git a bill ag'inst me; an' this here lawyer'll be sure to git ye one, as he sees you deserve it fast enough, an' I don't blame neither o' ye.

Mrs. H. But I don't *want* it, Samuel. Now you see jest how it is, an' that I never allowed to r'ile you, I'm sure 'twill all be right. (*Turning to Lawyer P*). An' you won't let what I've said turn you ag'inst him, will you? You can see for yourself that he never could hev meant it.

Law. P. And he never was such a man as he proves at this very time when he humbles himself to confess how wrong he has been, and acknowledges the true worth of his de-

voted wife whom he has so long misjudged or misunderstood.

Far. H. You're right thar, Lawyer Porter. I can't find the words to tell what a blamed fool I've been; yet, ef you'll believe it, I feel lighter o' heart this blessed minute than I hev in a month o' Sundays before. An' to think that an hour ago I was actually hankerin' after a bill ag'in ye, Betsey! I don't desarve ye should forgive me, like this, but I give ye my word o' honor that the next time a tantrum strikes me I ll hev it out down in the meddar with that old Jersey bull o' mine.

(*Curtain falls.*)

TAKING THE CENSUS.

Characters:

INQUISITOR. *A Patient Man, with pen, ink and a large sheet of paper, engaged in taking the census.*

MRS. TOUCHWOOD. *An old lady in frilled cap and set-sprig apron, engaged in giving it.*

SCENE.—*A house in the country.* MRS. TOUCHWOOD *at a wash-tub hard at work.*

Enter INQUISITOR.

Inquisitor.

GOOD morning, madam. Is the head of the family at home?

Mrs. Touchwood. Yes, sir, *I'm at home.*

Inq. Haven't you a husband?

Mrs. T. Yes, sir, but he ain't the head of the family, I'd have you to know.

Inq. How many persons have you in your family?

Mrs. T. Why, bless me, sir, what's that to you? You're mighty inquisitive, I think.

Inq. I'm the man that takes the census.

Mrs. T. If you was a man in your *senses* you wouldn't ask such impertinent questions.

Inq. Don't be offended, old lady, but answer my questions as I ask them.

Mrs. T. "Answer a fool according to his folly!"—you know what the Scripture says. *Old* lady, indeed!

Inq. Beg your pardon, madam; but I don't care about hearing Scripture just at this moment. I'm bound to go according to law and not according to gospel.

Mrs. T. I should think you went neither according to law nor gospel. What business is it to you to inquire into folks' affairs, Mr. Thingumbob?

Inq. The law makes it my business, good woman, and if you don't want to expose yourself to its penalties, you must answer my questions.

Mrs. T. Oh, it's the law, is it? That alters the case. But I should like to know what the law has to do with other people's household matters?

Inq. Why, Congress made the law, and if it don't please you, you must talk to them about it.

Mrs. T. Talk to a fiddle-stick! Why, Congress is a fool, and you're another.

Inq. Now, good lady, you're a fine, good-looking woman; if you'll give me a few civil answers I'll thank you. What I wish to know first is, how many are there in your family?

Mrs. T. Let me see [*counting on her fingers*]; there's I and my husband is one ——

Inq. Two, you mean.

Mrs. T. Don't put me out, now, Mr. Thinkummy. There's I and my husband is one ——

Inq. Are you always one?

Mrs. T. What's that to you, I should like to know. But I tell you, if you don't leave off interrupting me I won't say another word.

Inq. Well, take your own way, and be hanged to you.

Mrs. T. I will take my own way, and no thanks to you. [*Again counting her fingers.*] There's I and my husband is one; there's John, he's two; Peter is three, Sue and Moll are four, and Thomas is five. And then there's Mr. Jenkins and his wife and the two

children is six; and there's Jowler, he's seven.

Inq. Jowler! Who's he?

Mrs. T. Who's Jowler! Why, who should he be but the old house dog?

Inq. It's the number of persons I want to know.

Mrs. T. Very well, Mr. Flippergin, ain't Jowler a person? Come here, Jowler, and speak for yourself. I'm sure he's as personable a dog as there is in the whole State.

Inq. He's a very clever dog, no doubt. But it's the number of human beings I want to know.

Mrs. T. Human! There ain't a more human dog that ever breathed.

Inq. Well, but I mean the two-legged kind of beings.

Mrs. T. Oh, the two-legged, is it? Well, then, there's the old rooster, he's seven; the fighting-cock is eight, and the bantam is nine ——

Inq. Stop, stop, good woman, I don't want to know the number of your fowls.

Mrs. T. I'm very sorry indeed, I can't please you, such a sweet gentleman as you are. But didn't you tell me—'twas the two-legged beings ——

Inq. True, but I didn't mean the hens.

Mrs. T. Oh, now I understand you. The old gobbler, he's seven, the hen turkey is eight; and if you'll wait a week there'll be a parcel of young ones, for the old hen turkey is setting on a whole snarl of eggs.

Inq. Blast your turkeys!

Mrs. T. Oh, don't now, good Mr. Hipperstitcher, I pray you don't. They're as honest turkeys as any in the country.

Inq. Don't vex me any more. I'm getting to be angry.

Mrs. T. Ha! ha! ha!

Inq. [*striding about the room in a rage.*] Have a care, madam, or I shall fly out of my skin.

Mrs T. If you do, I don't know who will fly in.

Inq. You do all you can to anger me. It's the two-legged creatures who talk I have reference to.

Mrs. T. Oh, now I understand you. Well then, our Poll Parrot makes seven and the black gal eight.

Inq. I see you will have your own way.

Mrs. T. You have just found out, have you! You are a smart little man!

Inq. Have you mentioned the whole of your family?

Mrs. T. Yes, that's the whole—except the wooden-headed man in front.

Inq. Wooden-headed?

Mrs. T. Yes, the schoolmaster what's boarding here.

Inq. I suppose if he has a wooden head he lives without eating, and therefore must be a profitable boarder.

Mrs. T. Oh, no, sir, you are mistaken there. He eats like a leather judgment.

Inq. How many servants are there in the family?

Mrs. T. Servants! Why, there's no servants but me and my husband.

Inq. What makes you and your husband servants?

Mrs. T. I'm a servant to hard work, and he is a servant to rum. He does nothing all day but guzzle, guzzle, guzzle; while I'm working, and stewing, and sweating from morning till night, and from night till morning.

Inq. How many colored persons have you?

Mrs. T. There's nobody but Dinah, the black girl, Poll Parrot and my daughter Sue.

Inq. Is your daughter a colored girl?

Mrs. T. I guess you'd think so if you was to see her. She's always out in the sun—and she's tanned up as black as an Indian.

Inq. How many white males are there in your family under ten years of age?

Mrs. T. Why, there ain't none now; my husband don't carry the mail since he's taken to drink so bad. He used to carry two, but they wasn't white.

Inq. You mistake, good woman; I meant male folks, not leather mails.

Mrs. T. Let me see; there's none except little Thomas, and Mr. Jenkins' two little girls.

Inq. Males, I said, madam, not females.

Mrs. T. Well, if you don't like them, you may leave them off.

Inq. How many white males are there between ten and twenty?

Mrs. T. Why, there's nobody but John and Peter, and John ran away last week.

Inq. How many white males are there between twenty and thirty?

Mrs. T. Let me see—there's the wooden-headed man is one, Mr. Jenkins and his wife is two, and the black girl is three.

Inq. No more of your nonsense, old lady; I'm heartily tired of it.

Mrs. T. Hoity toity! Haven't I a right to talk as I please in my own house?

Inq. You must answer the questions as I put them.

Mrs. T. "Answer a fool according to his folly"—you're right, Mr. Hippogriff.

Inq. How many white males are there between thirty and forty?

Mrs. T. Why, there's nobody but I and my husband—and he was forty-one last March.

Inq. As you count yourself among the males, I dare say you wear the breeches.

Mrs. T. Well, what if I do, Mr. Impertinence? Is that anything to you? Mind your own business, if you please.

Inq. Certainly—I did but speak. How many white males are there between forty and fifty?

Mrs. T. None.

Inq. How many between fifty and sixty?

Mrs. T. None.

Inq. Are there any between this and a hundred?

Mrs. T. None except the old gentleman.

Inq. What old gentleman? You haven't mentioned any before.

Mrs. T. Why, gramther Grayling—I thought everybody knew gramther Grayling—he's a hundred and two years old next August, if he lives so long—and I dare say he will, for he's got the dry wilt, and they say such folks never dies.

Inq. Now give the number of deaf and dumb persons.

Mrs. T. Why, there is no deaf persons, excepting husband, and he ain't so deaf as he pretends to be. When anybody axes him to take a drink of rum, if it's only in a whisper, he can hear quick enough. But if I tell him to fetch an armful of wood or feed the pigs or tend the griddle, he's as deaf as a horse-block.

Inq. How many dumb persons?

Mrs. T. Dumb! Why, there's no dumb body in the house, except the wooden-headed man, and he never speaks unless he's spoken to. To be sure, my husband wishes I was dumb, but he can't make it out.

Inq. Are there any manufactures carried on here?

Mrs. T. None to speak on, except turnip sausages and tow cloth.

Inq. Turnip-sausages!

Mrs. T. Yes, turnip-sausages. Is there anything so wonderful in that?

Inq. I never heard of them before. What kind of machinery is used in making them?

Mrs. T. Nothing but a bread-trough, a chopping-knife and a sausage filler.

Inq. Are they made of clear turnips?

Mrs. T. Now you're terrible inquisitive. What would you give to know?

Inq. I'll give you the name of being the

most communicative and pleasant woman I've met with for the last half-hour.

Mrs. T. Well, now, you're a sweet gentleman, and I must gratify you. You must know we mix with the turnip a little red cloth, just enough to give them a color, so they needn't look as if they were made of clear fat meat; then we chop them up well together, put in a little sage, summer savory, and black pepper; and they make as pretty little delicate links as ever was set on a gentleman's table; they fetch the highest price in the market.

Inq. Indeed! Have you a piano in the house?

Mrs. T. A piany! What's that?

Inq. A musical instrument.

Mrs. T. Lor, no. But Sary Jane, down at the Corners, has one—you see. Sary got all highfalutin about the great Colushun down to Bosting, and down she went; an' when she came back the old man got no rest until she had one of the big square music boxes with white teeth—'spose that's what you call a piany.

Inq. You seem to know what it is, then.

Mrs. T. Yes, sir. Have you anything more to ax?

Inq. Nothing more. Good morning, madam.

Mrs. T. Stop a moment; can't you think of something else? Do now, that's a good man. Wouldn't you like to know what we're a-going to have for dinner; or how many chickens our old white hen hatched at her last brood; or how many—

Inq. Nothing more—nothing more.

Mrs. T. Here, just look in the cupboard, and see how many red ants there are in the sugar-bowl; I haven't time to count them myself.

Inq. Confound your ants and all your relations.

[*Exit in a huff.*

ELDER SNIFFLES' COURTSHIP.

Characters.

WIDOW BEDOTT, } *In Character.*
ELDER SNIFFLES, }

The widow retires to the grove in the rear of ELDER SNIFFLES' *house, sits down on a log and sings in a plaintive voice.*

Widow Bedott.

WHAT peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
All on a summer's day!
But O, my comfort was destroyed,
When Shadrack crossed my way!

I heerd him preach—I heerd him pray—
I heerd him sweetly sing;
Dear suz! how I did feel that day!
It was a dreffal thing!

Full forty dollars would I give
If we'd continnerd apart—
For though he's made my sperrit live
He's surely bust my heart!

She sighs profoundly, and the ELDER *advances unexpectedly.*

W. B. Good gracious! is that you, Elder Sniffles! how you *did* scare me! Never was so flustrated in all the days o' my life! hadn't the remotest idee o' meeting *you* here—would't a come for forty dollars if I'd a s'posed you ever meander'd here. I never was here afore—but was settin' by my winder and I cast my eyes over here, and as I observed the lofty trees a wavin' in the gentle blast, and heerd the feathered songsters a wobblin' their mellancolly music, I felt quite a call to come over; it's so retired and morantic—such an approbriate place to marve. round in, ye know, when a body feels low-sperrited and unconsolable, as I dew to-night. O, d-e-a-r!

E. S. Most worthy Mrs. Bedott, your evident depression fills me with unmitigated sympathy. Your feelings (if I may be permitted to judge from the language of your song, which I overheard)——

W. B. You didn't though, Elder! the dreffal suz! what *shall* I dew! I wouldn't a had you heerd that song for no money! I wish I hadn't a come! I wish to gracious I hadn't a come!

E. S. I assure you, Mrs. Bedott, it was unintentional on my part, entirely unintentional, but my contiguity to yourself and your proximity to me were such as rendered it impossible for me to avoid hearing you—

W. B. Well, it can't be helped now; it's no use crying for spilt milk, but I wouldn't have you to think I know'd *you* ever came here.

E. S. On the contrary, this grove is a favorite resort of mine; it affords a congenial retreat after the exterminating and tremendous mental labors of the day. I not unfrequently spend the declining hours of the evening here, buried in the most profound meditations. On your entrance I was occupying my customary seat beneath that umbrageous mounting ash which you perceive a few feet from you; indeed, had not your mind been much pre-occupied you could scarcely have avoided discovering me.

W. B. Oh, granf'ther grievous! I wish I'd staid to hum! I was born for misfortin' and nothin' else! I wish to massy I'd staid to hum to-night! but I felt as if I'd like to come here once afore I leave the place. [*She weeps.*]

E. S. Ah! indeed! do you project leaving Scrabble Hill?

W. B. Yes, I dew; I calklate to go next week. I must hear you preach once more—*once* more, Elder, and then I'm gwine—somewhere—I don't care where, nor I don't care what becomes o' me when I git there. [*She sobs violently.*]

E. S. O, Mrs. Bedott, you distress me beyond limitation—permit me to inquire the cause of this uncontrollable agony?

W. B. O, Elder Sniffles, you're the last indiwidual that ought to ax such a question. O, I *shall* die! I shall give it up!

E. S. Madame, my interest in your welfare is intense; allow me to entreat you still more vehemently to unburden your mind; perhaps it is in my power to relieve you.

W. B. Relieve me! what an idee! O, Elder, you *will* be the death o' me if you make me revulge my feelings so. An hour ago I felt as if I'd a died afore I'd a said what I hev said now, but you've draw'd it out o' me.

E. S. Respected madame, you have as yet promulgated nothing satisfactory; permit me——

W. B. O, granf'ther grievous! must I come to't? Well, then, if I must, I must, so to begin at the beginnin'. When I fust heern you preach, your sarmons onsettled my faith; but after a spell I was convinced by yer argefyin', and gin up my 'roneus notions, and my mind got considerably carm. But how could I set Sabberday after Sabberday under the droppin's o' yer voice, and not begin to feel a mor'n ordinary interest in the speaker? I indevored not tew, but I couldn't help it; 'twas in vain to struggle against the feelin's that prepossest my buzzom. But it's all over with me now! my felicitude is at an end! my sittiwation is hopeless! I shall go back to Wiggleton next week, and never truble you no more.

E. S. Ah, Mrs. Bedott, you alarm——

W. B. Yes, you never'll see no more truble with Prissilly. I'm agwine back to Wiggleton. Can't bear to go back thar, nother, on account o' the indiwidduals that I come away to git rid of. There's Cappen Canoot, he's always been after me ever since my husband died, though I hain't never gin him no incurridgement—but he won't take no for an answer. I dread the critter's attentions. And 'Squire Bailey—he's wonderful rich—but that

ain't no recommendation to me, and I've told him so time and agin, but I s'pose he thinks I'll come round bumby. And Deacon Crosby, he lost his partner a spell afore I come away; he was very much pleased with me; he's a wonderful fine man—make a fust-rate husband. I kind o' hesitated when he promulgated his sentiments tew me, told him I'd think on't till I cum back—s'pose he'll be at me as soon as I git there. I hate to disappoint Deacon Crosby, he's such a fine man, and my dezeased companion sot so much by him, but then I don't feel for him as I dew for——. He's a Presbyterian, tew, and I don't think 'twould be right to unite my destination to hisen.

E. S. Undoubtedly in your present state of feeling, the uncongeniality would render a union——

W. B. O, dear, dear, dear! I can't bear to go back there and indure their attentions, but, thank fortune, they won't bother me long—I shall go into a decline, I know I shall, as well as I want to know it. My trubles 'll soon be over—undoubtedly they'll put up a monnyment to my memory—I've got the description all ready for it—it says:

Here sleeps Prissilly P. Bedott,
Late relic of Hezekier,
How mellancolly was her lot!
How soon she did expire!

She didn't commit self-suicide,
'Twas tribbilation killed her;
O, what a pity she hadn't a died
Afore she saw the elder!

And O, Elder, you'll visit my grave, won't ye, and shed tew or three tears over it? 'Twould be a consolation tew me tew think you would.

E. S. In case I should ever have occasion to journey through that section of the country, and could consistently with my arrangements make it convenient to tarry for a short time at Wiggleton, I assure you it would afford me much pleasure to visit your grave, agreeably to your request.

W. B. O, Elder, how onfeelin'!

E. S. Unfeeling! did I not understand you correctly when I understood you to request me to visit your grave?

W. B. Yes, but I don't see how you could be so carm, when I'm talkin' about dyin'.

E. S. I assure you, Mrs. Bedott, I had not the slightest intention of manifesting a want of feeling in my remark. I should regard your demise as a most deplorable event, and it would afford me no small degree of satisfaction to prevent so melancholy a catastrophe were it in my power.

W. B. Well, I guess I'll go hum. If Sally should know you was here a talkin' with me, she'd make an awful fuss.

E. S. Indeed I see no reason to fear that my domestic should interfere in any of my proceedings.

W. B. O, lawful sakes! how numb you be, elder! I didn't allude to Sal Blake—I meant Sal Hugle. She't you're ingaged tew.

E. S. Engaged to Miss Hugle! You alarm me, Mrs. Be——

W. B. Now don't undertake to deny it, Elder; everybody says it's a fact.

E. S. Well, then, it only remains for me to assert that everybody is laboring under an entire and unmitigated mistake.

W. B. You don't say so, Elder! Well, I declare, I do feel relieved. I couldn't endure the idea o' stayin' here to see that match go off. She's so onworthy—so different from what your companion had ort to be—and so lazy—and makes such awful poitry; and then she hain't worth a cent in the world. But I don't want to say a word against her; for, if you ain't ingaged now, mabby you will be. O, Elder! promise me, dew promise me now 't you won't marry that critter.

'Twould be a consolation to me when I'm far away on my dyin' bed to know—[*She weeps with renewed energy.*] O, Elder, I'm afeared I'm a gwine to have the highsterics. I'm subjick to spasmotic affections when I'm excited and overcome.

E. S. You alarm me, Mrs. Bedott! I will hasten to the house and bring the sal volatile, which may restore you.

W. B. For the land's sake, Elder, don't go after Sal; she can't dew nothin' for me. It'll only make talk, for she'll tell it all round the village. Jest take that ar newspaper that sticks out o' yer pocket, and fan me with it a leetle. There, I feel quite resusticated. I'm obliged tew ye; guess I can manage to get hum now. [*She rises.*] Farwell, Elder Sniffles! adoo! we part to meet no more!

E. S. Ah, Mrs. Bedott! do not speak in that mournful strain; you distress me beyond all mitigation. [*He takes her hand.*] Pray reseat yourself, and allow me to prolong the conversation for a short period. As I before observed, your language distresses me beyond all duration.

W. B. Dew you actually feel distressed at the idee o' partin' with me?

E. S. Most indubitably, Mrs. Bedott.

W. B. Well, then, what's the use o' partin' at all? O, what have I said? what have I said?

E. S. Ahem—ahaw, allow me to inquire—are you in easy circumstances, Mrs. Bedott?

W. B. Well, not entirely yet, though I feel considerable easier'n what I did an hour ago.

E. S. Ahem! I imagine that you do not fully apprehend my meaning. I am a clergyman, a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord—as such you will readily understand I cannot be supposed to abound in the filthy lucre of this world; my remuneration is small—hence——

W. B. O, Elder, how can you s'pose I'd hesitate on account o' your bein' poor? Don't think on't—it only increases my opinion of you; money ain't no objick to me.

E. S. I naturally infer from your indifference respecting the amount of *my* worldly possessions that you yourself have——

W. B. Don't be oneasy, Elder, dear—don't illude tew it again; depend on't you're jest as dear tew me, every bit and grain, as you would be if you owned all the mines in Ingy.

E. S. I will say no more about it.

W. B. So I s'pose we're ingaged.

E. S. Undoubtedly.

W. B. We're ingaged, and my tribbilation is at an end. [*Her head drops on his shoulder.*] O, Shadrack! what will Hugelina say when she hears on't?

FRANCIS M. WHITCHER.

THE MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

Characters. — MARY COLE; GRANDMOTHER COLE, *who is very deaf;* JACK COLE; AUNT MARTHA GORDON; CYRUS GORDON.

SCENE I.—*The sitting-room of the* COLE *family.* MARY *reading a newspaper.* GRANDMOTHER COLE *knitting.* AUNT MARTHA *crocheting.* JACK *playing with the balls in* AUNT MARTHA'S *work-basket.*

Mary Cole.

OH, Aunt Martha! only hear this! it's in the *Chronicle.* What a splendid chance! I declare, I've a great mind to answer it myself!

Aunt M. What have you got hold of now? You're allez a-making some powerful diskivery somewheres. What now? Something to turn gray eyes black, and blue eyes gray?

Mary. No; it's a matrimonial advertisement. What a splendid fellow this "C. G" must be!

Aunt M. Oh, shaw! A body must be dreadfully put to it, to advertise for a pardner in the newspapers. Thank goodness! I never got in such a strait as that 'er. The Lord has marcyfully kept me thus fur from having any dealings with the male sect, and I trust I shall be presarved to the end.

Jack Cole. Didn't you ever have an offer, Aunt Mattie?

Aunt M. (*indignantly.*) Why, Jack Cole! What an idee! I've had more chances to change my condition than you've got fingers and toes. But I refused 'em all. A single life is the only way to be happy. But it did kinder hurt my feelings to send some of my sparks adrift—they took it so hard. There was Colonel Turner. He lost his wife in June, and the last of August he come over to our 'ouse, and I gave him to understand that he needn't trouble himself; and he felt so mad that he went rite off and married the Widder Hopkins afore the month was out.

Jack. Poor fellow! How he must have felt! And, Aunt Mattie, I notice that Deacon Goodrich looks at you a great deal in meeting, since you've got that pink feather on your bonnet. What if he should want you to be a mother to his ten little ones?

Aunt M. (*simpering*). Law, Jack Cole! What a dreadful boy you be! (*pinches his ear.*) The deacon never thought of such a thing! But if it should please Providence to appoint to me such a fate, I should try and be resigned.

Granny Cole. Resigned? Who's resigned? Not the President, has he? Well, I don't blame him. I'd resign, too, if I was into his place. Nothing spiles a man's character so quick as being President or Congress Yer gran'father got in justice of the peace and chorus, once, and he resigned afore he was elected. Sed he didn't want his repetition spiled.

Jack. Three cheers for Gran'father Cole!

Granny C. Cheers? What's the matter with the cheers, now? Yer father had them bottomed last year, and this year they were new painted. What's to pay with 'em now?

Mary (*impatiently*). Do listen, all of you, to this advertisement.

Aunt M. Mary Cole, I'm sorry your head is so turned with the vanities of this world. Advertising for a pardner in that way is wicked. I hadn't orter listen to it.

Mary. Oh, it won't hurt you a bit, auntie. (*reads*) "A gentleman of about forty, very fine looking; tall, slender, and fair-haired, with very expressive eyes, and side whiskers, and some property, wishes to make the acquaintance of a young lady with similar qualifications——"

Jack. A young lady with expressive eyes and side whiskers——

Mary. Do keep quiet, Jack Cole! (*reads*) "With similar qualifications as to good looks and amiable temper, with a view to matrimony. Address, with stamp to pay return postage — C. G., *Scrubtown;* stating when and where an interview may be had." There! what do you think of that?

Jack. Deacon Goodrich to a T. "C. G." stands for Calvin Goodrich.

Aunt M. The land of goodness! Deacon Goodrich, indeed! a pillar of the church! advertising for a wife! No, no, Jack; it can't be him! He'd never stoop so low!

Jack. But if all the women are as hard-hearted as you are, and the poor man needs a wife. Think of his ten little olive plants!

Granny C. Plants? Cabbage plants? 'Taint time to set them out yet. Fust of August is plenty airly enuff to set 'em for winter. Cabbages never begin to head till the nights come cold.

Jack. Poor Mr. C. G.! Why don't you answer it, Aunt Mattie; and tell him you'll darn his stockings for him, and comb that fair hair of his?

Aunt M. Jack Cole! if you don't hold your tongue, I'll comb your hair for you in a way you won't like. Me answering one of them low advertisements! *Me*, indeed! I hain't so eager to get married as some folks I know. Brother Cyrus and I have lived all our lives in maiden meditation, fancy free—the only sensible ones of the family of twelve children; and it's my idee that we shall continner on in that way.

Mary. Why, don't you believe that Uncle Cyrus would get married if he could?

Aunt M. Your Uncle Cyrus! I tell you, Mary Cole, he wouldn't marry the best woman that ever trod! I've hearn him say so a hundred times.

Mary. Won't you answer this advertisement, auntie? I'll give you a sheet of my nicest gilt-edge note-paper if you will!

Aunt M. (*furiously*). If you weren't so big, Mary Jane Cole, I'd spank you soundly! I vow I would! Me answer it, indeed!

(*Leaves the room in great indignation.*)

Mary. Look here, Jack. What'll you bet she won't reply to that notice?

Jack. Nonsense! Wouldn't she blaze if she could hear you?

Mary. I'll wager my new curled waterfall against your ruby pin that Aunt Mattie replies to Mr. "C. G." before to-morrow night.

Jack. Done! I shall wear a curled waterfall after to-morrow.

Mary. No, sir! But I shall wear a ruby pin. Jack, who do you think "C. G." is?

Jack. Really, I do not know; do you? Ah! I know you do, by that look in your eyes. Tell me, that's a darling.

Mary. Not I. I don't expose secrets to a fellow who tells them all over town. Besides, it would spoil the fun.

Jack. Mary, you are the dearest little sister in the world! Tell me, please. (*taking her hands.*)

Mary. No, sir! You don't get that out of me. Take care, now. Let go of my hands. I'm going up stairs to keep an eye on Aunt Mattie. She's gone up now to write an answer to "C. G." And if there is any fun by-and-by, Jack, if you're a good boy you shall be there to see.

Granny C. To sea? Going to sea? Why, Jack Cole! you haint twenty-one yet, and the sea's a dreadful place! There's a sarpint lives in it as big as the Scrubtown meeting-'us', and whales that swaller folks alive, clothes and all! I read about one in a book a great while ago that swallered a man of the name of Jonah, and he didn't set well on the critter's stummuck, and up he come, lively as ever! (*Curtain falls.*)

SCENE II.—*The garden of a deserted house, in the vicinity of* MR. COLE'S. MARY *leading* JACK *cautiously along a shady path.*

Mary. There; we'll squat down behind this lilac bush. I'ts nearly the appointed hour. I heard Aunt Mattie sollioquizing in her room this morning, after this manner—"At eight o'clock this night I go to meet my destiny! In the deserted garden, under the old pear tree. How very romantic!" Hark! there she comes!

Jack. Well, of all the absurd things that ever I heard tell of! Who would have believed that our staid old maid aunt would have been guilty of answering a matrimonial advertisement?

Mary. Hush! Jack, if you make a noise and spoil the fun now, I'll never forgive you. Keep your head still, and don't fidget so.

Aunt Mattie (*slowly walking down the path—soliloquizing.*) Eight o'clock! It struck just as I started out. He ought to be here. Why does he tarry? If he aint punctual I'll give him the mitten. I swow I will! Dear gracious! what a sitivation to be in! Me, at my time of life! though, to be shure, I haint so old as—as I might be. The dew's

a-falling, and I shall get the rheumatiz in these thin shoes, if he don't come quick. What if Jack and Mary should git hold of this? I never should hear the last of it! Never! I wouldn't have 'em know it for a thousand dollars! Goodness me! What if it *should* be the deacon? Them children of his'n is dreadful youngsters; but, the Lord helping me, I'd try to train 'em up in the way they should go. Hark! is that him a-coming? No; it's a toad hopping through the carrot bed. My soul and body! what if he should want to kiss me? I'll chew a clove for fear he should. I wonder if it would be properous to let him? But then I s'pose if it's the deacon I couldn't help myself. He's an awful *dee*tarmined man; and if I couldn't help it I shouldn't be to blame! Deary me! how I trimble! There he comes! I hear his step! What a tall man! 'Taint the deacon. He's got a shawl on! Must be the new schoolmaster! he wears a shawl! (*a man approaches.* MISS MATTIE *goes up to him cautiously.*) Is this Mr. C. G.?

C. G. Yes, it is; Is this Miss M. G.?

Aunt M. It is. Dear sir, I hope you wont think me bold and unmaidenly in coming out here all alone in the dark to meet you?

C. G. Never! Ah, the happiness of this moment! For forty years I have been looking for thee! (*puts his arm around her.*)

Aunt M. Oh, dear me! dont! dont! my dear sir! I aint used to it! and it aint exactly proper out here in this old garden! It's a dreadful lonely spot, and if people should see us they might talk.

C. G. Let 'em talk! They'll talk still more when you and I are married, I reckon. Lift your veil and let me see your sweet face.

Aunt M. Yes, if you'll remove that hat and let me behold your countenance.

C. G. Now, then; both together. (AUNT M. *throws back her veil.* C. G. *removes his hat. They gaze at each other a moment in utter silence.*)

Aunt M. Good gracious airth! 'tis brother Cyrus!

C. G. Jubiter Ammon! 'tis sister Martha!

Aunt M. Oh, my soul and body, Cyrus Gordon! Who'd ever a-thought of you, at your time of life, cutting up such a caper as this? You old, bald-headed, gray-whiskered man! Forty years old! My gracious! You were fifty-nine last July!

C. G. Well, if I am, you're two year older. So it's as broad as 'tis long!

Aunt M. Why, I thought shure it was Deacon Goodrich that advertised. C. G. stands for Calvin Goodrich.

C. G. Yes; and it stands for Cyrus Gordon, too. And Deacon Goodrich was married last night to Peggy Jones.

Aunt M. That snub-nosed, red-haired Peggy Jones! He'd ort to be flayed alive! Married again! and his wife not hardly cold! Oh, the desatefulness of men! Thank Providence I haint tied to one of the abominable sect.

C. G. Well, Martha, we're both in the same boat. If you wont tell of me, I wont of you. But it's a terrible disappointment to me, for I sarting thought M. G. meant Marion Giles, the pretty milliner.

Aunt M. Humph! What an old goose! She wouldn't look at you! I heerd her laffing at your swaller-tailed coat, when you come out of meeting last Sunday. But I'm ready to keep silence if you will. Gracious! if Jack and Mary should get wind of this shouldn't we have to take it?

C. G. Hark! what's that? (*voice behind the lilac-bush sings:*)

"Oh, there's many a bud the cold frost will nip,
And there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

Aunt M. That's Jack's voice! Goodness me! Let us scoot for home!

Jack. Did he kiss you, Aunt Mattie?

Mary. Do you like the smell of cloves, Uncle Cyrus?

C. G. Confound you both! If I had hold of ye I'd let you know if I like to smell cloves, and birch, too. (*Curtain falls.*

MRS. MALAPROP AND CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

From "The Rivals."

Costumes.

MRS. MALAPROP, *Crimson satin dress, trimmed with white lace and satin ribbon.*

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE, *Scarlet regimental full-dress coat, white breeches, silk stockings and cocked hat.*

Enter MRS. MALAPROP, *with a letter in her hand,* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE *following.*

Mrs. Malaprop.

YOUR being Sir Anthony's son, Captain, would itself be a sufficient accommodation; but from the ingenuity of your appearance, I am convinced you deserve the character here given of you.

Capt. A. Permit me to say, madame, that as I have never yet had the pleasure of seeing Miss Languish, my principal inducement in this affair, at present, is the honor of being allied to Mrs. Malaprop, of whose intellectual accomplishments, elegant manners and unaffected learning no tongue is silent.

Mrs. M. Sir, you do me infinite honor! I beg, Captain, you'll be seated. [*Both sit.*] Ah! few gentlemen, nowadays, know how to value the ineffectual qualities in a woman! Men have no sense now but for the worthless flower of beauty.

Capt. A. It is but too true, indeed, ma'am; yet I fear our ladies should share the blame; they think our admiration of beauty so great that knowledge in them would be superfluous. Thus, like garden trees, they seldom show fruit till time has robbed them of the more spacious blossoms: few, like Mrs. Malaprop and the orange tree, are rich in both at once.

Mrs. M. Sir, you overpower me with good breeding. [*Aside.*] He is the very pine-apple of politeness! You are not ignorant, Captain, that this giddy girl has, somehow, contrived to fix her affections on a beggarly, strolling, eavesdropping ensign, whom none of us have seen, and nobody knows anything of.

Capt. A. Oh, I have heard the silly affair before. I'm not at all prejudiced against her on that account. But it must be very distressing, indeed, to you, ma'am.

Mrs. M. Oh, it gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree!—I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him; but, behold, this very day, I have interceded another letter from the fellow—I believe I have it in my pocket.

Capt. A. My last note! [*Aside.*]

Mrs. M. Ay, here it is.

Capt. A. Oh, the little traitress, Lucy!

Mrs. M. There, perhaps you may know the writing. [*Gives him the letter.*]

Capt. A. I think I have seen the hand before—yes, I certainly must have seen this hand before.

Mrs. M. Nay, but read it, Captain.

Capt. A. [*reads.*] "My soul's idol, my adored Lydia!" Very tender, indeed!

Mrs. M. Tender! ay, and profane too, o'my conscience.

Capt. A. "I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me, the more so as my new rival"——

Mrs. M. That's you, sir.

Capt. A. "Has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman and a man of honor." Well, that's handsome enough.

Mrs. M. Oh, the fellow has some design in writing so.

Capt. A. That he had, I'll answer for him, ma'am.

Mrs. M. But go on, sir—you'll see presently.

Capt. A. "As for the old weather-beaten she-dragon who guards you"—who can he mean by that?

Mrs. M. Me, sir—me—he means me there—what do you think now?—but go on a little further.

Capt. A. Impudent scoundrel!—"it shall go hard, but I will elude her vigilance! as I am told that the same ridiculous vanity which makes her dress up her coarse features and deck her dull chat with hard words which she don't understand"——

Mrs. M. There, sir, an attack upon my language! what do you think of that?—an aspersion upon my parts of speech! was ever such a brute! Sure, if I reprehend anything in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs.

Capt. A. He deserves to be hanged and quartered! let me see—"same ridiculous vanity"——

Mrs. M. You need not read it again, sir!

Capt. A. I beg pardon, ma'am—"does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration"—an impudent coxcomb—"so that I have a scheme to see you shortly, with the old harridan's consent, and even to make her a go-between in our interviews"—Was ever such assurance!

Mrs. M. Did you ever hear anything like it? [*They rise.*] He'll elude my vigilance, will he?—yes, yes!—ha! ha! he's very likely to enter these doors!—we'll try who can run best!

Capt. A. So we will, ma'am—so we will—Ha! ha! ha! a conceited puppy! ha! ha! ha!—Well, but Mrs. Malaprop, as the girl seems so infatuated by this fellow, suppose you were to wink at her corresponding with him for a little time—let her even plot an elopement with him—then do you connive at her escape—while I, just in the nick, will have the fellow laid by the heels, and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead.

Mrs. M. I am delighted with the scheme; never was anything better perpetrated.

Capt. A. But, pray, could I not see the lady for a few minutes now?—I should like to try her temper a little.

Mrs. M. Why, I don't know—I doubt she is not prepared for a visit of this kind. There is a decorum in these matters.

Capt. A. O, she won't mind me!—only tell her Beverley——

Mrs. M. Sir!

Capt. A. Gently, good tongue! [*Aside.*]

Mrs. M. What did you say of Beverley?

Capt. A. Oh, I was going to propose that you should tell her, by way of jest, that it was Beverley who was below—she'd come down fast enough then—ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. M. 'Twould be a trick she well deserves—besides, you know, the fellow tells her he'll get my consent to see her—ha! ha!—Let him, if he can, I say again.—Lydia, come down here! [*Calling.*] He'll make me a go-between in their interviews!—ha! ha! ha!—Come down, I say, Lydia!—I don't wonder at your laughing—ha! ha! ha! his impudence is truly ridiculous.

Capt. A. 'Tis very ridiculous, upon my soul, ma'am!—ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. M. The little hussy won't hear. Well, I'll go and tell her at once who it is—she shall know that Captain Absolute is come to wait on her; and I'll make her behave as becomes a young woman.

Capt. A. As you please ma'am.

Mrs. M. For the present, Captain, your servant.—Ah! you've not done laughing yet, I see—elude my vigilance! yes, yes—Ha! ha! ha! [*Exit.*

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

WINNING A WIDOW.

Characters.

MRS. CUMMISKEY . . *A Middle-aged Widow.*
MR. COSTELLO . . . *An Old Bachelor.*

SCENE.—MRS. C.'s *dwelling. Table set.* MR. C. *outside.*

Mr. C. Good evenin' to you, ma'am.

Mrs. C. Good evenin' to you, Mr. Costello.

Mr. C. It's fine weather we're havin', ma'am.

Mrs. C. It is that, thank God, but the winter's comin' at last, and it comes to all, both great and small.

Mr. C. Ah! but for all that it doesn't come to all alike. Now here are you, ma'am, fat, rosy and good-lookin', equally swate as a summer greenin', a fall pippin or a winter russet—

Mrs. C. Arrah, hould your whist, now. Much an old bachelor like you knows about apples or women. But come in, Mr. Costello, and take a cup o' tay with me, for I was only standin' be the door lookin' at the people passin' for company sake, like, and I'm sure the kittle must have sung itself hoarse. [Mr. C. *enters and sits.*]

Mr. C. It's very cosy ye are here, Mrs. Cummiskey.

Mrs. C. Yes. [*Lays the supper.*] It is that whin I do be havin' company.

Mr. C. Ah! it must be lonesome for you with only yer cat and the cup o' tay.

Mrs. C. Sure it is. But sit up to the table, Mr. Costello. Help yourself to this fish, and don't furget the purtaties. Look at them; they're splittin' their sides wid laughin'. [*She pours tea.*]

Mr. C. I'm sensible of the comforts of a home, Mrs. Cummiskey, though I've none meself. Mind now, the difference between the taste o' tay made and sarved that way and the tay they gives you in an aitin'-house.

Mrs. C. Sure there's nothin' like a little home of yer own. I wonder yer never got marrit, Mr. Costello.

Mr. C. I was about to make the same remark in rifference to yerself, ma'am.

Mrs. C. God help us, aren't I a widder woman this seven years?

Mr. C. Ah, but it's thinkin' I was why ye didn't get marrit again.

Mrs. C. Well, it's sure I am [*thoughtfully setting down her teacup and raising her hand by way of emphasis*], there was no better husband to any woman than him that's dead and gone, heaven save an' rest his sowl. He was that asy a child could do anything wid him, and he was as humorous as a monkey. You favor him very much, Mr. Costello. He was about your height, and complicted like you.

Mr. C. Ah!

Mrs. C. He often used to say to me in his banterin' way, Sure, Nora, what's the woruld to a man whin his wife is a widder, manin', you know, that all the timptations and luxuries of this life can never folly a man beyant the grave. Sure, Nora, says he, what's the woruld to a man whin his wife's a widder?

Mr. C. It was a sensible sayin' that [*helping himself to more fish*].

Mrs. C. I mind the day John died. He knew everything to the last, and about four o'clock in the afthernoon—it was seventeen minutes past five exactly, be the clock, that he died—he says to me, Nora, says he, you've been a good wife, says he, an' I've been a good husband, says he, an' so there's no love lost atween us, says he, an' I could give ye a good characthur to any place, says he, an' I wish ye could do the same for me where I'm goin', says he; but it's case equal, says he, an' every dog has his day, an' some has a day an' a half, says he, an' says he, I'll know more in a bit than Father Corrigan himself, says he, but I'll say now, says he, that I've always been a true son of the Church, says he, so I'll not bother my brains about it; an' he says, says he, I lave ye in good hands, Nora,

for I lave you in your hands, says he; an' if at any time ye see any wan ye like betther nor me, marry him, says he. Ah, Nora, says he, for the first time spakin' it solemn like, ah, Nora, what's the woruld to a man whin his wife's a widder? An' says he, I lave fifty dollars for masses, and the rest I lave to yourself, said he, an' I needn't tell ye to be a good mother to the childer', says he, for well ye know there are none. Ah, poor John! Will ye have another cup of tay, Mr. Costello?

Mr. C. It must have been very hard on ye [*passing cup*]. Thank ye, ma'am, no more.

Mrs. C. It was hard, but time will tell. I must cast about me for my own livin'; and so I got intil this place an' here I am to-day. [*Both rise from the table and seat themselves before the fire.*]

Mr. C. Ah! an' here we are both of us this evenin.'

Mrs. C. Here we are, sure enough.

Mr. C. And so I mind ye of—of him, do I?

Mrs. C. That ye do. Ye favor him greatly. Dark complicted, an' the same plisint smile.

Mr. C. Now, with me sittin' here an' you sittin' there ferninst me, ye might almost think ye were marrit agin. [*Insinuatingly.*]

Mrs. C. Ah, go away now for a taze that ye are. [*Mussing her apron by rolling the corners of it.*

Mr. C. I disremember what it was ye said about seein' any man you liked betther nor him. [*Moving his chair nearer to that of the widow.*]

Mrs. C. He said, said he [*smoothing her apron over her knees*], Nora, said he, if anny time ye see anny man ye like betther nor me, marry him, says he.

Mr. C. Did he say anything about anny one ye liked as good as him?

Mrs. C. I don't mind that he did. [*Reflectively, folding her hands in her lap.*]

Mr. C. I suppose he left that to yerself?

Mrs. C. Faith, an' I don't know, thin.

Mr. C. Div ye think ye like me as well as ye did him? [*Persuasively, leaning forward to look into the widow's eyes, which are cast down.*]

Mrs. C. Ah, go away now for a taze. [*Straightening herself and playfully slapping* Mr. Costello *on the face. He moves his chair still nearer, and puts his arm around her waist.*]

Mr. C. Tell me, div ye like me as well as ye did him?

Mrs. C. I—I most—I most disremember now how much I liked him. [*Embarrassed.*]

Mr. C. Ah, now, don't be breakin' me heart. Answer me this question, Mrs. Cummiskey—Is your heart tender toward me?

Mrs. C. It is [*whispers*], an' there, now ye have it.

Mr. C. Glory! [*Kisses her.*]

Mrs. C. But, James, ye haven't told me yet how ye liked yer tay?

Mr. C. Ah, Nora, me jewel, the taste of that first kiss would take away the taste of all the tay that ever was brewed.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS

COMPRISING

Dramatic, Humorous and Tragic Pieces from the most Celebrated Authors, adapted to the use of Public Schools, Academies and Higher Institutions of Learning, for Public and Social Entertainments.

Wit and Wisdom Represented by a Great Variety of Entertaining Characters.

UNCLE PETE.

Characters.

GEORGE PEYTON, *a planter.*

UNCLE PETE, *a venerable darkey, looking the worse for wear, with more patches than pantaloons.*

SCENE—*Exterior view of a planter's cabin, with practicable door.* GEORGE PEYTON *discovered, seated on a bench, under veranda, reading a newspaper.*

Enter UNCLE PETE, *a limp noticeable in his left leg, the knee of which is bowed outward, hoe on his shoulder.*

Uncle Pete. (*Pausing as he enters, shading his eyes with his hand, and going towards* GEORGE PEYTON.) Yes, dar he is; dar is Marse George, a sittin' on the porch, a readin' his papah. Golly, I cotch him at home! (*Advancing and calling*) Marse George, Marse George, I's come to see you once mo', once mo,' befo' I leabes you fo'-ebber. Marse George, I'se gwine to de odder shoah; I'se far on de way to my long home, to dat home ober acrost de ribber, whar de wicked hab' no mo' trouble, and where water-millions ripen all the year! Youns has all bin berry kine to me heah, Marse George, berry kine to de ole man, but I's gwine away, acrost de dark ribber. I's gwine ober, an' dar, on dat odder shoah, I'll stan' an' pick on de golden hawp among de angels, an' in de company of de blest. Dar I'll fine my rest; dar I'll stan' befo' de throne fo'-ebber mo' a singin' an' a shoutin' susannis to de Lord!

George Peyton. Oh, no, Uncle Pete, you're all right yet—you're good for another twenty years.

Uncle P. Berry kine o' you to say dat, Marse George—berry kine—but it's no use. It almos' breaks my hawt to leab you, and to leab de missus and de chillun, Marse George, but I's got my call—I's all gone inside.

George P. Don't talk so, Uncle Pete; you are still quite a hale old man.

Uncle P. No use talkin', Marse George, I's gwine to hebben berry soon. 'Pears like I can heah the singin' on de odder shoah. 'Pears like I can heah de voice of ol' "Aunt Liza" an' de odders dat's gone befoah. You's bin berry kine, Marse George—de missus an' de chillun's bin berry good—seems like all de people's been berry good to poor ole Pete—poor cretur like me.

George P. Nonsense, Uncle Pete (*kindly and encouragingly*), nonsense, you are good for many years yet. You'll see the sod placed on the graves of many younger men than you are, before they dig the hole for you. What you want just now, Uncle Pete, is a good square meal. Go into the kitchen and help yourself—fill up inside. There is no one at home, but I think you know the road. Plenty of cold victuals of all kinds in there.

Uncle P. (*A smile illuminating his face.*) 'Bleedged t'ye, Marse George, 'bleeged t'ye, sah, I'll go! For de little time I has got to stay, I'll not go agin natur'; but it's no use. I's all gone inside—I's got my call. I'm one o' dem dat's on de way to de golden shoah.

(*Exit* UNCLE PETE *through door, his limp hardly noticeable. His manner showing his delight.*)

George P. Poor old Uncle Pete, he seems to be the victim of religious enthusiasm. I suppose he has been to camp-meeting, but he is a cunning old fox, and it must have taken a regular hard-shell sermon to convert the old sinner. He was raised on this plantation, and I have often heard my father say, he hadn't a better negro on the place. Ever since the war, he has been working a little, and loafing a good deal, and I have no doubt he sometimes sighs to be a slave again at work on the old plantation. (*Starts and listens.*)

Uncle P. (*Singing inside:*)

Jay bird, jay bird, sittin' on a limb,
He winked at me, an' I at him;
Cocked my gun, an' split his shin,
An' left the arrow a-stickin'.

George P. (*Starting up.*) Zounds! if that old thief hasn't found my bitters bottle! Pete! Pete, you rascal!

Uncle P. (*Continues singing:*)

Snake bake a hoe cake,
An' set the frog to mind it;
But the frog fell asleep,
An' the lizard come an' find it.

George P. Pete! you rascal, come out of that.

Uncle P. (*Who does not hear the planter, continues singing, and dances a gentle, old-fashioned shuffle.*)

De debbil cotch the groun' hog
A-sittin' in de sun,
An' kick him off de back-log,
I 's' to see de fun.

George P. (*Furious.*) Pete; you infernal nigger, come out of that, I say.

Uncle P. (*Still singing and dancing.*)

De 'possum up de gum tree,
A-playin' wid his toes,
An' up comes de ginny pig,
Den off he goes.

George P. (*Thoroughly aroused, throwing down his paper.*) You, Pete; blast the nigger.

Uncle P. (*Continues singing:*)

De weasel went to see de polecat's wife,
You nebber smelt such a row in all yer—

George P. (*Rushes in the cabin, interrupts the singing, and drags* PETE *out by the ear.*) Pete! Pete, you infernal old rascal, is that the way you are crossing the river? Are those the songs they sing on the golden shore? Is this the way for a man to act when he has got his call—when he is all gone inside?

Uncle P. (*Looking as if he had been caught in a hen-roost.*) Marse George. I's got de call, sah, an' I's gwine acrost de dark ribber soon, but I's now braced up a little on de inside, an' de 'scursion am postponed—you see, de 'scursion am postponed, sah!

George P. (*Folding his arms, looking at* PETE, *as if in admiration of his impudence.*) The excursion is postponed, is it? Well, *this* excursion is not postponed, you old scoundrel. (*Seizes* PETE *by the coat-collar and runs him off stage, L.*) [CURTAIN.]

PAT'S EXCUSE.

CHARACTERS: { NORA, *a young Irish lass.*
PAT MURPHY, *a gay deceiver.*

Curtain rises.—Discovers NORA *in kitchen, peeling potatoes.*

Nora. Och! it's deceivin' that all men are! Now I belaved Pat niver would forsake me, and here he's trated me like an ould glove, and I'll *niver* forgive him. How praties make your eyes water. (*Wipes tears away.*) Almost as bad as onions. Not that I'm sryin'; oh, no. Pat Murphy cant see *me* cry. (*Knock without.*) There is Pat now, the rascal. I'll lock the door. (*Hastens to lock door.*)

Pat (*without*). Arrah, Nora, and here I am.

Nora. And there ye'll stay, ye spalpeen.

Pat (*without*). Ah, come now, Nora,—ain't it opening the door you are after? Sure, I'm dyin' of cold.

Nora. Faith, you are too hard a sinner to die aisy—so you can take your time about it.

Pat. Open the door, cushla; the police will be takin' me up.

Nora. He won't kape you long, alanna!

Pat. Nora, if you let me in, I'll tell you how I came to lave you at the fair last night.

Nora (*relenting*). Will you, for true?

Pat. Indade I will.

(*Nora unlocks door. Enter* PAT *gayly. He snatches a kiss from her.*)

Nora. Be off wid ye! Now tell me how you happened to be wid Mary O'Dwight last night?

Pat (*sitting down*). Well, you see it happened this way; ye know Mike O'Dwight is her brother, and he and me is blatherin' good friends, ye know; and as we was going to Caltry the ither day, Mike says to me, says he: "Pat, what'll you take fur that dog?" and I says, says I—

Nora (*who has been listening earnestly*). Bother you, Pat, but you are foolin' me again.

Pat (*coaxingly takes her hand*). No—no—Nora—I'll tell ye the truth this time, sure. Well, as I was sayin', Mike and me is good friends; and Mike says, says he: "Pat, that's a good dog." "Yis," says I, "it is." And he says, says he: "Pat, it is a blatherin' good dog." "Yis," says I; and then—and then— (*Scratches his head as if to aid his imagination.*)

Nora (*angrily snatching away hand*). There! I'll not listen to another word!

She sings. (Tune—Rory O'Moore.)

Oh, Patrick Murphy, be off wid you, pray,
I been watching your pranks this many a day;
You're false, and ye're fickle, as sure as I live
And your hateful desaivin' I'll niver forgive.
Ouch! do you think I was blind yester night,
When you walked so fine with Mary O'Dwight?
You kissed her, you rascal, and called her your own,
And left me to walk down the dark lane alone.

Pat (*taking up song*).

Oh, Nora, me darlint, be off wid your airs,
For nobody wants you, and nobody cares!
For you do want your Patrick, for don't you see,
You could not so well love any but me.
When my lips met * Miss Mary's, now just look at me,
I shut my eyes tight just this way, don't you see?
And when the kiss came, what did I do?—
I shut my eyes tight, and made believe it was *you!*

Nora.

Be off wid your nonsense—a word in your ear,
Listen, my Patrick, be sure that you hear;
Last night when Mike Duffy came here to woo,
We sat in the dark, and made believe it was you—
And when the kiss came, now just look at me,—
I shut my eyes tight, just this way, don't you see?
And when our lips met, what did I do,
But keep my eyes shut, and make belave it was you!

(*Nora, laughing; Pat, disconcerted.*)

[QUICK CURTAIN.]

THE DUEL.

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER *to left, with pistols, followed by* ACRES.

Acres. (*L.*†) By my valor, then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims!—I say it is a good distance.

Sir Lucius. (*R.*) Is it for muskets or small field-pieces? Upon my conscience Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me.—Stay, now—I'll show you. (*Measures paces along the floor.*) There, now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acr. (*R.*) Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the further he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir L. (*L.*) Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acr. No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty or eight-and-thirty yards—

Sir L. Pooh! pooh! nonsense! Three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acr. Odds bullets, no!—by my valor! there is no merit in killing him so near! Do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot:—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

* From the asterisk they sing only the first strain of "Rory O'More"—omitting the minor strain, with which Nora finishes her first stanza.

†*L.* signifies *left*; *R.*, *right*, and *C.*, *centre* of stage.

Sir L. Well, the gentlemen's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acr. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius—but I don't understand—

Sir L. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk; and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acr. A quietus!

Sir L. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be pickled and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey?—I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acr. Pickled!—Snugly in the Abbey!—Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir L. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before.

Acr. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir L. Ah! that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray, now, how would you receive the gentlemen's shot?

Acr. Odds files!—I've practiced that—there, Sir Lucius—there. (*Puts himself in an attitude.*) A side front, hey? I'll make myself small enough: I'll stand edgeways.

Sir L. Now—you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim— (*Leveling at him.*)

Acr. Zounds! Sir Lucius—are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir L. Never fear.

Acr. But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

Sir L. Pooh! be easy. Well, now, if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance; for, if it misses a vital part of your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left.

Acr. A vital part!

Sir L. But, there, fix yourself so—(*placing him*)—let him see the broadside of your full front, there, now, a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acr. Clean through me!—a ball or two clean through me!

Sir L. Ay, may they; and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Acr. Look'ee, Sir Lucius! I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valor! I will stand edgeways.

Sir L. (*Looking at his watch.*) Sure, they don't mean to disappoint us. Ha! no, faith; I think I see them coming. (*Crosses to R.*)

Acr. (*L.*) Hey!—what!—coming!—

Sir L. Ay. Who are those yonder, getting over the stile?

Acr. There are two of them, indeed! Well—let them come—hey, Sir Lucius! we—we—we—we—won't run!

Sir L. Run!

Acr. No,—I say,—we won't run, by my valor!

Sir L. What's the matter with you?

Acr. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius! but I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir L. O, fy! Consider your honor.

Acr. Ay—true—my honor. Do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honor.

Sir L. Well, here they're coming. (*Looking R.*)

Acr. Sir Lucius, if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid! If my valor should leave me!—Valor will come and go.

Sir L. Then pray keep it fast while you have it.

Acr. Sir Lucius, I doubt it is going!—yes—my valor is certainly going!—it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms o my hands!

Sir L. Your honor! your honor! Here they are.

Acr. O mercy!—now—that I was safe a Clod Hall! or could be shot before I was aware! (Sir Lucius *takes Acres by the arm, and leads him reluctlantly off, R.*) Sheridan.

READING THE WILL.

CHARACTERS:

SWIPES, *a brewer.* CURRIE, *a saddler.*
FRANK MILLINGTON, *and* 'SQUIRE DRAWL.

Enter SWIPES, *R.*,* CURRIE, *L.*,

Swipes. A sober occasion this, brother Currie! Who would have thought the old lady was so near her end?

Currie. Ah! we must all die, brother Swipes. Those who live longest outlive the most.

Swipes. True, true; but, since we must die and leave our earthly possessions, it is well that the law takes such good care of us. Had the old lady her senses when she departed?

Cur. Perfectly, perfectly. 'Squire Drawl told me she read every word of her last will and testament aloud, and never signed her name better.

Swipes. Had you any hint from the 'Squire what disposition she made of her property?

Cur. Not a whisper! the 'Squire is as close as a miser's purse. But one of the witnesses hinted to me that she has cut off her graceless nephew with a shilling.

Swipes. Has she? Good soul! Has she? You know I come in, then, in right of my wife.

Cur. And I in my *own* right; and this is, no doubt, the reason why we have been called to hear the reading of the will. 'Squire Drawl knows how things should be done, though he is as air-tight as one of your own beer-barrels, brother Swipes. But here comes the young reprobate. He must be present, as a matter of course, you know. (*Enter* FRANK MILLINGTON, *R.*) Your servant, young gentleman. So, your benefactress has left you, at last!

Swipes. It is a painfull thing to part with old and good friends, Mr. Millington.

Frank. It is so, sir; but I could bear her loss better, had I not so often been ungrateful for her kindness. She was my only friend, and I knew not her value.

Cur. It is too late to repent, Master Millington. You will now have a chance to earn your own bread.

Swipes. Ay, ay, by the sweat of your brow, as better people are obliged to. You would make a fine brewer's boy, if you were not too old.

Cur. Ay, or a saddler's lackey, if held with a tight rein.

Frank. Gentlemen, your remarks imply that my aunt has treated me as I deserved. I am above your insults, and only hope you will bear your fortune as modestly, as I shall mine submissively. I shall retire. (*As he is going, R., enter* 'SQUIRE DRAWL, *R.*)

'Squire. Stop, stop, young man! We must have your presence. Good-morning, gentlemen: you are early on the ground.

Cur. I hope the 'Squire is well to-day.

'Squire. Pretty comfortable for an invalid.

Swipes. I trust the damp air has not affected your lungs.

'Squire. No, I believe not. You know I never hurry. *Slow and sure* is my maxim. Well, since the heirs-at-law are all convened, I shall proceed to open the last will and testament of your deceased relative, according to law.

Swipes. (*While the* 'SQUIRE *is breaking the seal.*) It is a trying scene to leave all one's possessions, 'Squire, in this manner!

Cur. It really makes me feel melancholy when I look round and see everything but the venerable owner of these goods. Well did the preacher say, All is vanity!

'Squire. Please to be seated, gentlemen. (*All sit.—The* 'SQUIRE *puts on his spectacles, and reads slowly.*) "Imprimis: Whereas my nephew, Francis Millington, by his disobedience and ungrateful conduct, has shown himself unworthy of my bounty, and incapable of managing my large estate, I do hereby give and bequeath all my houses, farms, stocks, bonds, moneys and property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt street, brewer, and Christopher Currie, of Fly Court, saddler." ('SQUIRE *takes off his spectacles to wipe them.*)

Swipes. (*Dreadfully overcome.*) Generous creature! kind soul! I always loved her.

*R. signifies *right*; *L.*, *left*, and *C.*, *centre* of stage.

Cur. She *was* good, she *was* kind! She was in her right mind. Brother Swipes, when we divide, I think I will take the mansion-house.

Swipes. Not so fast, if you please, Mr. Currie! My wife has long had her eye upon that, and must have it. (*Both rise.*)

Cur. There will be two words to that bargain, Mr. Swipes! And, besides, I ought to have the first choice. Did not I lend her a new chaise every time she wished to ride? And who knows what influence——.

Swipes. Am I not named first in her will? And did I not furnish her with my best small beer for more than six months? And who knows——.

Frank. Gentlemen, I must leave you.

(*Going.*)

'Squire. (*Wiping his spectacles, and putting them on.*) Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats. I have not done yet. (*All sit.*) Let me see; where was I?—Ay,—"All my property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt street, brewer——"

Swipes. Yes!

'Squire. "And Christopher Currie, Fly Court, saddler——"

Cur. Yes!

'Squire. "To have and to hold IN TRUST, for the sole and exclusive benefit of my nephew, Francis Millington, until he shall have attained the age of twenty-one years; by which time I hope he will have so far reformed his evil habits, as that he may safely be intrusted with the large fortune which I hereby bequeath to him."

Swipes. What's all this? You don't mean that we are humbugged? *In trust!*—how does that appear? Where is it?

'Squire. (*Pointing to the parchment.*) There! In two words of as good old English as I ever penned.

Cur. Pretty well, too, Mr. 'Squire, if we must be sent for to be made a laughing-stock of! She shall pay for every ride she had out of my chaise, I promise you!

Swipes. And for every drop of my beer. Fine times, if two sober, hard-working citizens are to be brought here to be made the sport of a graceless profligate! But we will manage his property for him, Mr. Currie! We will make him feel that trustees are not to be trifled with!

Cur. That will we!

'Squire. Not so fast, gentlemen; for the instrument is dated three years ago, and the young gentleman must already be of age, and able to take care of himself. Is it not so, Francis?

Frank. It is, your worship.

'Squire. Then, gentlemen, having attended to the breaking of this seal according to law, you are released from any further trouble in the premises.

(*Exit* SWIPES *and* CURRIE *in earnest conversation.*) SARGENT.

THE DEBTOR AND THE DUN.

Enter REMNANT, *R.**

Remnant. Well, I am resolved I'll collect my bill of Col. Blarney this time. He shan't put me off again. This is the twentieth time, as I'm a sinner, that I have dunned him! His smooth words shan't humbug me now. No, no! Richard Remnant is not such a goose as to be paid in fine words for fine clothes. (*Takes out a long bill and unrolls it.*) A pretty collection of items, that! Why, the interest alone would make a good round sum. But hark! He is coming. (*Hastily rolls up the bill and returns it to his pocket.*)

Enter COL. BLARNEY, *R.*

Blarney. Ah! my dear Remnant, a thousand welcomes! How delighted I am to see you! And what stupidity on the part of my people not to make you enter at once! True, I had given orders that they should admit nobody; but those orders did not extend to you, my dear sir, for to you I am always at home.

Rem. Much obliged, sir. (*Fumbling in his pocket for his bill.*)

Blar. (*calling to his servants.*) What, ho!

*The initials *R.* and *L.* stand for the *Right* and *Left* of the stage, facing the audience.

John! Martha! confound you! I will teach you to keep my friend Remnant kicking his heels in the entry! I will teach you to distinguish among my visitors!

Rem. Indeed, sir, it is no sort of consequence.

Blar. But it *is* consequence! To tell you—you, one of my best friends—that I was not in!

Rem. I am your humble servant, sir. (*Drawing forth bill.*) I just dropped in to hand you this little—

Blar. Quick, there, quick! A chair for my friend Remnant!

Rem. I am very well as I am, sir.

Blar. Not at all! I would have you seated.

Rem. It is not necessary. (*Servant hands a common chair.*)

Blar. Rascal!—not that! An arm-chair!

Rem. You are taking too much trouble. (*An arm-chair is placed for him.*)

Blar. No, no; you have been walking some distance, and require rest. Now be seated.

Rem. There is no need of it—I have but a single word to say. I have brought—

Blar. Be seated, I say. I will not listen to you till you are seated.

Rem. Well, sir, I will do as you wish. (*Sits.*) I was about to say—

Blar. Upon my word, friend Remnant, you are looking remarkably well.

Rem. Yes, sir, thank heaven, I am pretty well. I have come with this—

Blar. You have an admirable stock of health—lips fresh, skin ruddy, eyes clear and bright—really—

Rem. If you would be good enough to—

Blar. And how is Madam Remnant?

Rem. Quite well, sir, I am happy to say.

Blar. A charming woman, Mr. Remnant! A very superior woman.

Rem. She will be much obliged, sir. As I was saying—

Blar. And your daughter, Claudine, how is she?

Rem. As well as can be.

Blar. The beautiful little thing that she is! I am quite in love with her.

Rem. You do us too much honor, sir. I—you—

Blar. And little Harry—does he make as much noise as ever, beating that drum of his?

Rem. Ah, yes! He goes on the same as ever. But, as I was saying—

Blar. And your little dog, Brisk,—does he bark as loud as ever, and snap at the legs of your visitors?

Rem. More than ever, sir, and we don't know how to cure him. He, he! But I dropped in to—

Blar. Do not be surprised if I want particular news of all your family, for I take the deepest interest in all of you.

Rem. We are much obliged to your honor, much obliged. I—

Blar. (*Giving his hand.*) Your hand upon it, Mr. Remnant. Don't rise. Now, tell me, do you stand well with the people of quality?—for I can make interest for you among them.

Rem. Sir, I am your humble servant.

Blar. And I am yours, with all my heart. (*Shaking hands again.*)

Rem. You do me too much honor.

Blar. There is nothing I would not do for you.

Rem. Sir, you are too kind to me.

Blar. At least I am disinterested; be sure of that, Mr Remnant.

Rem. Certainly I have not merited these favors, sir. But, sir,—

Blar. Now I think of it, will you stay and sup with me?—without ceremony, of course.

Rem. No, sir, I must return to my shop; I should have been there before this. I—

Blar. What ho, there! A light for Mr. Remnant! and tell the coachman to bring the coach and drive him home.

Rem. Indeed, sir, it is not necessary. I can walk well enough. But here— (*Offering bill.*)

Blar. O! I shall not listen to it. Walk? Such a night as this! I am your friend, Remnant, and, what is more, your debtor—your debtor, I say—all the world may know it.

Rem. Ah! sir if you could but find it convenient—

Blar. Hark! There is the coach. One more embrace, my dear Remnant! (*Shakes hands again.*) Take care of the steps. Command me always; and be sure there is nothing in the world I would not do for you. There! Good-by.

(*Exit* REMNANT, *conducted by* COL. B.)

ALTERED FROM MOLIÈRE.

THE DISAGREEABLE MEDDLER.

Enter DOUBLEDOT *and* SIMON, *L.**

Doubledot. Plague take Mr. Paul Pry! He is one of those idle, meddling fellows, who, having no employment themselves, are perpetually interfering in other people's affairs.

Simon. Ay, and he's inquisitive into all matters, great and small.

Doub. Inquisitive! Why, he makes no scruple of questioning you respecting your most private concerns. Then he will weary you to death with a long story about a cramp in his leg, or the loss of a sleeve-button, or some such idle matter. And so he passes his days, "dropping in," as he calls it, from house to house at the most unreasonable times, to the annoyance of every family in the village. But I'll soon get rid of him.

Enter PRY, *L., with umbrella, which he places against the wall.*

Pry. Ha! how d'ye do, Mr. Doubledot?

Doub. Very busy, Mr. Pry, and have scarcely time to say, "Pretty well, thank ye." (*Turns from him as if writing in memorandum book.* SIMON *advances.*)

Pry. Ha, Simon! you here? Rather early in the morning to be in a public house. Been taking a horn, eh? Sent here with a message from your master, perhaps? I say, Simon, when this wedding takes place, I suppose your master will put you all into new liveries, eh?

Simon. Can't say, sir.

Pry. Well, I think he might. (*Touches* SIMON'S *sleeve.*) Between ourselves, Simon, it won't be before you want 'em, eh?

Simon. That's master's business, sir, and neither yours nor mine.

Pry. Mr. Simon, behave yourself, or I shall complain of you to the colonel. By the way, Simon, that's an uncommon fine leg of mutton the butcher has sent to your house. It weighs thirteen pounds five ounces.

Doub. And how do you know that?

Pry. I asked the butcher. I say, Simon, is it for roasting or boiling?

Simon. Half and half, with the chill taken off. There's your answer. (*Exit* SIMON, *R.*)

Pry. That's an uncommon ill-behaved servant! Well, since you say you are busy, I won't interrupt you; only, as I was passing, I thought I might as well drop in.

Doub. Then you may now drop out again. The railway 'bus will be in presently, and—

Pry. No passengers by it to-day, for I have been to the hill to look for it.

Doub. Did you expect any one by it, that you were so anxious?

Pry. No; but I make it my business to see the coach come in every day. I can't bear to be idle.

Doub. Useful occupation, truly!

Pry. Always see it go out; have done so these ten years.

Doub. (*Going up.*) Tiresome blockhead! Well; good morning to you.

Pry. Good-morning, Mr. Doubledot. Your tavern doesn't appear to be very full just now.

Doub. No, no.

Pry. Ha! you are at a heavy rent? (*Pauses for an answer after each question.*) I've often thought of that. No supporting such an establishment without a deal of custom. If it's not an impertinent question, don't you find it rather a hard matter to make both ends meet when the first of the month comes round?

Doub. If it isn't asking an impertinent question, what's that to you?

Pry. O, nothing; only some folks have the luck of it: they have just taken in a nobleman's family at the opposition house, the Green Dragon.

* *L.* signifies *left*; *R.*, *right*, and *C.*, *centre* of stage.

Doub. What's that? A nobleman at the Green Dragon!

Pry. Traveling carriage and four. Three servants on the dickey and an outrider, all in blue liveries. They dine and stop all night. A pretty bill there will be to-morrow, for the servants are not on board wages.

Doub. Plague take the Green Dragon! How did you discover that they are not on board wages?

Pry. I was curious to know, and asked one of them. You know I never miss any thing for want of asking. 'Tis no fault of mine that the nabob is not here, at your house.

Doub. Why, what had you to do with it?

Pry. You know I never forget my friends. I stopped the carriage as it was coming down the hill—brought it to a dead stop, and said that if his lordship—I took him for a lord at once—that if his lordship intended to make any stay, he couldn't do better than to go to Doubledot's.

Doub. Well?

Pry. Well,—would you believe it?—cut pops a saffron-colored face from the carriage window, and says, "You're an impudent rascal for stopping my carriage, and I'll not go to Doubledot's if there's another inn to be found within ten miles of it!"

Doub. There, that comes of your confounded meddling! If you had not interfered I should have stood an equal chance with the Green Dragon.

Pry. I'm very sorry; but I did it for the best.

Doub. Did it for the best, indeed! Deuce take you! By your officious attempts to serve, you do more mischief in the neighborhood than the exciseman, the apothecary, and the attorney, all together.

Pry. Well, there's gratitude! Now, really, I must go. Good-morning. (*Exit* PAUL PRY.)

Doub. I'm rid of him at last, thank fortune! (PRY *re-enters.*) Well, what now?

Pry. I've dropped one of my gloves, Now, that's very odd—here it is in my hand all the time!

Doub. Go to confusion! (*Exit.*)

Pry. Come, that's civil! If I were the least of a bore, now, it would be pardonable—But—Hullo! There's the postman! I wonder whether the Parkins's have got letters again to-day. They have had letters every day this week, and I can't for the life of me think what they can— (*Feels hastily in his pockets.*) By the way, talking of letters, here's one I took from the postman last week for the colonel's daughter, Miss Eliza, and I have always forgotten to give it to her. I dare say it is not of much importance. (*Peeps into it—reads.*) "Likely—unexpected—affectionate." I can't make it out. No matter; I'll contrive to take it to the house—though I've a deal to do to-day. (*Runs off and returns.*) Dear me! I had like to have gone without my umbrella.

[CURTAIN.] JOHN POOLE.

SPARTACUS AND JOVIUS.

Enter SPARTACUS, *L.*,* JOVIUS, *R.*

Spartacus. Speak, Roman! wherefore does thy master send
Thy gray hairs to the "cut throat's" camp?

Jovius. Brave rebel—

Spart. Why, that's a better name than rogue or bondman;
But in this camp I am called *General.*

Jov. Brave General,—for, though a rogue and bondman,
As you have said, I'll still allow you General,
As he that beats a consul surely is.

Spart. Say two—two consuls; and to that e'en add
A proconsul, three prætors, and some generals.

Jov. Why, this is no more than true. Are you a Thracian?

Spart. Ay.

Jov. There is something in the air of Thrace
Breeds valor up as rank as grass. 'Tis pity
You are a barbarian.

Spart. Wherefore?

Jov. Had you been born
A Roman, you had won by this a triumph.

* *L.* signifies *left*; *R.*, *right*, and *C.*, *centre* of stage.

Spart. I thank the gods I am barbarian;
For I can better teach the grace-begot
And heaven-supported masters of the earth
How a mere dweller of a desert rock
Can bow their crowned heads to his chariot-wheels,
Their regal necks to be his stepping-blocks.
But come, what is thy message?
Jov. Julia, niece
Of the prætor, is thy captive.
Spart. Ay.
Jov. For whom
Is offered in exchange thy wife, Senona,
And thy young boy.
Spart. Tell thou the prætor, Roman,
The Thracian's wife is ransomed.
Jov. How is that?
Spart. Ransomed, and by the steel, from out the camp
Of slaughtered Gellius! (*Pointing off.*) Behold them, Roman!
Jov. (*Looking as* SPART. *points.*) This is sorcery!
But name a ransom for the general's neice.
Spart. Have I not now the prætor on the hip?
He would, in his extremity, have made
My wife his buckler of defence; perhaps
Have doomed her to the scourge! But this is Roman.
Now the barbarian is instructed. Look!
I hold the prætor by the heart; and he
Shall feel how tightly grip barbarian fingers.
Jov. Men do not war on women. Name her ransom.
Spart. Men do not war on women! Look you:
One day I climbed up to the ridgy top
Of the cloud-piercing Hæmus, where, among
The eagles and the thunders, from that height,
I looked upon the world, as far as where,
Wrestling with storms, the gloomy Euxine chafed
On his recoiling shores; and where dim Adria
In her blue bosom quenched the fiery sphere.
Between those surges lay a land, might once
Have matched Elysium; but Rome had made it
A Tartarus. In my green youth I looked
From the same frosty peak where now I stood,
And then beheld the *glory* of those lands,
Where Peace was tinkling on the shepherd's bell
And singing with the reapers.
Since that glad day, Rome's conquerors had passed
With withering armies there, and all was changed.
Peace had departed; howling War was there,
Cheered on by Roman hunters. Then, methought
E'en as I looked upon the altered scene,
Groans echoed through the valleys, through which ran
Rivers of blood, like smoking Phlegethons;
Fires flashed from burning villages, and Famine
Shrieked in the empty cornfields! Women and children,
Robbed of their sires and husbands, left to starve—
These were the dwellers of the land! Say'st thou
Rome wars not, then, on women?
Jov. This is not to the matter.
Spart. Now, by Jove,
It is! These things do Romans. But the earth
Is sick of conquerors. There is not a man,
Not Roman, but is Rome's extremest foe:
And such am I; sworn from that hour I saw
Those sights of horror, while the gods support me,
To wreak on Rome such havoc as Rome wreaks,
Carnage and devastation, woe and ruin.
Why should I ransom, when I swear to slay?
Begone! This is my answer! BIRD.

THE RESOLVE OF REGULUS.—*Sargent.*

(Regulus, a Roman consul, having been defeated in battle and taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, was detained in captivity five years, and then sent on an embassy to Rome to solicit peace, under a promise that he would return to Carthage if the proposals were rejected. These, it was thought, he would urge in order to obtain his own liberty; but he urged contrary and patriotic measures on his countrymen; and then, having carried his point, resisted the persuasions of his friends to remain in Rome, and returned to Carthage, where a martyr's death awaited him. Some writers say that he was thrust into a cask covered over on the inside with iron spikes, and thus rolled down hill. The following scene presents Regulus just as he has made known to his friends in Rome his resolution to return to Carthage.)

Enter REGULUS, *followed by* SERTORIUS.

Sertorius. Stay, Roman, in pity!—if not for thy life,
For the sake of thy country, thy children, thy wife.

Sent, not to urge war, but to lead Rome to peace,
Thy captors of Carthage vouchsafed thee release.
Thou return'st to encounter their anger, their rage;—
No mercy expect for thy fame or thy age!
Regulus. To my captors one pledge, and one only, I gave:
To RETURN, though it were to walk into my grave!
No hope I extended, no promise I made,
Rome's Senate and people from war to dissuade.
If the vengeance of Carthage be stored for me now,
I have reaped no dishonor, have broken no vow.
Sert. They released thee, but dreamed not that thou wouldst fulfil
A part that would leave thee a prisoner still;
They hoped thy own danger would lead thee to sway
The councils of Rome a far different way;
Would induce thee to urge the conditions they crave,
If only thy freedom, thy life-blood, to save.
Thought shudders, the torment and woe to depict
Thy merciless foes have the heart to inflict!
Remain with us, Regulus! do not go back!
No hope sheds its ray on thy death-pointing track!
Keep faith with the faithless? The gods will forgive
The balking of such. O, live, Regulus, live!
Reg. With the consciousness fixed in the core of my heart,
That I had been playing the perjurer's part?
With the stain ever glaring, the thought ever nigh,
That I owe the base breath I inhale to a lie?
O, never! Let Carhage infract every oath,
Be false to her word and humanity both,
Yet never will I in her infamy share,
Or turn for a refuge to guilt from despair!
Sert. O, think of the kindred and friends who await
To fall on thy neck, and withhold thee from fate;
O, think of the widow, the orphans to be,
And let thy compassion plead softly with me.
Reg. O, my friend, thou canst soften, but canst not subdue;
To the faith of my soul I must ever be true.
If my honor I cheapen, my conscience discrown,
All the graces of life to the dust are brought down;
All creation to me is a chaos once more—
No heaven to hope for, no God to adore!
And the love that I feel for wife, children, and friend,
Has lost all its beauty, and thwarted its end.
Sert. Let thy country determine.
Reg. My country? Her will,
Were I free to obey, would be paramount still.
I go to my doom for my country alone;
My life is my country's; my honor, my own!
Sert. O, Regulus! think of the pangs in reserve!
Reg. What menace should make me from probity swerve?
Sert. Refinements of pain will these miscreants find
To daunt and disable the loftiest mind.
Reg. And 'tis to a Roman thy fears are addressed!
Sert. Forgive me. I know thy unterrified breast.
Reg. Thou know'st me but human—as weak to sustain
As thyself, or another, the searchings of pain.
This flesh may recoil, and the anguish they wreak
Chase the strength from my knees, and the hue from my cheek;
But the body alone they can vanquish and kill;
The spirit immortal shall smile at them still.
Then let them make ready their engines of dread,
Their spike-bristling cask, and their torturing bed;
Still Regulus, heaving no recreant breath,
Shall greet as a friend the deliverer, Death!
Their cunning in torture and taunt shall defy,
And hold it in joy for his country to die.

HOW THE MONEY GOES.

(A temperance play.)

CHARACTERS.—MAN, *about thirty-five years old; his* WIFE; NELLIE, *his daughter, ten years old;* FRIEND, *man about husband's age, dressed in a man-of-the-world style;* A. *and* B., *two young men, dressed as business men, should appear about thirty years of age.*

SCENE I.

(MR. L. *and his wife on the stage;* MR. L. *dressed for his work, and about to go.*)

Mrs. L. Albert, I wish you would give me seventy-five cents.

Mr. L. What do you want seventy-five cents for?

Mrs. L. I want to get some braid for my new dress.

Mr. L. I thought you had material enough on hand for that.

Mrs. L. So I thought I had; but it looks rather plain with no trimming at all. You know I was intending to trim it with that fringe; but it looks too gray, come to try it by the side of the dress.

Mr. L. Haven't you something else that will do?

Mrs. L. No. But, then, braid is cheap; and I can make it look quite pretty with seventy-five cents.

Mr. L. Plague take these women's fashions. Your endless trimmings and thing-a-ma-jigs cost more than the dress is worth. It is nothing but shell out money when a woman thinks of a new dress.

Mrs. L. I don't have many new dresses. I do certainly try to be as economical as I can.

Mr. L. It is funny kind of economy, at all events. But if you must have it, I suppose you must.

(*Takes out his purse, and counts out carefully seventy-five cents, and puts his purse away, angrily. He starts to go; but when at the door, he thinks he will take his umbrella, and goes back for it. Finds his wife in tears, which she tries hastily to conceal.*)

Mr. L. Good gracious! Kate, I should like to know if you are crying at what I said about the dress.

Mrs. L. I was not crying at what you said; but you were so reluctant to grant the small favor! I was thinking how hard I have to work. I am tied to the house. I have many little things to perplex me. Then to think—

Mr. L. Pshaw! What do you want to be foolish for. (*Exit.*)

(*In the hall he was met by his little girl,* LIZZIE.)

Lizzie (*holding both his hands*). O, papa, give me fifteen cents.

Mr. L. What?

Lizzie. I want fifteen cents. *Please* give me fifteen cents.

Mr. L. What in the world do you want it for? Are they changing books again?

Lizzie. No. I want a hoop. It's splendid rolling; and all the girls have one. Mr. Grant has some real nice ones to sell. *Please,* can't I have one?

Mr. L. Nonsense! If you want a hoop, go and get one off some old barrel. I can't afford to buy hoops for you to trundle about the streets. (*Throws her off.*)

Lizzie (*in a pleading tone*). Please, papa?

Mr. L. No, I told you!

(*She bursts into tears, and he goes off muttering, "Cry, then, and cry it out."*)

SCENE II.

(ALBERT *enters, his wife, entering on the opposite side. She kisses him as a greeting.*)

Mrs. L. I am glad you are home thus early. How has business gone to-day?

Mr. L. Well, I am happy to say.

Mrs. L. Are you very tired?

Mr. L. No; why?

Mrs. L. I want you to go to the sewing circle to-night.

Mr. L. I can't go; I have an engagement.

Mrs. L. I am sorry. You never go with me now. You used to go a great deal.

(*Just then* LIZZIE *comes in crying, dragging an old hoop, and rubbing her eyes.*)

Mr. L. What is the matter with you, darling?

Lizzie. The girls have been laughing at me, and making fun of my hoop. They say mine is ugly and homely.

Mr. L. Never mind; perhaps we'll have a new one some time.

Lizzie. Mayn't I have one now? Mr. Grant has one left—a real pretty one.

Mr. L. Not now, Lizzie; not now. I'll think of it.

(LIZZIE *goes out crying, followed by her mother. A friend of* Mr. L. *enters.*)

Friend. Hello, Albert! What's up?

Mr. L. Nothing in particular. Take a chair.

Friend. How's business?

Mr. L. Good.

Friend. Did you go to the club last night?

Mr. L. Don't speak so loud!

Friend. Ha! wife don't know—does she? Where does she think you go?

Mr. L. I don't know. She never asks me, and I am glad of it. She asked me to go with her to-night, and I told her I was engaged.

Friend. Good! I shan't ask you where, but take it for granted that it was with me. What do you say for a game of billiards?

Mr. L. Good! I'm in for that. (*They rise to go.*) Have a cigar, Tom?

Friend. Yes. (*They go out.*)

SCENE III.

(*Two men in conversation as they come upon the stage.*)

B. Billiards? No, I never play billiards.

A. Why not?

B. I don't like its tendency.

A. It is only a healthy pastime. I am sure it has no evil tendency.

B. I cannot assert that the game in its most innocent form is, of itself, an evil, to be sure. But, although it has the advantage of calling forth skill and judgment, yet it is evil when it excites and stimulates beyond the bounds of healthy recreation.

A. That result can scarcely follow such a game.

B. You are wrong there. The result can follow in two ways. First, it can lead men away from their business. Secondly, it leads those to spend money who have none to spend. Look at that young man just passing. He looks like a mechanic; and I should judge from his appearance that he has a family. I see by his face that he is kind and generous, and wants to do as near right as he can. I have watched him in the billiard saloon time after time, and only last night I saw him pay one dollar and forty cents for two hours' recreation. He did it cheerfully, too, and smiled at his loss. But how do you suppose it is at home? Suppose his wife had asked him for a dollar or two for some household ornament, or his child, if he has one, for a picture-book or toy, what do you suppose he would have answered? This is not conjecture; for you and I both know plenty of such cases.

A. Upon my word, B., you speak to the point; for I know that young man, and what you have said is true. I can furnish you with facts. We have a club for a literary paper in our village, and last year he was one of the subscribers. This year he was obliged to discontinue. His wife was very anxious to take it; but he said he could not afford the $1.25 for it. And his little Lizzie, ten years old, has coaxed her father for fifteen cents, for a hoop, in vain. My Nellie told me that.

B. Yes; and that two hours' recreation last night, would have paid for both. It is well for wives and children that they do not know where all the money goes.

THE SALUTATORIAN'S DIFFICULTIES.

CHARACTERS.

FRANK CLAYTON.	SAMMY LONG.
HARRY THOMPSON.	JOHNNY WILSON.
TOMMY WATKINS.	WILLIE BROWN.

SCENE.—*A stage. Curtain rises, and* FRANK CLAYTON *comes forward and speaks.*

Frank. Ladies and gentlemen: Our performances are now about to commence. We have

spent some time in preparing for this exhibition, and we hope you will be pleased with all the performances that may be given. You well know that we have not had much practice in giving school exhibitions, and if you see any errors, we hope you will kindly forgive and overlook. We will endeavor to give our recitations correctly, and act our parts truthfully, and we ask you to—and we ask you to—and—and—and we ask that—that—

(*Enter* HARRY THOMPSON. *He comes in front of* FRANK *and commences to speak.*)

"Did you ever hear of Jehosophat Boggs,
A dealer and raiser of all sorts of dogs?
No? Then I'll endeavor in doggerel verse
To just the main points of the story rehearse.
Boggs had a good wife—"

Frank. (*Speaking in a loud whisper.*) Harry, what did you come out here for? I'm not through with the introductory speech yet.

Harry. (*Turns half way round, puts his hand to his mouth, as if to keep the audience from hearing, and speaks in a loud whisper.*) I know you weren't through, but you stuck, and I thought I had better come on. You know my recitation is second on the programme, and I didn't want to have a bungle right at the commencement of the exhibition.

Frank. Go back to your place, you little rascal, and don't interrupt me again. I'm going to speak my piece.

Harry. (*With his hand up to hide his mouth as before.*) Oh, you're stuck and you'd better retire. (*Turns to audience and continues to speak his piece.*)

"Boggs had a good wife, the joy of his life,
There was nothing between them inclining to strife.
Except her dear J.'s dogmatic employment;
And that, she averred, did mar her enjoyment."

Frank. (*Whispering as before.*) I say, Harry, get from before me and let me speak my piece.

Harry. (*Turns, puts up his hand, and whispers as before.*) Oh, you keep shady until I get through. (*Turns to audience and speaks.*)

"She often had begged him to sell off his dogs,
And instead to raise turkeys, spring chickens or hogs.
She made him half promise at no distant day
He would sell the whole lot, not excepting old Tray;
And as good luck would have it,—"

Frank. (*Turning Harry by the collar and pulling him back.*) I tell you to get out of this until I have spoken my piece.

Harry. I won't. Let me alone, I say. You have stuck fast, and do you want to spoil the exhibition? Didn't you know enough to keep off the stage until I had spoken my piece?

Frank. (*Still holding him by the collar.*) It is you that are spoiling the exhibition. (*Leads him off the stage.*)

Harry. (*Speaking loudly as he goes out.*) I call this an outrage.

Frank. (*Returning to his place and commencing to speak.*) Ladies and gentlemen, my speech has been interrupted, and I will commence again. Our performances are now about to commence. We have spent some time in preparing for this exhibition, and we hope you will be pleased with all the performances that may be given. You know that we have not had much practice in giving school exhibitions, and if you see any errors, we hope you will kindly forgive and overlook. We will endeavor to give our recitations correctly, and act our parts truthfully, and we ask you to—to—and we ask you to—and act our parts truthfully, and we ask you to—and we ask you to— (*In a lower tone.*) I've forgotten it again; isn't that too bad? (*Speaking as before.*) And we ask you to—to—to—

(*Enter* TOMMY WATKINS. *He comes in front of* FRANK, *and commences to speak "The Ghost."*)

"'Tis about twenty years since Abel Law,
A short, round, favored merry
Old soldier of the Revolutionary
War,

Has wedded to a most abominable shrew.
The temper, sir, of Shakespeare's Catharine
Could no more be compared with hers
Than mine
With Lucifer's.

Frank. (*In a loud whisper.*) Tommy Watkins, get from before me. Don't you see I'm speaking? I don't want to be interrupted—I want to finish my speech.

Tommy. (*Facing the audience and speaking in the same tone as when reciting his speech.*) Oh, you'd better quit! You've stuck twice now, and if you don't go off the stage the audience will become disgusted.

Sammy Long. (*Seated in the audience.*) The people are disgusted now with that boy's opening speech. He'd better go home, memorize it, and speak it some time next year.

Tommy. There! You hear what they say out there in the audience. They are disgusted, and they think you had better leave the stage.

Frank. Oh, that's nobody but Sammy Long, and he is displeased because we didn't invite him to take part in the exhibition.

Tommy. Well, I'll go ahead and speak my piece while you are trying to think up the words you have forgotten.

Her eyes were like a weasel's; she had a harsh
Face, like a cranberry marsh,
All spread with spots of white and red;
Hair of the color of a wisp of straw,
And a disposition like a cross-cut saw.
The appellation of this lovely dame
Was Nancy; don't forget the name.

Frank. Stop, Tommy; I can finish my speech now.

Tommy. So can I. (*Continues his recitation.*)

His brother David was a tall,
Good-looking chap, and that was all,
One of your great big nothings, as they say
Out in Rhode Island, picking up old jokes,
And cracking them on other folks.
Well, David undertook one night to play
The Ghost, and frighten Abel, who,
He knew,
Would be returning from a journey through
A grove of forest wood
That stood
Below
The house some distance—half a mile or so.

With a long taper
Cap of white paper,
Just made to cover
A wig, nearly as large over
As a corn-basket, and a sheet
With both ends made to meet
Across his breast
(The way in which ghosts are always dressed),
He took
His station near
A huge oak-tree,
Whence he could overlook
The road and see
Whatever might appear.

It happened that about an hour before, friend Abel
Had left the table
Of an inn, where he had made a halt,
With horse and wagon,
To taste a flagon
Of malt
Liquor, and so forth, which, being done,
He went on,
Caring no more for twenty ghosts
Than if they had been so many posts

David was nearly tired of waiting;
His patience was abating;
At length, he heard the careless tones
Of his kinsman's voice,
And then the noise
Of wagon-wheels among the stones.
Abel was quite elated, and was roaring
With all his might, and pouring
Out, in great confusion,
Scraps of old songs made in "the Revolution."

His head was full of Bunker Hill and Trenton;
And jovially he went on.

Scaring the whip-po'-wills among the trees
With rhymes like these:

(*Sings. Air, "Yankee Doodle."*)

"See the Yankees
Leave the hill,
With baggernetts declining,
With lopped-down hats
And rusty guns,
And leather aprons shining."

"'See the Yankees'—Whoa! Why, what is that?"
Said Abel, staring like a cat,
As, slowly, on the fearful figure strode
Into the middle of the road.

"My conscience! what a suit of clothes!
Some crazy fellow, I suppose.
Hallo! friend, what's your name? by the powers of gin,
That's a strange dress to travel in."
"Be silent, Abel; for I now have come
To read your doom;
Then hearken, while your fate I now declare.
I am a spirit—" "I suppose you are;
But you'll not hurt me, and I'll tell you why:
Here is a fact which you cannot deny;—
All spirits must be either good
Or bad—that's understood—
And be you good or evil, I am sure
That I'm secure.
If a good spirit, I am safe. If evil—
And I don't know but you may be the devil—
If that's the case, you'll recollect, I fancy,
That I am married to your sister Nancy!"

(*Bows and turns to go off. To* FRANK.) Now, Frank, you can go ahead again until you come to the sticking place. I hope that, during the time I have generously given you by speaking my piece, you have been collecting your scattered senses, and will now be able to finish what you began. (*Exit* TOMMY.)

Frank. Ladies and gentlemen, I am not at all pleased with this way of doing business. I think these boys have not treated me with proper respect. I was selected to give the opening or introductory address, and you see how it has been done.

Sammy. (*In the audience.*) We didn't see very much of it. Don't you think it would be well enough for you to retire and memorize your speech?

Frank. You boys out there had better keep silent and not create a disturbance. There is an officer in the house.

(*Enter* WILLIE BROWN. *He comes before* FRANK *and commences to speak.*)

"'Twas night! The stars were shrouded in a veil of mist; a clouded canopy o'erhung the world; the vivid lightnings flashed and shook their fiery darts upon the earth—"

Frank. (*Speaking out.*) I say, Willie Brown, what did you come here for? I haven't finished the opening speech yet.

Willie. What's the use of having an opening speech now? The exhibition is half over. (*Continues his speech.*)

"The deep-toned thunder rolled along the vaulted sky; the elements were in wild commotion; the storm-spirit howled in the air; the winds whistled; the hail-stones fell like leaden balls; the hugh undulations of the ocean dashed upon the rock-bound shore; and torrents leaped from mountain tops; when the murderer sprang from his sleepless couch with vengeance on his brow—murder in his heart—and the fell instrument of destruction in his hand."

Frank. Stop, I say. What kind of an exhibition will this be without an introductory speech? Stop, I say. We will be the laughing-stock of the country if we don't open our exhibition with an introductory speech.

Johnny. (*In the audience.*) Oh, nobody cares for the introductory speech. Let the speech go and give us some dialogues and songs.

Willie. No dialogues and songs until I have finished my speech. This is my place on the programme. (*Continues his speech.* FRANK *comes and stands near him and they both speak at the same time,* WILLIE *giving the concluding portion of his speech and* FRANK *commencing at the*

first of his Opening Speech and going as far as he had gone before. WILLIE *should finish just before* FRANK *commences to stammer.*)

"The storm increased; the lightnings flashed with brighter glare; the thunder growled with deeper energy; the winds whistled with a wilder fury; the confusion of the hour was congenial to his soul, and the stormy passions which raged in his bosom. He clenched his weapon with a sterner grasp. A demoniac smile gathered on his lip; he grated his teeth; raised his arm; sprang with a yell of triumph upon his victim, and relentlessly killed—a *mosquito!*" (*Bows and turns to go off. To* FRANK.) Stuck again, my boy? If we had waited for the opening speech we would not have got our exhibition opened for a week or ten days.

(*Exit* WILLIE.)

Johnny. (*In the audience.*) Well, we haven't had that introductory speech yet, and I guess we are not going to get it. That was the queerest kind of speech I ever heard. It began, and then balked, and then kicked up, and then braced its feet in front, and finally stopped altogether. I think we would have done better if we had started without any introduction, just as grandpa said the other day he thought Parson Goodwin ought to have begun his sermon at the conclusion and left out all that went before it.

Frank. (*Excitedly.*) Hold on there! You say we don't need any speech and yet you are making a long one yourself. You said that I hitched like a balky horse, but you have kicked up your heels and cantered off as if somebody had touched off a pack of fire-crackers under you.

(*Enter* HARRY THOMPSON. *He comes forward and speaks.*)

Our parts are performed and our speeches are ended,
We are monarchs and courtiers and heroes no more;
To a much humbler station again we've descended,
And are now but the school-boys you've known us before.

Farewell then our greatness—'tis gone like a dream,
'Tis gone—but remembrance will often retrace
The indulgent applause which rewarded each theme,
And the heart-cheering smiles that enlivened each face.

We thank you! Our gratitude words cannot tell,
But deeply we feel it—to you it belongs;
With heartfelt emotion we bid you farewell,
And our feelings now thank you much more than our tongues.

We will strive to improve, since applauses thus cheer us,
That our juvenile efforts may gain your kind looks;
And we hope to convince you, the next time you hear us,
That praise has but sharpened our relish for books.

(*Bows and turns to go off.*) I have spoken the valedictory, and the exhibition is over. Ring down the curtain.

Frank. (*Excitedly.*) Stop! Hold! Don't! I haven't finished my speech yet.

Johnny. (*In the audience.*) You've given us enough for the present. You can finish it out next Christmas.

Harry. Ring down the curtain.

Frank. Stop! Don't! Don't! I want to speak my piece. (*A bell is rung and the curtain falls.*)

Frank. (*Drawing the curtain aside and looking out.*) Here's a go! How are we going to get along without an Opening Speech? (*Disappears.*)

[CURTAIN.]

PYGMALION AND GALATEA.

CHARACTERS.

PYGMALION, *an Athenian sculptor.*

GALATEA, *a statue.*

COSTUMES.—GENTLEMAN, *in the habit of a Greek artist.* LADY, *in statuesque drapery or ordinary Greek costume.*

(A noted Greek sculptor, Pygmalion, makes a most beautiful statute of woman. Having attained perfection of form he longs to breathe life into his work, and blames the gods that they have limited his power. He stands on the stage, to the left, looking thoughtfully up as if imploring the gods. While apparently uttering his complaints, Galatea, coming to life, calls to him from behind the curtain.)

Galatea (*from behind curtain, C.**). Pygmalion!

Pygmalion (*after a pause*). Who called?

Gal. Pygmalion!

(PYGMALION *tears away curtain and discovers* GALATEA *alive.*)

Pyg. Ye gods! It lives!

Gal. Pygmalion!

Pyg. It speaks!

I have my prayer! my Galatea breathes!

Gal. Where am I? Let me speak, Pygmalion;
Give me thy hand—both hands—how soft and warm!
Whence came I? (*Descends.*)

Pyg. Why, from yonder pedestal.

Gal. That pedestal! Ah, yes, I recollect,
There was a time when it was part of me.

Pyg. That time has passed forever, thou art now
A living, breathing woman, excellent
In every attribute of womankind.

Gal. Where am I, then?

Pyg. Why, born into the world
By miracle.

Gal. Is this the world?

Pyg. It is,

Gal. This room?

Pyg. This room is a portion of a house;
The house stands in a grove; the grove itself
Is one of many, many hundred groves
In Athens.

Gal. And is Athens, then, the world?

Pyg. To an Athenian—yes—

* *C.* indicates *centre*; *R.*, *right*, and *L.*, *left* of stage.

Gal. And I am one?

Pyg. By birth and parentage, not by descent.

Gal. But how came I to be?

Pyg. Well, let me see
Oh! you were quarried in Pentelicus;
I modelled you in clay; my artisans
Then roughed you out in marble; I, in turn,
Brought my artistic skill to bear on you,
And made you what you are, in all but life.
The gods completed what I had begun,
And gave the only gift I could not give.

Gal. Then this is life?

Pyg. It is.

Gal. And not long since
I was a cold, dull stone. I recollect
That by some means I knew that I was stone,
That was the first dull gleam of consciousness;
I became conscious of a chilly self,
A cold immovable identity.
I knew that I was stone, and knew no more;
Then by an imperceptible advance,
Came the dim evidence of outer things,
Seen, darkly and imperfectly, yet seen;
The walls surrounded me, and I alone.
That pedestal—that curtain—then a voice
That called on Galatea! At that word,
Which seemed to shake my marble to the core.
That which was dim before, came evident.
Sounds that had hummed around me, indistinct,
Vague, meaningless—seemed to resolve themselves
Into a language I could understand;
I felt my frame pervaded with a glow
That seemed to thaw my marble into flesh;
Its cold, hard substance throbbed with active life.
My limbs grew supple, and I moved—I lived!
Lived in the ecstasy of new born life;
Lived in the love of him that fashioned me;
Lived in a thousand tangled thoughts of hope,
Love, gratitude, thoughts that resolved themselves
Into one word, that word, Pygmalion!
(*Kneels to him.*)

Pyg. I have no words to tell thee of my joy,
O woman—perfect in thy loveliness.

Gal. What is that word? Am I a woman?

Pyg. Yes.
Gal. Art thou a woman?
Pyg. No, I am a man!
Gal. What is a man?
Pyg. A being strongly framed,
To wait on woman, and protect her from
All ills that strength and courage can avert;
To work and toil for her, that she may rest;
To weep and mourn for her, that she may laugh;
To fight and die for her, that she may live!
Gal. (*after a pause*). I'm glad I am a woman.
(*Takes his hand—he leads her down, L.*)
Pyg. So am I. (*They sit.*)
Gal. That I escape the pains thou hast to bear?
Pyg. That I may undergo those pains for thee.
Gal. With whom wouldst thou fight?
Pyg. With any man
Whose word or deed gave Galatea pain.
Gal. Then there are other men in this strange world?
Pyg. There are, indeed?
Gal. And other women?
Pyg. (*taken aback*). Yes;
Though for the moment I'd forgotten it!
Yes, other women.
Gal. And for all of these
Men work, and toil, and mourn, and weep, and fight?
Pyg. It is man's duty, if he's called upon,
To fight for all—he works for those he loves.
Gal. Then by thy works I know thou lovest me?
Pyg. Indeed, I love thee. (*Embraces her.*)
Gal. What kind of love?
Pyg. I love thee (*recollecting himself and releasing her*) as a sculptor loves his work!
(*Aside.*) There is diplomacy in that reply.
Gal. My love is different in kind to thine:
I am no sculptor, and I've done no work,
Yet I do love thee; say—what love is mine?
Pyg. Tell me its symptoms, then I'll answer thee.
Gal. Its symptons? Let me call them as they come.
A sense that I am made by thee for thee.
That I've no will that is not wholly thine,
That I've no thought, no hope, no enterprise,
That does not own thee as its sovereign;
That I have life that I may live for thee,
That I am thine—that thou and I are one!
What kind of love is that?
Pyg. A kind of love
That I shall run some risk in dealing with.
Gal. And why, Pygmalion?
Pyg. Such love as thine
A man may not receive, except, indeed,
From one who is, or is to be, his wife.
Gal. Then I will be thy wife.
Pyg. That may not be;
I have a wife—the gods allow but one.
Gal. Why did the gods then send me here to thee?
Pyg. I cannot say—unless to punish me
(*Rises.*)
For unreflecting and presumptuous prayer!
I pray'd that thou shouldst live. I have my prayer,
And now I see the fearful consequence
That must attend it!
Gal. Yet thou lovest me? (*Rises.*)
Pyg. Who could look on that face and stifle love?
Gal. Then I am beautiful?
Pyg. Indeed thou art.
Gal. I wish that I could look upon myself,
But that's impossible.
Pyg. Not so, indeed, (*Crosses, R.*)
This mirror will reflect thy face. Behold!
(*Hands her a mirror from table, R. C.*)
Gal. How beautiful! I am very glad to know
That both our tastes agree so perfectly;
Why, my Pygmalion, I did not think
That aught could be more beautiful than thou,
Till I behold myself. Believe me, love,
I could look in this mirror all day long.
So I'm a woman.
Pyg. There's no doubt of that!
Gal. Oh! happy maid, to be so passing fair!
And happier still Pygmalion, who can gaze
At will upon so beautiful a face!
Pyg. Hush! Galatea—in thine innocence
(*Taking glass from her.*)
Thou sayest things that others would reprove.

Gal. Indeed, Pygmalion; then it is wrong
To think that one is exquisitely fair?
Pyg. Well, Galatea, it's a sentiment
That every other woman shares with thee;
They think it—but they keep it to themselves.
Gal. And is thy wife as beautiful as I?
Pyg. No, Galatea; for in forming thee
I took her features—lovely in themselves—
And in marble made them lovelier still.
Gal. (*disappointed*). Oh! then I am not original?
Pyg. Well—no—
That is, thou hast indeed a prototype,
But though in stone thou didst resemble her,
In life, the difference is manifest.
Gal. I'm very glad that I am lovelier than she.
And am I better? (*Sits, L.*)
Pyg. That I do not know.
Gal. Then she has faults.
Pyg. Very few, indeed;
Mere trivial blemishes, that serve to show
That she and I are of one common kin.
I love her all the better for such faults.
Gal. (*after a pause*). Tell me some faults and I'll commit them now.
Pyg. There is no hurry; they will come in time: (*Sits beside her, L.*)
Though for that matter, it's a grievous sin
To sit as lovingly as we sit now.
Gal. Is sin so pleasant? If to sit and talk
As we are sitting, be indeed a sin,
Why I could sin all day. But tell me, love,
Is this great fault that I'm committing now,
The kind of fault that only serves to show
That thou and I are of one common kin?
Pyg. Indeed, I am very much afraid it is.
Gal. And dost thou love me better for such fault?
Pyg. Where is the mortal that could answer "no?"
Gal. Why then I'm satisfied, Pygmalion;
Thy wife and I can start on equal terms
She loves thee?
Pyg. Very much.
Gal. I'm glad of that.
I like thy wife.
Pyg. And why?
Gal. (*surprised at the question*). Our tastes agree
We love Pygmalion well, and what is more,
Pygmalion loves us both. I like thy wife;
I'm sure we shall agree.
Pyg. (*aside*). I doubt it much.
Gal. Is she within?
Pyg. No, she is not within.
Gal. But she'll come back?
Pyg. Oh! yes, she will come back.
Gal. How pleased she'll be to know when she returns,
That there was someone here to fill her place.
Pyg. (*dryly*). Yes, I should say she'd be extremely pleased. (*Rises.*)
Gal. Why, there is something in thy voice which says
That thou art jesting. Is it possible
To say one thing and mean another?
Pyg. Yes,
It's sometimes done.
Gal. How very wonderful!
So clever!
Pyg. And so very useful.
Gal. Yes.
Teach me the art.
Pyg. The art will come in time.
My wife will not be pleased; there—that's the truth.
Gal, I do not think that I shall like thy wife.
Tell me more of her.
Pyg. Well—
Gal What did she say
When she last left thee?
Pyg. Humph! Well, let me see:
Oh! true, she gave thee to me as my wife—
Her solitary representative;
(*Tenderly*) She feared I should be lonely till she she came,
And counselled me, if thoughts of love should come,
To speak those thoughts to thee, as I am wont
To speak to her.
Gal. That's right.
Pyg. (*releasing her*). But when she spoke

Thou wast a stone, now thou art flesh and blood,
Which makes a difference.
Gal. It's a strange world;
A woman loves her husband very much,
And cannot brook that I should love him too;
She fears he will be lonely till she comes,
And will not let me cheer his loneliness:
She bids him breathe his love to senseless stone,
And when that stone is brought to life—be dumb!
It's a strange world, I cannot fathom it.
(*Crosses, R.*)
Pyg. (*aside*). Let me be brave, and put an end to this.
(*Aloud.*) Come, Galatea—till my wife returns,
My sister shall provide thee with a home;
Her house is close at hand.
Gal. (*astonished and alarmed*). Send me not hence,
Pygmalion—let me stay.
Pyg. It may not be.
Come, Galatea, we shall meet again.
Gal. (*resignedly*). Do with me as thou wilt, Pygmalion!
But we shall meet again?—and very soon?
Pyg. Yes, very soon.
Gal. And when thy wife returns,
She'll let me stay with thee?
Pyg. I do not know.
(*Aside.*) Why should I hide the truth from her?
(*Aloud.*) Alas!
I may not see thee then.
Gal. Pygmalion,
What fearful words are these?
Pyg. The bitter truth.
I may not love thee; I must send thee hence.
Gal. Recall those words, Pygmalion, my love!
Was it for this that Heaven gave me life?
Pygmalion, have mercy on me; see
I am thy work, thou hast created me;
The gods have sent me to thee. I am thine,
Thine! only and unalterably thine! (*Music.*)
This is the thought with which my soul is charged.
Thou tellest me of one who claims thy love,
That thou hast love for her alone! Alas!
I do not know these things; I only know
That Heaven has sent me here to be with thee.
Thou tellest me of duty to thy wife,
Of vows that thou wilt love but her; alas!
I do not know these things; I only know
That Heaven, who sent me here, has given me
One all-absorbing duty to discharge—
To love thee, and to make thee love again!
(*During this speech Pygmalion has shown symptoms of irresolution; at its conclusion he takes her in his arms and embraces her passionately.*) W. S. GILBERT.

QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

(A dialogue for two men. From Act IV. of *Julius Cæsar*. Before rendering the dialogue it is presumed that the participants will read the whole play from a volume of Shakespeare, and familiarize themselves with the spirit of the selection. The interest will be enhanced by the use of proper costumes. Where these cannot be hired—as they generally may in cities and large towns—they may be easily improvised by observing the simple Roman dress as illustrated in historical works.)

(*Curtain rises, revealing* BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS *in heated conversation on the stage.*)

Cassius. That you have wronged me doth appear in this;
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of Sardinians;
Wherein my letters (praying on his side
Because I knew the man) were slighted of.
Brutus. You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.
Cas. At such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last!
Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.
Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice?—What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers,—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman!

Cas. Brutus, bay not me!
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself
To hedge me in: I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to! you're not Cassius!

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more: I shall forget myself:
Have mind upon your health: tempt me no further!

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cas. Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? Ay, more! Fret till your proud heart break!
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor?
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth,—yea, for my laughter,—
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus:
I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What! durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions;
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart,
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius;
For Cassius is a-weary of the world—
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from my eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth:
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worse, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O, Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart, too.—
Cas. O, Brutus!
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

TABLEAU.—FRIENDSHIP RESTORED.

Curtain rises, revealing BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS *with one hand laid upon the other's shoulder, while the right hands firmly clasp. On the face of each beams the light of noble love and manly friendship, showing their mutual joy. The bearing should be dignified and manly.*

SCENE BETWEEN HAMLET AND THE QUEEN.

(Dialogue for elderly lady and young man. From Act III. of the tragedy of *Hamlet*. The part of HAMLET is a very difficult one to play, and should be thoroughly studied. The whole tragedy should be read from Shakespeare, any illustrated volume of which will suggest appropriate costume. The GHOST may be impersonated by a voice, unless a suitable costume and staging are available.)

(*Curtain rises and reveals* HAMLET *approaching his* MOTHER, *who may be seated and apparently in much distress.*)

Hamlet. Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Hamlet. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Hamlet. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!
Hamlet. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Hamlet. No, by the rood, not so.
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.
Hamlet. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge:
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Help, help, ho!
Polonius (behind). What, ho! help, help, help!

Hamlet (*drawing.*) How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead!

(*Makes a pass through the arras.*)

Polonius (*behind*). O, I am slain!

(*Falls and dies.*)

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Hamlet. Nay, I know not;
Is it the king?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Hamlet. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Hamlet. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—

(*Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.*)

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better:
Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff,
If damned custom have not braz'd it so
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Hamlet. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there, makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths; O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow,
Yea, this sondity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen, Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud and thunders in the index?

Hamlet. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear.
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this?
O shame! where is thy blush?

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more;
Thou turns't mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.
O, speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in mine ears
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Hamlet. A murtherer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Hamlet. A king of shreds and patches,—

(*Enter* GHOST.)

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas! he's mad!

Hamlet. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:

O, step between her and her fighting soul:
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Hamlet. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Hamlet. On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do
Will want true color; tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Hamlet. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Hamlet. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Hamlet. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal. (*Exit* GHOST.)

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain;
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Hamlet. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Hamlet. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
For this same lord, (*Pointing to Polonius.*)
I do repent;
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him,—So, again, good-night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
[CURTAIN.] SHAKESPEARE.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

(This piece is frequently recited by one person, but is much more effective in dialogue. LOCHIEL, a Highland chieftain, while on his march to join the Pretender, is met by one of the Highland seers, or prophets, who warns him to return, and not incur the certain ruin and disaster which await the unfortunate prince and his followers on the field of Culloden. When used as a dialogue, a blast of trumpet is heard. The curtain being drawn, LOCHIEL enters, attired in the Highland fighting costume, and following him should appear in the doorway of the stage two or three armed Scotch soldiers to give the idea of a large number behind them. The SEER meets him from the other direction, dressed in flowing robes, and with long white hair and beard, and, raising his hands in the attitude of warning, speaks imploringly as follows:)

Seer.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel, beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight:
They rally, they bleed, for their country and crown,—
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But, hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair!
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
O! weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead!
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave!

Lochiel.

Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright!

Seer.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the North?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen out-speeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad:
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of Heaven.
O, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood!

Lochiel.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd my clan:
Their swords are a thousand; their bosoms are one:
They are true to the last of their blood, and their breath,
And like reapers, descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud;
All plaided, and plum'd in their tartan array—

Seer.

Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
Yet man cannot cover what God would reveal:
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness, and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
Rise! Rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finish'd.—Their thunders are hush'd on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner! Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country, cast bleeding, and torn?
Ah! no; for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling; oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters, convuls'd in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accurs'd be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

Lochiel.

Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale;
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonor—so foul with retreat.
Tho' his perishing ranks should be strow'd in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight, or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,

Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

CAMPBELL.

[CURTAIN.]

TABLEAU.

A very pretty tableau may be quickly formed behind the curtain, and at the close of applause from the audience the curtain be raised, showing LOCHIEL *standing proud and imperious, his clan gathered around him, and the old* SEER *upon his knees, head thrown back, with hands and face raised imploringly.*

MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

(Adapted from Schiller, Scene II., Act III. Arranged for two ladies and two gentleman.

CHARACTERS:

MARY, *Queen of Scotland.*
ELIZABETH, *Queen of England.*
ROBERT, *Earl of Leicester.*
TALBOT, *a friend of Mary.*

COSTUMES.—*Elizabethan age of England and Scotland.*

Enter MARY *and* TALBOT.

Mary. Talbot, Elizabeth will soon be here. I cannot see her. Preserve me from this hateful interview.

Talbot. Reflect a while. Recall thy courage. The moment is come upon which everything depends. Incline thyself; submit to the necessity of the moment. She is the stronger. Thou must bend before her.

Mary. Before her? I cannot!

Tal. Thou must do so. Speak to her humbly; invoke the greatness of her generous heart; dwell not too much upon thy rights. But see first how she bears herself towards thee. I myself did witness her emotion on reading thy letter. The tears stood in her eyes. Her heart, 'tis sure, is not a stranger to compassion; therefore place more confidence in her, and prepare thyself for her reception.

Mary. (*Taking his hand.*) Thou wert ever my faithful friend. Oh, that I had always remained beneath thy kind guardianship, Talbot! Their care of me has indeed been harsh. Who attends her?

Tal. Leicester. You need not fear him; the earl doth not seek thy fall. Behold, the queen approaches. (*Retires.*)

Enter ELIZABETH *and* LEICESTER.

Mary. (*Aside.*) O heavens! Protect me! her features say she has no heart!

Elizabeth. (*To* LEICESTER.) Who is this woman? (*Feigning surprise.*) Robert, who has dared to—

Lei. Be not angry, queen, and since heaven has hither directed thee, suffer pity to triumph in thy noble heart.

Tal. (*Advancing.*) Deign, royal lady, to cast a look of compassion on the unhappy woman who prostrates herself at thy feet.

[MARY, *having attempted to approach* ELIZABETH, *stops short, overcome by repugnance, her gestures indicating internal struggle.*]

Eliz. (*Haughtily.*) Sirs, which of you spoke of humility and submission? I see nothing but a proud lady, whom misfortune has not succeeded in subduing.

Mary. (*Aside.*) I will undergo even this last degree of ignominy. My soul discards its noble but, alas! impotent pride. I will seek to forget who I am, what I have suffered, and will humble myself before her who has caused my disgrace. (*Turns to* ELIZEBETH.) Heaven, O sister, has declared itself on thy side, and has graced thy happy head with the crown of victory. (*Kneeling.*) I worship the Deity who hath rendered thee so powerful. Show thyself noble in thy triumph, and leave me not overwhelmed by shame! Open thy arms, extend in mercy to me thy royal hand, and raise me from my fearful fall.

Eliz. (*Drawing back.*) Thy place, Stuart, is there, and I shall ever raise my hands in gratitude to heaven that it has not willed that I should kneel at thy feet, as thou now crouchest in the dust at mine.

Mary. (*With great emotion.*) Think of the vicissitudes of all things human! There is a Deity above who punisheth pride. Respect the Providence who now doth prostrate me at thy feet. Do not show thyself insensible and pitiless as the rock, to which the drowning man, with failing breath and outstretched arms, doth cling. My life, my entire destiny, depend upon my words and the power of my tears. Inspire my heart, teach me to move, to touch thine own. Thou turnest such icy looks upon me, that my soul doth sink within me, my grief parches my lips, and a cold shudder renders my entreaties mute. (*Rises.*)

Eliz. (*Coldly.*) What wouldst thou say to me? thou didst seek converse with me. Forgetting that I am an outraged sovereign, I honor thee with my royal presence. 'Tis in obedience to a generous impulse that I incur the reproach of having sacrificed my dignity.

Mary. How can I express myself? how shall I so choose every word that it may penetrate, without irritating, thy heart? God of mercy! aid my lips, and banish from them whatever may offend my sister! I cannot relate to thee my woes without appearing to accuse thee, and this is not my wish. Towards me thou hast been neither merciful nor just. I am thine equal, and yet thou hast made me a prisoner, a suppliant, and a fugitive. I turned to thee for aid, and thou, trampling on the rights of nations and of hospitality, hast immured me in a living tomb! Thou hast abandoned me to the most shameful need, and finally exposed me to the ignominy of a trial! But, no more of the past; we are now face to face. Display the goodness of thy heart! tell me the crimes of which I am accused! Wherefore didst thou not grant me this friendly audience when I so eagerly desired it? Years of misery would have been spared me, and this painful interview would not have occurred in this abode of gloom and horror.

Eliz. Accuse not fate, but thine own wayward soul and the unreasonable ambition of thy house. There was no quarrel between us until thy most worthy ally inspired thee with the mad and rash desire to claim for thyself the royal titles and my throne! Not satisfied with this, he then urged thee to make war against me, to threaten my crown and my life. Amidst the peace which reigned in my dominions, he fraudulently excited my subjects to revolt. But heaven doth protect me, and the attempt was abandoned in despair. The blow was aimed at my head, but 'tis on thine that it will fall.

Mary. I am in the hand of my God, but thou wilt not exceed thy power by committing a deed so atrocious?

Eliz. What could prevent me? Thy kinsman has shown monarchs how to make peace with their enemies! Who would be surety for thee if, imprudently, I were to release thee? How can I rely on thy pledged faith? Nought but my power renders me secure. No! there can be no friendship with a race of vipers.

Mary. Are these thy dark suspicions? To thine eyes, then, I have ever seemed a stranger and an enemy. If thou hadst but recognized me as heiress to thy throne—as is my lawful right—love, friendship, would have made me thy friend—thy sister.

Eliz. What affection hast thou that is not feigned? I declare thee heiress to my throne! Insidious treachery! In order, forsooth, to overturn the state, and—wily Armida that thou art—entrap within thy snares all the youthful spirits of my kingdom, so that during my own lifetime all eyes would turn towards thee—the new constellation!

Mary. Reign on in peace! I renounce all right to thy sceptre. The wings of my ambition have long drooped, and greatness has no longer charms for me. 'Tis thou who hast it all; I am now only the shade of Mary Stuart! My pristine ardor has been subdued by the ignominy of my chains. Thou hast nipped my existence in the bud. But pronounce those magnanimous words for which thou cam'st hither; for I will not believe that thou art come to enjoy the base delight of insulting thy victim! Pronounce the words so longed for, and say, "Mary, thou art free! Till now thou hast known only my power;

now know my greatness.' Woe to thee, shouldst thou not depart from me propitious, beneficent, like an invoked Deity. O sister! not for all England, not for all the lands the vast ocean embraces, would I present myself to thee with the inexorable aspect with which thou now regardest me!

Eliz. At length thou confessest thyself vanquished! Hast thou emptied thy quiver of the artifices it contained? Hast thou no more assassins? Does there not remain to thee one single hero to undertake in thy defence the duties of knight-errant? Gone, Mary, gone forever are those days. Thou canst no longer seduce a follower of mine; other causes now inflame men's hearts. In vain didst thou seek a fourth husband among my English subjects; they knew too well that thou murderest thy husbands, as thou dost thy lovers.

Mary. (*Shuddering.*) O heavens! sister! Grant me resignation.

Eliz. (*To* LEICESTER, *with contempt.*) Earl, are these the boasted features, on which no mortal eye could gaze with safety? Is this the beauty to which no other woman's could be compared? In sooth, the reputation appears to have been easily won. To be thus celebrated as the reigning beauty of the universe seems merely to infer that she has been universal in the distribution of her favors.

Mary. Ah, 'tis too much.

Eliz. (*With a smile of satisfaction.*) Now thou showest thyself in thine own form. Till now thou hast worn a mask.

Mary. (*With dignified pride.*) They were mere human errors that overcame my youth. My grandeur dazzled me. I have nought to conceal, nor deny my faults; my pride has ever disdained the base artifices of vile intriguers. The worst I ever did is known, and I may boast myself far better than my reputation. But woe to thee, thou malignant hypocrite, if thou ever lettest fall the mantle beneath which thou concealest thy shameless amours! Thou, the daughter of Anne Boleyn, hast not inherited virtue! The causes that brought thy sinful mother to the block are known to all.

Tal. (*Stepping between them.*) Is this, O Mary, thine endurance? Is this thy humility?

Mary. Endurance? I have endured all that a mortal heart can bear. Hence, abject humility! Insulted patience, get ye from my heart! And thou, my long pent-up indignation, break thy bonds, and burst forth from thy lair! Oh, thou gavest to the angry serpent his deadly glance; arm my tongue with poisonous stings.

Tal. (*To* ELIZABETH.) Forgive the angry transports which thou hast thyself provoked.

Lei. (*Inducing* ELIZABETH *to withdraw.*) Hear not the ravings of a distracted woman. Leave this ill—

Mary. The throne of England is profaned by a base-born—the British nation is duped by a vile pretender! If right did prevail, thou wouldst be grovelling at my feet, for 'tis I who am thy sovereign. (ELIZABETH *retires.* LEICESTER *and* TALBOT *follow.*) She departs, burning with rage, and with bitterness of death at heart. Now happy I am! I have degraded her in Leicester's presence. At last! at last! After long years of insult and contumely, I have at least enjoyed a season of triumph. (*Sinks upon the floor.*) [CURTAIN.] SCHILLER.

TABLEAU.

Curtain rises. MARY *reclines upon the floor, disheveled hair, face buried in hands, shaking with emotion.* ELIZABETH *stands glaring at her, face livid with anger, clenched fists.* LEICESTER *is restraining her; his hand is raised as if admonishing her not to yield to her rage and do an act unbecoming a queen.* TALBOT *leans over* MARY, *to whom he appears to offer words of hope and consolation, at the same time lifting his right hand imploringly to* ELIZABETH.

A CASE OF INDIGESTION.

SCENE—DR. GREGORY'S *study*. *A table and two chairs.*

Enter PATIENT (*an unhappy Scotch merchant*) *from left.* D. GREGORY *discovered reading* (*on right*).

Patient. Good morning, Dr. Gregory! I'm just come into Edinburgh about some law business, and I thought when I was here, at any rate, I might just as weel take your advice, sir, about my trouble.

Doctor. Pray, sir, sit down. (*Patient sits on left.*) And now, my good sir, what may your trouble be?

Pa. Indeed, doctor, I'm not very sure, but I'm thinking it's a kind of weakness that makes me dizzy at times, and a kind of pinkling about my stomach—I'm just na right.

Dr. You are from the west country, I should suppose, sir?

Pa. Yes, sir; from Glasgow.

Dr. Ay, pray, sir, are you a glutton?

Pa. Heaven forbid, sir! I am one of the plainest men living in the west country.

Dr. Then, perhaps, you are a drunkard?

Pa. No, Dr. Gregory, thank Heaven, no one can accuse me of that! I'm of the dissenting persuasion, doctor, and an elder, so you may suppose I'm na drunkard.

Dr. I'll suppose no such thing till you tell me your mode of living. I'm so much puzzled with your symptoms, sir, that I should wish to hear in detail what you do eat and drink. When do you breakfast, and what do you take at it?

Pa. I breakfast at nine o'clock; take a cup of coffee, and one or two cups of tea, a couple of eggs, and a bit of ham or kippered salmon, or, maybe, both, if they're good, and two or three rolls and butter.

Dr. Do you eat no honey, or jelly, or jam, at breakfast?

Pa. O, yes, sir! but I don't count that as anything.

Dr. Come, this is a very moderate breakfast. What kind of a dinner do you make?

Pa. O, sir, I eat a very plain dinner, indeed. Some soup, and some fish, and a little plain roast or boiled; for I dinna care for made dishes; I think, some way, they never satisfy the appetite.

Dr. You take a little pudding, then, and afterwards some cheese?

Pa. O, yes! though I don't care much about them.

Dr. You take a glass of ale or porter with your cheese?

Pa. Yes, one or the other; but seldom both.

Dr. You west-country people generally take a glass of Highland whiskey after dinner?

Pa. Yes, we do; it's good for digestion.

Dr. Do you take any wine during dinner?

Pa. Yes, a glass or two of sherry; but I'm indifferent as to wine during dinner. I drink a good deal of beer.

Dr. What quantity of port do you drink?

Pa. O, very little; not above half a dozen glasses or so.

Dr. In the west country, it is impossible, I hear, to dine without punch?

Pa. Yes, sir; indeed, 'tis punch we drink chiefly; but, for myself, unless I happen to have a friend with me, I never take more than a couple of tumblers or so, and that's moderate.

Dr. O, exceedingly moderate, indeed! You then, after this slight repast, take some tea and bread and butter?

Pa. Yes, before I go to the counting-house to read the evening letters.

Dr. And on your return you take supper, I suppose?

Pa. No, sir, I canna be said to take supper; just something before going to bed;—a rizzered haddock, or a bit of toasted cheese, or a half-hundred oysters, or the like o'that, and,

maybe, two-thirds of a bottle of ale; but I take no *regular* supper.

Dr. But you take a little more punch after that?

Pa. No, sir; punch does not agree with me at bedtime. I take a tumbler of warm whiskey-toddy at night; it is lighter to sleep on.

Dr. So it must be, no doubt. This, you say, is your everyday life; but, upon great occasions, you perhaps exceed a little?

Pa. No, sir; except when a friend or two dine with me, or I dine out, which, as I am a sober family man, does not often happen.

Dr. Not above twice a week?

Pa. No, not oftener.

Dr. Of course you sleep well and have a good appetite?

Pa. Yes, sir, thank Heaven, I have; indeed, any ill health that I have is about meal-time.

Dr. (*Rising with a severe air—the* PATIENT *also rises.*) Now, sir, you are a very pretty fellow, indeed! You come here and tell me you are a moderate man; but, upon examination, I find, by your own showing, that you are a most voracious glutton. You said you were a sober man; yet, by your own showing, you are a beer-swiller, a dram-drinker, a wine-bibber, and a guzzler of punch. You tell me you eat indigestible suppers, and swill toddy to force sleep. I see that you chew tobacco. Now, sir, what human stomach can stand this? Go home, sir, and leave your present course of riotous living, and there are hopes that your stomach may recover its tone, and you be in good health, like your neighbors.

Pa. I'm sure, doctor, I'm very much obliged to you. (*Taking out a bundle of bank notes.*) I shall endeavor to——

Dr. Sir, you are not obliged to me:—put up your money, sir. Do you think I'll take a fee for telling you what you know as well as myself? Though you're no physician, sir, you are not altogether a fool. Go home, sir, and reform, or, take my word for it, your life is not worth half a year's purchase.

Pa. Thank you, doctor, thank you. Good-day, doctor.

(*Exit on right, followed by* DOCTOR.)

MR. CROSS AND SERVANT JOHN.

Mr. Cross. Why do you keep me knocking all day at the door?

John. I was at work, sir, in the garden. As soon as I heard your knock, I ran to open the door with such haste that I fell down and hurt myself.

Mr. C. Why didn't you leave the door open?

John. Why, sir, you scolded me yesterday because I did so. When the door is open, you scold; when it is shut, you scold. I should like to know what to do?

Mr. C. What to do? What to do, did you say?

John. I said it. Shall I leave the door open?

Mr. C. No. I tell you, no!

John. Shall I keep the door shut?

Mr. C. Shall you keep the door shut? No, I say.

John. But, sir, a door must be either open or——

Mr. C. Don't presume to argue with me, fellow!

John. But doesn't it hold to reason that a door——

Mr. C. Silence, I say. Hold your tongue!

John. And I say that a door must be either open or shut. Now, how will you have it?

Mr. C. I have told you a thousand times, you provoking fellow—I have told you that I wished it—— But what do you mean by cross questioning me, sir? Have you trimmed the grape-vine, as I ordered you?

John. I did that three days ago, sir.

Mr. C. Have you washed the carriage? Eh?

John. I washed it before breakfast, sir, as usual.

Mr. C. You haven't watered the horses to-day!

John. Go and see, sir, if you can make them drink any more. They have had their fill.

Mr. C. Have you given them their oats?

John. Ask William; he saw me do it.

Mr. C. But you have forgotten to take the mare to be shod. Ah! I have you now!

John. I have the blacksmith's bill here.

Mr. C. My letters!—Did you take them to the post-office? Ha! You forgot, did you?

John. I forgot nothing, sir. The letters were in the mail ten minutes after you handed them to me.

Mr. C. How often have I told you not to scrape on that abominable violin of yours? And yet this very morning——

John. This morning? You forget, sir. You broke the violin all to pieces for me last Saturday night.

Mr. C. I'm glad of it! Come, now; that wood which I told you to saw and put into the shed—why is it not done? Answer me!

John. The wood is all sawed, split, and housed, sir; besides doing that, I have watered all the trees in the garden, dug over three of the beds, and was digging another when you knocked.

Mr. C. Oh, I must get rid of this fellow! He will plague my life out of me. Out of my sight, sir! (*John rushes out.*)

HOW TO BREAK BAD NEWS.

Mr. H. Ha, steward! how are you, my old boy? How do things go on at home?

Steward. Bad enough, your honor; the magpie's dead.

Mr. H. Poor Mag! so he's gone. How came he to die?

Steward. Over-ate himself, sir.

Mr. H. Did he, indeed? a greedy villain! Why, what did he get he liked so well?

Steward. Horse-flesh, sir; he died of eating horse-flesh.

Mr. H. How came he to get so much horse-flesh?

Steward. All your father's horses, sir.

Mr. H. What! are they dead, too?

Steward. Ay, sir; they died of over-work.

Mr. H. And why were they over-worked, pray.

Steward. To carry water, sir.

Mr. H. To carry water! What did they carry water for?

Steward. Sure, sir, to put out the fire.

Mr. H. Fire! What fire?

Steward. Oh, sir, your father's house is burned to the ground.

Mr. H. My father's house! How come it set on fire?

Steward. I think, sir, it must have been the torches.

Mr. H. Torches! What torches?

Steward. At your mother's funeral.

Mr. H. Alas! my mother dead?

Steward. Ah, poor lady, she never looked up after it!

Mr. H. After what?

Steward. The loss of your father.

Mr. H. My father gone, too?

Steward. Yes, poor man, he took to his bed soon as he heard of it.

Mr. H. Heard of what?

Steward. The bad news, sir, an' please your honor.

Mr. H. What! more miseries? more bad news? No! you can add nothing more!

Steward. Yes, sir; your bank has failed, and your credit is lost, and you are not worth a dollar in the world. I made bold, sir, to come to wait on you about it, for I thought you would like to hear the news.

HOW TO DRAFT

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

FOR THE

ORGANIZATION AND CONDUCT OF LITERARY SOCIETIES.

ALL permanent associations formed for mutual benefit must have a Constitution by which they shall be governed.

Where it is intended to organize a society for the intellectual improvement or social enjoyment of its members, a number of persons meet together and select a name for the organization. The next step is to appoint a committee, whose duty it shall be to prepare a *Constitution* and code of *By-Laws* for the society. These must be reported to the society at its next meeting, and must be adopted by the votes of a majority of that body before they can take effect.

The Constitution consists of the rules which form the foundation upon which the organization is to rest. It should be brief and explicit. It should be considered and adopted section by section; should be recorded in a book for that purpose, and should be signed by all the members of the society.

Amendments to the Constitution should be adopted in the same way, and should be signed by each member of the society.

In addition to the Constitution, it is usual to adopt a series of minor rules, which should be explanatory of the principles of the Constitution. These are termed *By-Laws*, and should be recorded in the same book with the Constitution, and immediately after it. New by-laws may be added from time to time, as the necessity for them may arise. It is best to have as few as possible. They should be brief, and as clear that their meaning may be easily comprehended, and should govern the action of the body.

CONSTITUTION.

As growth and development of mind, together with readiness and fluency of speech, are the result of investigation and free discussion of religious, education, political, and other topics, the undersigned agree to form an association, and for its government, do hereby adopt the following Constitution:

ARTICLE I.—The name and title of this organization shall be

"The Philomathian Literary Society,"

and its objects shall be the free discussion of any subject coming before the meeting for the purpose of diffusing knowledge among its members.

ARTICLE II.—The officers of the Association shall consist of a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Corresponding Secretary, a Recording Secretary, a Treasurer and a Librarian, who shall be elected annually by ballot, on the first Monday in January of each year, said officers to hold their position until their successors are elected.

ARTICLE III.—It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all public meetings of the Society. The first Vice-President shall preside in the absence of the President, and in case of the absence of both President and Vice-President, it shall be the duty of the second Vice-President to preside.

The duty of the Secretary shall be to conduct the correspondence, keep the records of the Society, and read at each meeting a report of the work done at the preceding meeting.

The Treasurer shall keep the funds of the

Society, making an annual report of all moneys received, disbursed, and the amount on hand.

It shall be the duty of the Librarian to keep, in a careful manner, all books, records and manuscripts in the possession of the Society.

ARTICLE IV.—There shall be appointed by the President, at the first meeting after his election, the following standing committees, to consist of three members each, namely: On lectures, library, finance, and printing, whose duties shall be designated by the President.

The question for debate at the succeeding meeting shall be determined by a majority vote of the members present.

ARTICLE V.—Any lady or gentleman may become a member of this Society by the consent of the majority of the members present, the signing of the Constitution, and the payment of two dollars as membership fee. It shall be the privilege of the Society to elect any person whose presence may be advantageous to the Society, an honorary member who shall not be required to pay membership fees or dues.

ARTICLE VI. This Association shall meet weekly, and at such other times as a majority, consisting of at least five members of the Association, shall determine. The President shall be authorized to call special meetings upon the written request of any five members of the Society, at which meetings one-third of the members shall be sufficient to constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

ARTICLE VII.—It shall be the duty of the Finance Committee to determine the amount of dues necessary to be collected from each member, and to inform the Treasurer of the amount, who shall promptly proceed to collect the same at such times as the committe may designate.

ARTICLE VIII.—The parliamentary rules and general form of conducting public meetings, as shown in "Cushing's Manual of Practice," shall be the standard authority in governing the deliberations of this Association.

ARTICLE IX.—Any member neglecting to pay dues, or who shall be guilty of improper conduct, calculated to bring this Association into disrepute, shall be expelled from the membership of the Society by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any regular meeting. No member shall be expelled, however, until he shall have had notice of such intention on the part of the Association, and has been given an opportunity of being heard in his own defense.

ARTICLE X.—By giving written notice of change at any regular meeting, this Constitution may be altered or amended at the next stated meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.

BY-LAWS.

RULE 1.—No question shall be stated unless moved by two members, nor be open for consideration until stated by the chair. When a question is before the Society, no motion shall be received, except to lay on the table, the previous question, to postpone, to refer, or to amend; and they shall have precedence in the order in which they are here arranged.

RULE 2.—When a member intends to speak on a question, he shall rise in his place, and respectfully address his remarks to the President, confine himself to the question, and avoid personality. Should more than one member rise to speak at the same time the President shall determine who is entitled to the floor.

RULE 3.—Every member shall have the privilege of speaking three times on any question under consideration, but not oftener, unless by the consent of the Society (determined by vote); and no member shall speak more than once, until every member wishing to speak shall have spoken.

RULE 4.—The President, while presiding, shall state every question coming before the Society; and immediately before putting it to vote shall ask: "Are you ready for the question?" Should no member rise to speak, he shall rise to put the question; and after he has risen no member shall speak upon it, unless by permission of the Society.

RULE 5.—The affirmative and negative of the question having been both put and answered, the President declares the number of legal votes cast, and whether the affirmative or negative have it.

RULE 6.—All questions, unless otherwise fixed by law, shall be decided by a majority of votes.

RULE 7.—After any question, except one of indefinite postponement, has been decided, any member may move a reconsideration thereof, if done in two weeks after the decision. A motion for reconsideration the second time, of the same question, shall not be in order at any time.

RULE 8.—Any two members may call for a division of a question, when the same will admit of it.

RULE 9.—The President, or any member, may call a member to order while speaking, when the debate must be suspended, and the member take his seat until the question of order is decided.

RULE 10.—The President shall preserve order and decorum; may speak to points of order in preference to other members; and shall decide all questions of order, subject to an appeal to the Society by any member, on which appeal no person shall speak but the President and the member called to order.

RULE 11.—No motion or proposition on a subject different from that under consideration shall be admitted under color of an amendment.

RULE 12.—No addition, alteration, or amendment to the Constitution, By-Laws, etc., shall be acted upon, except in accordance with the Constitution.

RULE 13.—No nomination shall be considered as made until seconded.

RULE 14.—The President shall sign all proceedings of the meetings.

RULE 15.—No member shall vote by proxy.

RULE 16.—No motion shall be withdrawn by the mover unless the second withdraw his second.

RULE 17.—No extract from any book shall be read consuming more than five minutes.

RULE 18.—No motion for adjournment shall be in order until after nine o'clock.

RULE 19.—Every motion shall be reduced to writing, should the officers of the society desire it.

RULE 20.—An amendment to an amendment is in order, but not to amend an amendment to an amendment of a main question.

RULE 21.—The previous question shall be put in this form, if seconded by a majority of the members present: "Shall the main question be put?" If decided in the affirmative, the main question is to be put immediately, and all further debate or amendment must be suspended.

RULE 22.—Members not voting shall be considered as voing in the affirmative, unless excused by the Society.

RULE 23.—Any member offering a protest against any of the proceedings of this Society may have the same, if, in respectful language, entered in full upon the minutes.

RULE 24. No subject laid on the table shall be taken up again on the same evening.

RULE 25.—No motion shall be debatable until seconded.

RULE 26.—Points of order are debatable to the Society.

RULE 27.—Appeals and motions to reconsider or adjourn are not debatable.

RULE 28.—When a very important motion or amendment shall be made and seconded, the mover thereof may be called upon to reduce the same to writing, and hand it in at the table, from which it shall be read, open to the Society for debate.

RULE 29.—The mover of a motion shall be at liberty to accept any amendment thereto; but if an amendment be offered and not accepted, yet duly seconded, the Society shall pass upon it before voting upon the original motion.

RULE 30.—Every officer, on leaving his office, shall give to his successor all papers, documents books, or money belonging to the Society.

RULE 31.—No smoking, and no refreshments, except water, shall be allowed in the Society's hall.

RULE 32.—When a motion to adjourn is carried, no member shall leave his seat until the President has left his chair.

RULE 33.—No alteration can be made in these rules of order without a four-fifth vote of the society, and two weeks' notice; neither can they be suspended, but by a like vote, and then for the evening only.

1. Should there be a Board of Arbitration appointed by the Government for Settling Disputes between Employees and Employers?

2. Is England Rising or Falling as a Nation?

NOTE.—Compare the Elements of Modern with the Elements of Ancient Prosperity.

3. Has Nature or Education the Greater Influence in the Formation of Character?

4. From which does the Mind gain the more Knowledge, Reading or Observation?

5. Is the Character of Queen Elizabeth deserving of our Admiration?

6. Is an Advocate Justified in Defending a Man whom he Knows to be Guilty of the Crime with which he is Charged?

7. Which does the most to Produce Crime—Poverty, Wealth, or Ignorance?

8. Is a Limited Monarchy, like that of England, the Best Form of Government?

9. Is not Private Virtue essentially requisite to Greatness of Public Character?

10. Is Eloquence a Gift of Nature, or may it be Acquired?

11. Is Genius an Innate Capacity?

12. Is a Rude or a Refined Age the More Favorable to the Production of Works of Imagination?

13. Is the Shakespearian the Augustan Age of English Literature?

14. Ought Pope to Rank in the First Class of Poets?

15. Has the Introduction of Machinery been Generally Beneficial to Mankind?

16. Which Produce the Greater Happiness, the Pleasures of Hope or of Memory?

17. Is the Existence of Parties in the State Favorable to the Public Welfare?

18. Is there any Ground for Believing in the Ultimate Perfection and Universal Happiness of the Human Race?

19. Is Co-operation more Adapted to Promote the Virtue and Happiness of Mankind than Competition?

20. Was the Banishment of Napoleon to St. Helena a Justifiable Proceeding?

21. Ought Persons to be Excluded from the Civil Offices on Account of their Religious Opinions?

22 Which Exercises the Greater Influence on the Civilization and Happiness of the Human Race, the Male or the Female Mind?

23. Which did the Most to Produce the French Revolution, the Tyranny of the Government, the Excesses of the Higher Orders, or the Writings of Voltaire, Montesquieu and Rousseau?

24. Which was the Greater Poet, Byron or Burns?

25. Is there Reasonable Ground for Believing that the Character of Richard the Third was not so Atrocious as is Generally Supposed?

26. Does Happiness or Misery Preponderate in Life?

27. Should the Press be Totally Free?

28. Do Modern Geological Discoveries Agree with Holy Writ?

29. Did Circumstances Justify the First French Revolution?

30. Could not Arbitration be Made a Substitute for War?

31. Which Character is the More to be Admired, that of Loyola or Luther?

32. Are there Good Grounds for Applying the Term "Dark" to the Middle Ages?

33. Which was the Greater Poet, Chatterton or Cowper?

34. Are Public or Private Schools to be Preferred?

35. Is the System of Education Pursued at our Universities in Accordance with the Requirements of the Age?

36. Which is the More Healthful Exercise, Bicycle Riding or Walking?

37. Does the Game of Foot-Ball Produce more Evil than Beneficial Effects?

38. Would the Free and Unlimited Coinage of both Silver and Gold be better than the Single Gold Standard in America?

39. Should Women be Granted the Right to Vote on all State and National Questions?

40. Would Absolute Prohibition be a Benefit to the Country?

TABLEAUX FOR PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

JOAN OF ARC AT THE STAKE.

CHARACTER AND COSTUME.

MAIDEN.—Loose, white robe, wing-like sleeves, displaying arm; hair long, loose, and flowing over shoulders.

THE TABLEAU.

A large post in centre of stage, around which are piled fagots. Fastened to the post by means of a chain around the waist stands the maiden, with eyes cast upward, and the whole attitude that of exaltation. A strong red light suddenly thrown upon the lower part of the picture, from both sides, will produce the effect of ignited wood.

Music, if any, triumphant.

WINTER IN THE LAP OF SPRING.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

WINTER.—Black, loose dress to the feet, fur cap, white wig, and long white beard; dress flecked with bits of cotton, to represent snow; face full and florid. The part may be taken by a lady.

SPRING.—Trailing loose dress of white, sleeves draped so as to show arm to elbow; scarf and sash of pink; long, flowing, yellow hair; sprays of roses and other flowers gracefully fastened on the dress; wealth of flowers on the head.

THE TABLEAU.

Spring is seated on a chair, over which may be thrown a covering of white or pink, upon which are scattered profusely sprays of flowers. She holds at her side a golden sceptre.

Winter is seated in the lap of Spring holding extended in his right hand a sceptre of black.

THERE'S NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

The scene is a parlor.—Standing in the foreground is a young girl, simply dressed. In her left hand she has a rose, and holding out her right hand shows to her companion the scratches made by the thorns (a little carmine paint, put on with a fine camel's-hair pencil, makes very painless scratches.) Her companion, a young man dressed as a mechanic's apprentice (a carpenter's, butcher's, shoemaker's or any other trade), is, with a look of sympathy, raising the wounded hand to his lips. Behind the young man stands his employer, with an expression of rage, raising a rope about to strike the apprentice. He is not perceived by either of the young people.

In the background is a child, with a look of great glee, putting its fingers into a jar, marked jam, while the mother, behind the child, is raising her hand to box its ears.

A NUN AT HER DEVOTIONS.

It hardly needs description. A background of dark brown gauze, very faintly lighted at the upper right-hand corner; a dress of black serge or stuff, with black veil and white coif; a crucifix and rosary—these are the very simple materials needed. Let the light fall from the left-hand upper corner in front. Choose your nun for the beauty of her eyes, the regularity and refinement of feature, and the elegance of her hands.

TABLEAU WITH RECITALS.

Characters.

POET.—A young man with long hair and wide linen collar turned down over coat collar.

STATUE.—Personated by a young woman in white, with arms bare.

(*The Poet speaks.*)

THOU holdest me, thou holdest me,
O marble presence, cold and fair.
I cannot draw my feet past thee
Within thy niche above the stair.

I found thee in a mossy cave—
The entrance to a buried shrine;
The rocks around a shudder gave
As thence I bore my prize divine.

What master wrought thee long ago—
Who but Pygmalion's scholar apt?
The rose upon thy cheek of snow
Ofttimes he saw in vision rapt.

The day upspringing in thine eye
He fancied now, and now it seemed
A hovering smile, a gradual sigh,
Thy lips from silence dead redeemed;
But, dying ere the moment ripe
When thou should'st gather vital fire,
He left thee, a half-conscious type
Of Love and Love's unvoiced desire.

Thou holdest me, thou holdest me,
O marble presence, cold and fair!
Now let thy prisoned soul be free,
Thy breast its long-sealed fate declare.

(*The Statue speaks.*)

Thou troublest me, thou troublest me!
A thousand years unused to speech,
Why should the charm dissolve for thee,
Or why to thee my secret teach?

Not Paros, nor Pentelicus,
E'er held me in its quarried hill;
Nor master's chisel carved me thus,
With lofty thought and patient skill.

Ah, surely, not Pygmalion's hand
Unprisoned me, through loving art—
I, who in marble moveless stand,
Once held quick veins and pulsing heart:

Love changed to hate, wrought this cold change.
I froze beneath his bitter eye;
Love, changed to Hate—transformer strange—
Forbade me live, forbade me die!

Thou troublest me, thou troublest me;
No further question; go thy way!
He, only, who could set me free,
Hath long since crumbled back to clay!

Thy soul in peace if thou would'st save,
And give forgetfulness to mine,
Restore me to that mossy cave,
The entrance to a buried shrine!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

CINDERELLA'S SLIPPER.

(This beautiful tableau may be represented in three or four scenes, with fine dress effect.)

SCENE I.

Cinderella meanly clad, the sisters and Prince in costliest attire. One of the sisters is eagerly bent on forcing her foot into the slipper. A very large shoe, which she has just vacated, is on the floor beside her. The other, her face and attitude showing keenest disappointment, has just put on her shoe. These shoes, while nicely made, should be the largest that can be had. The slipper may be of white satin, small and handsome.

SCENE II.

Cinderella, having begged permission to try on the slipper, has just seated herself, withdrawn her shoe and placed a dainty foot on the cushion beside the slipper. The sisters give her a scornful and reproachful look.

SCENE III.

Cinderella, having put on the slipper, has just drawn from her pocket its mate. The sisters, bewildered and dumfounded, have thrown themselves at her feet. This scene makes a fitting conclusion to the performance, and the next two scenes should not be attempted unless the appliances are at hand to make Cinderella imagination's richest queen.

SCENE IV.

The fairy has touched her clothes with the magic wand, and Cinderella has become a being of marvelous beauty. Her gorgeous splendor dazzles the eyes of the Prince. She helps her sisters to their feet, and shows, as before, no resentment for past insult.

SCENE V.

Cinderella and the Prince, arm in arm, prepare to leave the stage, followed by the sisters.

LISTENERS HEAR NO GOOD OF THEMSELVES.

The scene is a parlor.—In the foreground are two young girls, one of whom holds a miniature out to the other, who puts it aside, with an expression of angry contempt. The first girl is laughing heartily, and pointing her finger at the second, as if teasing her about the picture.

Peeping out from behind a window-curtain is a young man, who, with an expression of perfect rage, is shaking his fist at the ladies.

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